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"They took their first supper in 'the Literary Institute;' it was red brick, with a colonial portico . . ."

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

A BIOGRAPHY OF PIONEER OHIO

BY

SISTER MONICA, O.S.U., PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "ANGELA MERICI AND HER TEACHING IDEA"

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SISTER MONICA

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

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To

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

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"Absent thee from felicity awhile . . .
To tell my story!"

— HAMLET, V, 2

FOREWORD

AND if you do not believe she said all these things — if you suspect I made them up — come down with me to Solomon's Run, "in lilac time, in lilac time," and I'll show you her thin stately letters breathing such life that I sat up all night when first they fell into my hands. Here are the living words dropping from her lips. And you may read in Père Gacon's diary of the Lamy Crucifix and of cure for viper's sting. Out of the big Irish scrawl of John Baptist Purcell you may decipher his witty use of the Latin poets.

I'll show you even the beach tree that leaned on the kind-hearted elm. The boat is gone from off the lake so you need no hoopskirts to save you from drowning; but if you come down to Solomon's Run you too will, perhaps, feel that mysterious touch which she thought shaped her destiny.

SISTER MONICA

School of Brown County Ursulines
Saint Martin, Ohio
April, 1930

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THE CROSS
IN THE
WILDERNESS

THE CROSS IN THE WILDERNESS

CHAPTER ONE

SOLDIER LANDS

BUT THAT was in 1845. One of the old traditions concerning the seminary in the wilderness relates that the student nicknamed "the Foal-Eater," first saw the French coming. He knew them by their bonnets, for they were women. To horse he got, galloped as fast as legs could bear him down the grassy trail that was the only road, drew reins at the Seminary door, waved his arms, and shouted to waken the forest echoes,

"The nuns are coming ! The nuns are coming !"

By night scarce a man of them was left. The fort was taken. Petticoats ruled.

However, this was not the first time the French had taken Brown County. For, when Céleron came down the Ohio as early as 1749 he saw no seminary in the wilderness, no pious frocked priests thumbing their

breviaries, nothing but virgin forest — "this twenty-ninth of July near the river Oyo, otherwise Belle Rivière," and for possession he took "said river and all which discharge into it, and all the lands on both sides as far as said river, even as they have been possessed, or ought to have been possessed, by the preceding Kings of France"; he buried at the mouths of all the rivers engraved leaden plates, showing that "We, Céleron, Commandant . . . of New France, do take possession, in the year seventeen forty-nine, in the reign of King Louis XV of France."

From Muskingum to Miami the plates marked his course. On the twenty-eighth he encamped at the mouth of "Rivière Blanche" — being White Oak Creek in Brown County — where he claimed for His Christian Majesty the whole of Brown County and proceeded to negotiate with the Miami Indians, "their women, their children, and their dogs!"

Yet so far as is known no tribe of Indians ever actually lived upon this soil. The first explorers and settlers in southern Ohio tell of no dusky braves whose villages dotted its streams; no smoke curled up from scattered wigwams; no council fires lighted; no fields of maize tilled by squaws. Still, Miami and Shawnee disputed this land which was one day to take on historical significance, and after a long-drawn era of dispute, the Shawnee held entire sway. The creeks at whose mouths Céleron had paused came rushing down the hills to Belle Rivière — Straight

Creek, White Oak Creek, Eagle Creek, Red Oak Creek. The Indians had named them all.

Here ran the East Fork of the Miami where Tecumseh fought. From him to Ulysses Grant, Brown County was to count many a war-chief. At the mouth of the creek near Ripley the Indians used to cross the Ohio to steal horses from camps of the whites over in Kentucky hills, whence came to pass that battle with Tecumseh. On the East Fork of the Miami it took place, but a stone's throw or two from where the little brick Seminary was to cleave open the forest, a trifle of miles from where Julia Chatfield was to light her candle.

Conceive a dark midnight in March 1792, no moon; conceive an unbroken stretch of native forests, a dying campfire on the banks of the East Fork; the hoot of a lonely owl; Indians stretched asleep under marquees and bark tents — Battise, Tecumseh, Black Snake, half a dozen others wearied of the council. A leaf falls; an Indian sniffs the wind; he rises, somnolent, and stirs the dying coals; he turns a gaunt chin in the red light and sniffs the wind again. Suddenly there is a shout; the dusky figure falls with a groan as a wild mad yell startles the forest and the fight is on; Tecumseh to the rescue with his battle club; the invader lies dead; swift motion cleaves the darkness.

"Boone !" is the cry; alas, none more familiar.

"Che-Boone !" answer a hundred red-throats.

A crash as an Indian falls into the water, and the woodsmen take it for the coming of a rescue band. Kenton sounds the retreat to their galloping horses and far, far, the settlers speed, breaking the forest echoes, with the maddened yelling of savagery in pursuit. Thirty-six strong the woodsmen had crossed the Ohio ford at Ripley and had traced Tecumseh with his stolen horses to this quiet wooded spot.

They get the horses and are rushing back to Kentucky; McIntyre is dead; John Barr is dead. Ward is suddenly halted by an Indian girl's dark figure rising over against a blazing fire; he stares, amazed to see her shawl fall away from her shoulder and reveal the white bosom of a girl of his own race, his own blood, his own family, his own brother's child; for this girl proved to be the daughter of Ward's younger brother, stolen long ago in infancy by Tecumseh and his wild Shawnees.

It was Whiteman, the last of the old woodsmen, who lived to tell the tale of how they met the famous chief over the campfire on the Miami Fork a few miles above where Williamsburg now stands.

Tecumseh lay under the hills at last. Treaties were signed and treaties destroyed. Settlements appeared on the Ohio, proof patent that the whites were to crowd in further and further until the red men should lose, step by step, their woods. At last in 1817 at the rapids of the Miami of Lake Erie the big white man met the sachems, chiefs, and warriors,

and the Shawnees with the Wyandots and the rest ceded all the Indian lands in Ohio to the great white chief forever. Their trail merged into the silence of primeval forest and the crow flapped over the old familiar hunting ground.

Still, with each autumn in the Ohio valley, gum tree and maple flare once more the red man's scarlet; the meditative squirrel can tell you whither is vanished the red deer; and high over White Oak Creek, the gaudy woodpecker signals to the Indian where he lies, sleeping unto justification.

Then, down from the eastern mountains trailed the white settlers, creaking wagon, horse, foot, set in motion by a group of periwigged individuals at "Bunch of Grapes Tavern," in Boston on the Bay. People started almost in stampede with "For the Ohio at the Muskingum" painted on the baggage wagon; and ahead, to lure them on, the 1787 Ordinance: "Free Religion, Habeas Corpus, property rights, just taxation, no slavery."

Soldier Lands these: military bounty rights in ratio of a dollar an acre. The Virginia Military District was opening up the land-warrants issued by Virginia to her troops in the Revolutionary War. On over the Alleghanies came the settlers by the Indian path which Braddock's army had beaten into a road, the natural turnpike from Cumberland westward; hardy Belshazzar Drago at the head, heart set upon Tecumseh's abandoned range; women with

spinning-wheel and loom, hominy block and corn hand-mill; gazing on ahead, all of them, as is the way of pioneers. An old settler writes that it was very pleasant to see the deer skipping over the fresh green country.

However, the surveys in the Virginia District proved conflicting. The geometrical figures of the early surveyors, of whom General Lytle was one, were confusing with their interlaced boundaries located at apparent haphazard. It was difficult to find the real owners, and though certain lands were purported at forty cents an acre and a man traded a hundred acres for two good horses, group after group, especially those with pronounced views about slavery, moved farther on away from Soldier Lands to the good government territory of Indiana.

To Bishop Fenwick in 1823 came General William Lytle, known by the Indians as White Brave. General Lytle, like all real estate promoters, wanted a Catholic church in the wilds to entice settlers, so to the first bishop of Cincinnati in his little frame church he proposed to present some of these Soldier Lands in Brown County for educational purposes. Why not a school for the priests and missionaries of his enormous diocese ? That day was signed a quaint and curious document that came in time to lie in state in Julia Chatfield's archives: to wit, the deed for Bishop Fenwick's Seminary land, eventually to become the convent estate on Solomon's Run, one

of those lucid geometrical land-grants of early Ohio. You lose your breath in reading it.

Part of the survey entered in the name of John Lytle, No. 696. commonly called the Crab Orchard, bounded as follows: on the waters of the East Fork of the Little Miami River . . . beginning at two beeches and a white oak . . . about twenty poles west of two beeches corner between Walter Hooper and William Death running with the line of land sold to William Boyle south 210 poles to a white oak and three dogwoods in the line of survey No. 1219 . . . west 123 poles to a sugar tree and two dead white oaks corner to Christian Beck's survey No. 1415 being part of the land granted by the United States to John S. Lytle by two patents dated 14 November 1822 . . . in witness where of . . .

But before the deed finally passed into the hands of Julia Chatfield, many had dared this wilderness. Trailing through the oaks and friendly beeches were many settlers: intensely sectarian Methodists, Baptists, severe Calvinists; Christians from the great Kentucky revival; Presbyterians; and here and there among them straggling Catholic families, mostly Irish, many French, some Germans, and even Dutch. From house to house rode the preachers, who were teachers as well, with capacious saddle bags and plenty of personal inspiration, trying to keep Christ alive, as best they could, each in his own persuasion.

As early as 1810, Fenwick the Dominican, piercing the central Ohio wilderness, had heard the echoes of a woodsman's axe and had come upon three families of his flock who had not had the ministrations of religion for ten years; by 1823 there were eight

thousand. So the log house built by William Bamber in southern Ohio came to see the twinkling lights of the first Mass.

Then one fine morning, Fenwick, now bishop, turned from his desk in Cincinnati to face two women and two men, Bartelmy Schuler and Stephen Baundistl, Bohemians, with their wives. Schuler and Baundistl had been runaway soldiers from Napoleon's army in Egypt; refugees in Switzerland, they had married into a Bohemian family and, to get across to America, had sold themselves for seven years to a ship captain; liberated at New York, they had started westward down the Ohio.

"Go out to the lands that are mine in Brown County," said the Bishop reading thrift, honesty, religion, in their weary faces. "Cut down some trees and build yourselves cabins. All you can raise upon the land is yours to keep. Build me a church and I'll send you a priest to help you save your souls."

They went. On a patch of green land cropped with white clover in the heart of hickory, walnut, and white oak, sugar maples and pawpaws, there arose two cabins and a brave log chapel; and it was Bartelmy Schuler that hewed the logs. Thus was the Bishop's tract opened up.

One bright day Martin Kundig, missionary, rode through the clearing.

"Bishop Fenwick laughed at my proposition to come out," he explained, "and compared me to a

young horse without a bridle. But here I am. Now then — " He found within ten miles about eight families, poor, forlorn, and isolated.

"Very often," he tells in the story of his early struggles, "very often I love to go back to those days I spent in my little hermitage in Saint Martin where I lived in solitude and apostolic poverty. I built eleven houses without nail or board, for I could not buy them without money." Kundig was something of a mystic, for he wrote this curious passage: "No sooner was I there than I heard a voice: 'To this neighborhood you have come; stay here and lay the foundation !' "

Of those experiences a fragment of memorandum remains, yellow with age:

Effects given to Mr. Kundig for the mission of Saint Martin:

Plates 8	Towels 2	Small pot 1	Chalice 1
Knives and forks 4	Sheets 4	Matrasses 2	Chasuble 2
Spoons 4	Pillow cases 2	Cotts 2	Alb 1
Beds 2 Chairs 4			Oil Stocks 1

On Martin Kundig's visiting list were such names as Boyle, Bamber, Scanlan, Savage, McCaffrey, McDonald, Ballard, Murray, Sharpgreen, Keppy. His choir was made up of two Indian boys, two white men, and Betsey Bamber. However, the missionary was destined to end his days in far Milwaukee while Reid and Masquelet took up the trail to Saint Martin.

Soon a school for the children of the district began in a brick house set up by the sweat of the brow as the clearing grew; and Fisher and Schaller, Miller, Baundistl, and Schuler felled the trees and opened into a road the trail through Lynchburg and Saint Martin to Fayetteville. So, twenty acres cleared, half a dozen grave stones under a clump of elms, a frame church enlarging the log one of Saint Martin, a two-storied brick house with a long, low porch, two or three clapboard shacks for stock, and once more, for the second time, the French came riding down to take possession. Not, however, for His Most Christian Majesty, Louis Quinze.

Claude Gacon and Guillaume Cheymol, sent with Lamy, Machebœuf, and Navarron, from Bas-Auvergne, Department of Clermont, France, were empowered to take charge of Brown and five adjoining counties, to gather and minister to the lost and wandering sheep, from the Indian town of Chillicothe across the paths of Tecumseh and his Shawnees — wherever smoke curled blue to a blue sky. Five clear-eyed men they were, each with a breviary tucked away in his pocket; each with a memory back in his head of vine-clad hills, of the pear tree fastened against the old brick wall, slender as a vine dropping yellow juicy fruits; of skies that were the color of home.

No, not for any glittering Bourbon of the old kings' line did these two Frenchmen come out to Ohio, laying aside their nationality, "forgetting their people

and their father's house." They were to adopt the stars and stripes, and in supporting the immigrant settler in his ancient faith, shape him to the civilization of a new nation, the America of Lafayette and DeGrasse. Curious coincidence that they settled, the two of them, near Fayetteville.

To the two-storied brick house with the long, low porch they came, in Saint Martin parish, by this time become a Seminary of learning with twelve students, out among the bright green-leaved buckeye trees, with a field or two to plough by way of manual labor. Here they were to live; and to Gacon, the big-shouldered, spiritual-minded French Curé, and to Cheymol, his small, sturdy helpmeet, it was given to administer this primitive church of Saint Martin, then first filial parish of the Cincinnati diocese, and proud mother in time to eight more filial parishes. Tradition has it that an early bishop laid curse upon any man who set up liquor within a hundred yards of the little cross in the forest.

Gacon and Cheymol, then, riding home forty miles or more, books in their saddle-bags, had two French lessons a week to give in the Seminary, besides the care of the Seminary farm, where these "braves Auvergnats" planted vines and crushed the grapes in fashion of sunny France. They wrote to their bishop in Cincinnati in April 1840:

"You will want to know the number of Easter Communions in our congregations; they come to four

hundred thirty this year; the number is higher than last."

Gacon was a big man who made big efforts, but after one attempt at English he subsided into his native French to which he had to keep ordinarily for the next thirty years. His compeer, Cheymol, did better. "Everybody here at the Seminary," the letter is postscripted, "is well, except M. Burlando and M. Cheymol, who have been suffering some days from their teeth." A missionary should have no teeth ! "Abbé Cheymol has a cheek almost as large as on the Sylvie de Grace; but with a little medicine all will be right," he concludes with doubtful hope.

Who could have foreseen that civilization would so progress in three more years that some of their parishioners would offer to go bring the Bishop in a carriage ?

Suddenly life takes a new turn along the trails of Tecumseh. There are great tidings. It seems there is to be a third and final invasion of the French in Brown County, and of a distinctly different order. This time it is to bring petticoat rule.

The newspapers say that the new packet, *Zurich,* out from Havre on the fourth of May in '45, is sailing with eleven bonneted women on board, destined to labor in southern Ohio: women of culture, women of presence, religious women. The twelve seminarists are in trepidation, for the red brick house with the long, low porch is to be turned over to the invader

and the Seminary moved back to Cincinnati; there is to be a change. Good-bye to the red deer and the fox and the rabbit in the October woods. A fig for the old red house; back to city life, come, open the gates "and let me gæ free, for it's up wi' the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee !"

Julia Chatfield, in her poke bonnet, and her ten Frenchwomen, peasant and noble, coming down in the Ohio river packet-boat that June morning, were actually part of a great chronicle, and an important part; but of this they were quite femininely unconscious. Oh, says the wise man, "What men have done, can do, do, and will do, not knowing what they do !"

If, from the deck of their packet, the eleven poke bonnets could have soared in a hydroplane moving with the wind in a clear sky northwest that day, what a landscape they would have surveyed between La Belle Rivière, that ribbon of beauty, and the blue waters of Lake Erie: hills upon hills, undulating, teeming with rich secrets; valleys sprouting hope in young corn, sunken like cups of promise in forests of white flowering dogwood and redbud; streams and torrents singing of the iron wheel to come in the friendly toil of a new generation; while out from every direction, north, east, south, crawling, crawling slowly onward, a relentless stream of white covered wagons, immigrant trains; until at last by evening dusk flickered out hundreds of twinkling rushlights in the rude scattered settlements like the hopes of

men feebly glimmering against gigantic darkness spreading eagle-like down upon them.

Attracted by rich lands and freedom, what was the reaction of these people ? Looking down on the Ohio valley, no labor, no hardship would seem too great price to pay for such prospect and the glorious new breath of freedom from oppression. With the wild beauty of September morning in these fastnesses, they could dispense with comforts of civilization; laugh at their rough logs, their unshaven faces, the ceaseless round of pork and bacon, whiskey, homely flour, wild fruits, and nuts; though they could, to be sure, barter in kind, perhaps, from the reserves they brought west on their pack horses.

Down the new National Road — pride of the west — they poured out from the eastern states, they that blazed the way; they built roads and pressed on in groups, settling when they had a mind to, until town after town put up its smoke above the towering forests.

Due west swept the parallel columns of marching emigrants, on, on, like fingers of a great hand following the direction of its index finger or like horizontal stripes in an enormous human flag stretching westward. First, from New England on through New York, peopling as they moved, but persisting at last to Illinois, part of the column diverging to Michigan, while straggling picturesque companies here and there, like fragments of a cloud, storm-bent, spread

southerly, scattering to center and south of the valley where now are found in every state, county, and town, remnants of the original phalanx.

West, west, out of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, within parallels of latitude, came a second column, proceeding to southern Ohio and on. West, west, out of Virginia marched the next as far as Missouri. Fourth, the North Carolina file moved straight across the Mississippi to Missouri; while last, the South Carolina-Georgia march sought the fertile lands of Alabama and Mississippi. And even Kentucky and Tennessee caught the fever and crossed west to Arkansas. Hither and thither the fringe of each wave was drawn, by every sort of consideration, blood, friendship, economics, and in such wise was originally established the commonwealth of the great West.

As it happened, the Ohio Military Bounty lands, from Pennsylvania to the Scioto, had attracted the Pennsylvania Germans and Scotch-Irish, as well as the democratic poor whites, the non-slave-holding people from the South across the Ohio river. The wave swept on from Cincinnati as centre to Michigan — Detroit and Green Bay — with another diverging to Vincennes, Indiana. Behind comes a second westward stream from Kentucky, largely French, spreading across Indiana to Chicago and Saint Louis; at length, by the '40's of our tale, a northern movement was stirring along the Great Lakes.

In '23 Bishop Fenwick had found but five primitive

wooden chapels in all Ohio — though "with four more building," as he wrote to his friends in Europe. He could never have foreseen the magic expansion that was on foot — in ten more years a score of churches, and his one missionary multiplied to thirty.

The fact is, at a certain definite moment, the psychological moment, a sudden need sprung from the outburst of life in Ohio stood prepared to meet the outpouring of population in Germany, France, and Ireland. As Julia Chatfield would have said, it seemed one of those dispensations of Providence which underlie all history, suggesting the Divine Farmer behind the soil, or perhaps the Master-Hand upon the shore swaying the net full of men in the currents of a finite world.

And when she came to America in '45, little did she dream what a picturesque note her eleven poke bonnets with the fresh young faces beneath them were lending to the charm of early Ohio history. Nor did these young women dream how the mighty Hand on the shore would make of them an integral part of the onward-sweeping net as empire took its way westward.

CHAPTER TWO

PONDER'S END

PONDER'S END in Hertfordshire had the stateliness of its age: gables peaked rigidly at an English sky in May; every walk led to a definite proper angle; shrubbery kept well to its borders; trees yielded a framework of greenery to the rear; and at the foot of the lawn a decorous stream was girdled by an artificial bridge before it wandered to the west, leaving the white Diana under the heavy tufted trees still arching her arm forever beckoning shapes for ever new.

And out of this doorway walked two pinafored girls, arm in arm, to take their afternoon stroll, unheeding the yelping dog that bounded before nor yet the laughter of unnumbered younger sisters in the great hall behind. And this is Ponder's End; and these are Julia Chatfield and her sister; and this would be the year 1820; while aslant over the white oaks and buckeyes far away in Ohio lay the same afternoon sunlight. Why did the sun-glint in her eyes bring to Julia Chatfield a fleeting sense of places far off and indefinable ?

These were damsels of propriety and curtsies. Major Charles Chatfield was of the late Georgian era when the Trollopes and the "American Sketches by Boz" drew the sharp line for English people of culture against what Frances Trollope would call America's "most distressing republican equality." Major Chatfield with his compatriots stood entrenched in conservatism. Harriet Martineau and others might go to take a look at the experiment called America, but people like the Chatfields were absorbed in problems native to London smoke. Such ventures as the "Trollope Bazaar" in Cincinnati, for half-civilized "ladies" to buy laces and embroideries and fatten the purses of indigent Londoners were as unknown to them as the silent dropping of the cocoanut under the palms of the tropics.

Major Chatfield's wife, the gentle Helen Vennor, who presided with traditional dignity at Ponder's End, had laid upon her girls the impress of her gentleness. However, she is little seen in this story: the victim, perhaps, of protracted ill health; since, after years of private tutoring in the sunny old house or garden of Ponder's End, Julia, a serious girl of nineteen, was sent to finish her French in the convent of the Ursulines at Boulogne-sur-Mer together with all her sisters, even little Rosina of the seven years. Ponder's End was left to the echo of its children's voices, the quiet tread of anxious servants, and the tick of the hall clock, except when Master Chatfield,

"And this is Ponder's End; and these are Julia Chatfield and her sister;
. . . and this would be the year eighteen twenty . . ."

Junior, came flying into the house, threw his cap down, and bounded upstairs to see his mother.

One more picture out of the forgotten past presents a subtle suggestion of the life-story that here unfolds. It is a Sunday. Julia, a girl just turning her teens, kneels beside her sister in the family pew of the old familiar Anglican chapel where the Chatfield family used to worship. The two girls have just taken communion for the first time according to the Anglican service. They are making their thanksgiving. The morning light shines through the stained glass window on the earnest young faces. The church is nearly empty.

"Oh, Laura," suddenly whispers Julia Chatfield, "Laura dear !"

"What is it ?"

"Laura, look, look here ! Oh, a drop of the Precious Blood fell here upon the page of my book. What shall I do ?"

"Hush !" says Laura glancing furtively around. "What do you mean, Julia ?"

"Oh," says Julia with quivering lip, "the Precious Blood !"

"It's not the Precious Blood," whispers Laura, very loud, and scandalized.

"Of course it is !" says Julia. "Have we not received the Body of Our Lord, and His Blood ?"

"Oh hush !" says the dismayed Laura. "Come on out here with me." She draws her sister hastily down

the aisle. "What are you saying, Julia ? What are you saying ?"

"Why, Laura," says Julia in tears, "I thought it was our Lord's own Blood he had given us — the minister there — and that a drop of it had fallen upon my book. Oh what shall I do ? Oh dear !"

"Certainly it is not," says Laura with emphasis. "Julia Chatfield, go home and see mother and father about it."

They walk rapidly. "Julia, dear, the Lord only said 'Do it in commemoration of Me.' It is commemoration."

"Oh, no," said the inconsolable Julia. "He said 'This *is* my Body !' "

"Where did you get that idea, Julia Chatfield ?"

They reach the threshold of Ponder's End and the rest of the story is wrapped in oblivion. Julia Chatfield early learned to keep silence about things she could not understand. It was a silence of the lips. Major Chatfield, howsoever concerned over the incident, had no special reason to bear it in memory. It was forgotten by all but one. She often related it in after years.

When Julia was nineteen, it was, that the Major took all seven of his daughters across the Channel. He did not like the religion of the nuns, but in 1828 that was the place to send a girl to get what Mrs. Malaprop says "becomes a young woman." Julia and Laura took Rosina, aged seven, and Georgiana, aged

nine, by the hand, while Major Chatfield with benevolent dignity brought up the rear with the giggling Matilda and Ellen and Henrietta, who wept at everything and always soiled her frock. In the convent parlor the fond papa talked to Mère Sainte Ursule, who viewed the little bevy with motherly approval and agreed with the Major that although the children must all be Anglicans, they would conform as was usual to the exterior régime of the convent. Major Chatfield embraced the little girls, and hurried away to catch the evening boat to Dover.

Crying a little as is the way of children, they all watched him disappear; and then turning to their older sister the galaxy were reassured, and soon absorbed in the novelty of this new adventure, they were swept away among the pupils and thence to early bed.

Not so the elder sisters. This place, to their adolescent curiosity, was the centre of all the exaggerated superstitions they had heard described by their English governess at Ponder's End, and contemned in an English social circle whose ideas antedated the era of Catholic Emancipation. Curiosity kept Laura and Matilda, Julia and Ellen wide awake that evening and for days to come. Julia tells her story.

"It was seven o'clock in the evening:" — a summer evening, the fifth of July — "they were celebrating in the chapel the solemnization of the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. A few minutes after

we arrived, the Benediction bell rang. Though I was very tired I wanted to go, thinking I was to see one of those ceremonies that we Protestants call superstitious.

"At sight of the rich sanctuary, the altar with its thousand lights, the ostensorium with the Sacrament, the recollectedness of the minister, the majesty of the ceremonial, the devoutness of the kneeling nuns, the children, and all present, I felt suddenly overwhelmed.

"Then I said to myself, 'God is really present here, and this religion is true and divine.'

"From that very moment my conviction was complete, and though I did not know a single one of their dogmas, I adhered to them all with my whole heart. While the singing was going on I thought I was in heaven. I would willingly have stayed there all night in that sanctuary. After Benediction I had to tear myself away.

"The profound impression could never be effaced. 'That is settled,' I said to myself, 'I shall one day be a Catholic.' And from that day I experienced an ardent and persistent desire to be a nun, and to receive Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

"It was, then, my Saviour, Himself, who despite my fatigue, impelled me to go to that Benediction."

The Chatfield children soon became familiar little figures in the old convent corridors, laughing a little at the grotesque genuflections, the queer Catholic customs they saw there, mischievous, independent, curi-

"At sight of the rich sanctuary in Boulogne, the altar, the recollectedness, the kneeling nuns . . . I was suddenly overwhelmed . . ."

ous, docile, poking their young heads into the "green parlor" which was caviar to the commoner, staring at the painted madonna in the oratory, munching their *gouté* with the rest, and buttoned up to chin in pinafores.

Julia, however, had a secret that was burning for expression. She soon learned to speak French like a Parisian, but her mind was set upon something deeper.

She made various hints and overtures to the nuns but these experienced personages ignored her. It was against their rules to encourage the girl. She tried again. Finally she wrote a strong, frank letter to her father. But it was just at this moment that Major Chatfield became restive and came across the Channel once more to see how the children were getting on and to report to their anxious mother. Thus he missed Julia's letter.

They went for a walk, the Chatfields, on a bright afternoon out into the streets and parks of Boulogne; there he should have ample opportunity to learn from the prattle of Henrietta and Georgiana, or a quiet talk with the sensible Julia, how things were with them, and what he could best get to contribute to the happiness of each dear child. Major Chatfield's children were the joy of his heart. Julia, sauntering along past the busy shop windows might see some bracelet, some dainty bonnet to attract her eye. But Julia was not looking for trifles. Unable to account for her

father's silence about her strange petition she could no longer restrain her feelings.

"Well, papa," she said with beating heart, "what did you think of my letter ?"

"What letter, my daughter ?" asked he surprised.

She told him. They stood still in the street. The horror-stricken father was almost swept off his feet. In the eager young face he suddenly read the longing of her heart and the determination of a will that leaped up to meet his own. Here she was, suddenly, full-blown woman, flesh of his flesh and brain of his brain, and a bitter chasm yawning between them. In after years she often spoke of the blanched face and reeling steps which her announcement that, will you nil you, she would do this thing caused her poor father in the streets of Boulogne. The clang of the city fell unheeded upon their ears; two tense wills confronted each other.

An hour later, the green parlor at the convent was a scene of wrath. The calm, mild Mère Ste. Ursule listened to the storming of the stalwart Britisher while some of the nuns scurried around and packed the travelling bags for the daughters of Major Charles Chatfield, Esq. They were all going straight home. But no, he could not so soon reverse the family plans; there was the invalid mother to consider. Ponder's End was not accustomed to such hurricanes of change. The innocent, non-offending younger children should be left a little longer where they were. Julia's notion

and her wild tears were carefully kept from them. She and Matilda were taken back to their mother to be precipitated into the gaieties of a London world that has snuffed out more than one religious aspiration in its time.

However, Julia's determination persisted. It seemed to the girl that she had stepped for a brief space into the realm of a spiritual existence which she had always craved. The reality of Christ, which she had thought was in her Anglican First Communion, she had found, with all its throbbing life, dominating the sanctuary at Boulogne; Christ, a living Person, not alive once and now dead and to be remembered, but alive everywhere and forever; that place was full of Him and the others who were there felt it as she did. She said to herself, "Here He is; I go no further."

It was not that her former life had entirely lacked what she found here nor that she had not heretofore impinged upon individual lives of earnest aspiration, like her father's, or delicately spiritual, like her mother's. It was not that she had lacked conviction of the invisible world; it was rather that now she felt she had grasped it in all its fullness, the moral and physical grandeur of the City of God, its abounding, throbbing life: the "all things to all men." A oneness and especially a security dawned upon her — a rock to her feet. All lesser matters, she saw, would be shaped to fit this conception of things, would even-

tually be made ancillary to it. She was willing to brave the thorny hedge of any difficulty, whether subjective or objective, in order to gain this her native element which once having breathed she could not live without.

And beyond all this it struck her that at Boulogne was a place where, by common consent of a large group of people, was lived in its fullest sense, and uninterruptedly — all else being relegated to secondary consideration — what is known as the spiritual life. She would learn it. She, too, could perhaps attain to it.

Meanwhile, the perturbed father was busily devising "sports that wrinkled care deride." Behold then a new complication arose.

The petted little Rosina, for whom the sick mother most yearned, fell ill at the Ursulines' and soon came to death's door. Frantic messages crossed the Channel, to and fro, but the harassed father could not manage to leave home.

"My dear daughter Laura," he wrote, betraying a nervous distrust and jealousy of the nuns to whom he was, in a sense, obliged to confide his darling, "my dear daughter, to you I confide the child; you must be woman now; you must take your mother's place. May God watch over you and our precious little one; and," he added with a touch of his former suspicion, "it is for you, my daughter, to judge of what is neces-

sary or proper to do for our little sick girl. Tell the doctors to keep me informed."

And so they did. But Rosina died. She died in a great hurry. Laura was a girl after her father's own heart, and the nuns, warned by his suspicions, had to leave the affair entirely to her. The dying child clamored to be baptized and to receive the Sacraments. The weeping Laura conscientiously granted her everything, forced herself to prepare the little Rosina, and the child died happily in this heroic sister's arms.

Again there were messages across the Channel; the father sent the English Consul to the convent. Laura, staunch Britisher, but no Catholic, with the chaperonage of the Consul attended to her sister's burial in a Catholic cemetery after a Mass in the convent chapel and with a priest to bless the grave.

With this came a fresh hurricane out from Ponder's End. The irate Major Chatfield, learning that the trusted Miss Laura had considered herself in duty bound to fulfil the dying wishes of the child, at last hurried over the water, dragged out the British Consul, had the poor little remains disinterred and buried in a cemetery of the Anglican persuasion, boxed up the effects of his terrified little ones and took them all home to London. The tempest got into the newspapers and the journals of London and Boulogne burned blue fire at the Ursulines and at convents in

general. The nuns held aloof from the storm of injuries and awaited the return of calm. Not so the good father. Not for nothing had his own parent seen the stormy days of secretaryship under Warren Hastings out in India; not for nothing had Major Charles been born there, breathing in the fighting spirit of the British East India Company. Life is a warfare.

Julia did not take to London society. Ponder's End thrown open to the gay world had no appeal for her. Could it be that the girl had grown abnormal? Was there no quickening of her young pulse when music, laughter, adulation surrounded her? Did she feel none of nature's response while men singled her out and paid the homage which her finely tempered spirit, her distinction, compelled? As this handsome dark-eyed girl moved about, did not her color heighten, noted as she was and marked in the throng as the daughter whom Major Chatfield was proudly introducing this winter to London society? Tradition is silent.

It was the old story. The Greeks in their dim way knew of a something that haunts the human being, deeper, more vital than all the most sensitive physical forces — a music, a lure, so they said. But it is not all legend, that haunting music. It originated, not in the Greek, not in the Celt, not in the Hindu, nor in far Cathay. It antedates all. This was the call that in the beginning drew the music from the spheres. It

is not new; it is not even strange; it is deeper far than sex; deeper than law; it is the force behind all law. It is the call that draws as steel to magnet, stream to sea, and you follow. All things may crumble at your feet; you step over them and go.

The girl moved through the crowded days torn with interior conflict which displayed itself to her father and mother only in a certain tenseness which everybody misinterpreted.

All the enticement of youth around her sounded its appeal; her mind and heart responded, but the impulse that stirred within, far deeper, affected her entire being, affected the entire complex of spirit and flesh. Once fell the call upon the inner ear, she could never forget; its insistence was piercing, its austere sweetness the one prize that seemed worthy of attainment. Desolate indeed would be life should she lose it. All gratifications of social existence paled before this. Yet they too allured; she would, she could perhaps, so she thought, force herself to forget; she would follow the normal things of human life, madly, extravagantly. But no; ashen apples, they seared her lips; and the hungry caverns in her being cried aloud for that which she had flattered herself she could forget.

There fell a whirl of conflict. A thousand silken threads drew her to the normal life of the friends who surrounded her; there were moments when she envied them their narrower vision; she could not, even if she

would, fail to see beyond it; surging in her subconscious self was something towards which she yearned, towards which her inner being moved with deep desire despite every effort of her common nature. Not only in the physical world do centripetal forces clash with centrifugal.

How long the impulse had been lying dormant within her she could not say. But once she discovered that there existed a place where it could find external realization, an atmosphere of its own where it could live and breathe and expand and grow to legitimate purposes, could fulfil its place in the scheme of the universe, she knew that the silken ties must be rent, that no power could hold her back. There alone could she find equilibrium.

"This," she said, "is my vocation." It was in a larger sense a choice between loves. At every step forward she was crushing some fibre of her own inclinations; yet if she stepped backward she would trample out the very fire of her most precious existence.

In London society, with its dress and delights, friendships, comforts, hopes, excitements, promises, loves, she went from one thing to another, her senses keenly alive, yet her real self involved in throes of a tremendous issue.

And what was the external reaction ? What unbelievable paradoxes ? This Julia Chatfield, this girl in her Victorian "gloss of satin and glimmer of

pearls," with the triumph of youth in her eye, the lure of charm on her lip — did she steal away between the dances, away to her bedroom, seize perhaps her crucifix, kissing it passionately, murmuring I know not what of love, of fidelity to the higher call which this wooden symbol suggested, a moment on her bended knees, and then flash back again to the drawing-room, to meet her admirers' gaze with new poise that baffled them, whose source they never could suspect ?

It was not long before there was a new crisis; she crossed swords once more. She told her father, not of the tedium of this new life, not of the secret tears in the still hours of the night, but there came a day when she spoke out once more her secret convictions: in the Church alone, she said, could she work out the salvation of her immortal soul. It was a battle of soul with soul. This was the moment so common in human experience when youth rises up against nearest and dearest and cries out "Give me my own life or I shall die !" and you can but move out of its path, remembering.

Major Chatfield tenderly loved her; she worshipped her father. He was enraged at her persistency, a quality which she manifestly had inherited from himself; in every line of the girl's countenance he read determination. He was, for the moment, like one who looks at a house from the outside, sees nothing but cold grey walls, and cries in fear,

"Daughter, come out. You are in the wrong house."

But Julia glowing with the warmth and light of the fire at the hearth within could not find words to tell him all the effect of that glow, with which her being was permeated. She saw him through the window and it made her shiver. He yielded no more than did she. It ended in his bitterly disowning her as his daughter. He bade her leave his home; Ponder's End was closed to her; knowing Julia, he felt it was forever.

Still does the heart of the father protect his misguided child. From a distance he watched her efforts to seek a situation and a livelihood, and, unknown to Julia, he contrived that she find a position as governess in the family of a certain Colonel West of the British army who lived in Berkshire. There with grim determination she bided her time. It came.

On a Sunday the family carriage was placed at Miss Chatfield's disposal with the polite inference that she was expected to represent the West family that day at church. Like a flash she seized her opportunity. Once in the carriage, she ordered the coachman to drop her at a certain point on the way to church. Fearing she had not enough money to get her across the Channel to Boulogne, the place of her dreams, she entered a pawn-broker's shop and sold the tortoise-shell combs in her hair, and her jewelry. This done, she hailed a cab and drove rapidly across the city; now was the time to act.

In the carriage the girl sat taut as a wire. The streets neared her home. She drew a swift breath as they sped past the gravelled driveway of Ponder's End; her heart was breaking to see her mother once more. She passed by. That was over. But no, there among the pedestrians, whom should she espy but her brother. Happily, he did not notice the whirling gig with its distraught occupant.

Next day she came to Dover. She had just enough money to pay her passage; and that evening, worn out and famished, she rang the bell at the door of the Ursulines in Boulogne.

True, she had been in this convent only a few months of her brief life. It had been long enough. The nuns were astonished to see her now; they had supposed the girl to be a timid character; it was really extraordinary they said. But they received her tenderly as their own child; they wept with her; they reasoned. Mère Ste. Ursule, the superior, insisted that although she was of age, she should not remain with them. Finally she prevailed upon Julia to write to her father and to await developments in the home of some good friends of theirs on the outskirts of Boulogne.

"I swear I will come and get her no matter where she is," answered the furious Major. But in spite of his menaces it seems he did not go. Knowing his daughter was of age he saw it was useless. But for all that, he attacked, he bombarded the situation.

He kept up a lively correspondence. Often he would write her long letters about religion supporting his arguments with captious extracts dictated by various divines. It was trouble wasted. Julia would not even read them. She reiterated that she held and would always hold the doctrines of the Roman church. And at last her father surrendered. He relented; he sent her all her things from the old familiar bower in Ponder's End; her books, which she afterwards carried to America; several little treasures she had never expected to see again. But father and daughter never met. He did not ask her back to his home and she never went. A fine little volume of English poems with the name on the fly leaf, "Julia Chatfield," in the script of a girl — refined, positive, upright — breathes the silent tale, still significant. A sheet of mildewed music she once loved, music with her father's name written in his own hand, "Major Chas. Chatfield, Esq.," awakens, perhaps, the happy echoes of Ponder's End, mute tribute, like a lyre once broken.

The girl, left to herself, applied her mind to her studies in the beautiful country place and peace settled upon her. She was like a ship storm-beaten that had slipped into haven, haven for a while. The old familiar ties held her heart. She made new friends as she always did; she was an interesting young person and her story was interesting. She had come to Boulogne to be a nun she said.

She read and studied, and at last the Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne, Bishop of Arras, who saw in the girl that elusive thing that marks personality and that rarer gift called spirituality, finally admitted her to what in those days of bitter controversy was always known as abjuration. She was received into the Roman Catholic Church September 4, 1834. Abbé Amadée Rappe, chaplain of the Ursulines, became her godfather in Baptism, and thus arose the strong tie that bound these two spirits together for years to come in the wilds of American forests. Four days later Abbé Rappe gave the Communion which, curiously enough, had been her proper heritage from early childhood; nor did the Precious Blood fall upon her book.

In a few months Julia Chatfield knocked once more at the convent door, this time to beg admission to the cloister. Six months probation as a postulant, two years in the white veil of the novice, and on August 17, 1837, Sister Julia of the Assumption pronounced her vows as an Ursuline nun of the community of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The Ursulines are a teaching Order; they make a vow to teach girls. All the French Ursuline convents, numerous indeed at the dawn of the Revolution, took their rise from that illustrious nucleus in the Rue St. Jacques, Paris, where princes of the blood, queens, Jesuits, and savants, in the days of Henri IV used to come to see the Ursulines teach and ex-

amine their methods. The teaching idea of the Ursulines had originated in Italy in the early sixteenth century when Angela Merici, with a wisdom and daring far in advance of her time, gathered at Brescia, Italy, a group of women to cope with the attacks of a ribald age against woman and especially against her purity. The contemplative element so peculiarly blended with the active was what appealed to Julia Chatfield in the Ursuline.

The very next year after she pronounced her vows there dawned for her a new vista in life, an achievement still more difficult.

One afternoon a group of chattering *pensionnaires* came in from Liverpool under chaperonage of a genial-faced, benevolent American-Irish bishop who had volunteered to see them safe to their destination. Here was an event. As this dignitary stood in the sanctuary a few days later to address the novices on their patronal day, an address in which he took pains to introduce them to the great field for missionary work across the broad Atlantic, the horizon suddenly widened for Julia Chatfield. The New World rose upon her spiritual vision. Nor was she the only one present to be struck by the sudden wonder, for at the same time, and more imperiously, her godfather, M. l'Abbé Rappe, felt strongly prompted to leave France and go with the Bishop.

Bishop Purcell spoke with Irish warmth and fervor, with glowing urgency. He described the beauty of

the Ohio valley; the seething immigrant life that had sprung up there; the opportunity and young hope of the people; their sore need of religion, educational advantages, and all the very first spiritual and mental aids. He had come to Europe, he said, to persuade if possible some generous persons to cross the seas and help in the gigantic task which his own ecclesiastical authorities had laid upon him.

Europe must come to the aid of this new, young, struggling United States, through whom, it was the Bishop's belief, civilization was working out its way to encircle the globe and complete the kingdom of Christ. He had hoped to find in this haven of prayer and youth within convent gates the sublime support of sympathy. Perhaps they would say a decade of their rosary that he might be successful in his quest. He knew what the prayers of children had accomplished; he commended himself and the souls under his care to their remembrance.

The Bishop knelt a moment on the altar step and retired into the sacristy, lost in thought. A hush had fallen over the chapel.

Amadée Rappe, the young priest, was the first to react under this unusual appeal but he kept his thoughts to himself. In the space of some sixteen ensuing months he found his mind made up and he was writing to the Bishop of Cincinnati:

"Tell me if I may hope to be one of yours, and immediately I shall prepare for departure. I have

often thought that a change of climate and a more active life would enable me better to fulfil my ministerial functions. I desire ardently to labor for the salvation of souls."

At this juncture he began to realize his happy years serving the convent at Boulogne.

"I am going to tell our good nuns. . . That is the first blow that I have given my heart; I feel it bleed in advance. A priest can hope but for crosses and tribulations."

And here there issued from his pen, involuntarily, the thought that was almost a premonition; he confessed as much:

"I do not know if it be an illusion, or a happy presentiment, but it seems to me that perhaps you could in time ask for a little colony of Ursulines. I have not on this matter," he hesitated, "anything certain, Monseigneur — anything explicit; it is more a desire than a founded hope. If, however, I knew the mind of Your Lordship, perhaps before my departure I might sound the subject here."

So then, this young priest, just nine years ordained, tall, wiry, quick, elastic, was gifted with the fine intuitions of his race. He had been reading the *Annales of the Propagation of the Faith;* the sermon that morning in the octagon-windowed chapel of the nuns had not been his first inkling of missionary venture; for some time had he been following the letters from the American field which had been

directed to the Lyons *Annales*. He looked up the back numbers now and read that letter from his Irish bishop dated March 1836.

All the nuns set to reading it with fresh interest; even the pupils had it read to them as they sat working at their samplers in the long *Salle de classe*.

The letter told of the importance of Cincinnati as a commercial centre; the Bishop's own diocese, ranking fourth in the States of the Union, attracting daily large numbers of European immigrants, nearly all poor, but with undoubted prospects. The Cincinnati congregations under him number eight thousand Catholics of whom four thousand are Germans, the others, Americans or French. He tells of his little church and the people thronging there, kneeling out in the muddy road; how some Sisters of Charity have more than twenty-five orphans to care for besides other pupils; but there is no school for boys. He counts five French congregations in Ohio, with every day French families from Europe newly settling in the state.

Abbé Rappe stopped at this point; those people needed him; he would go.

The nuns parted from him with regret. They followed him with affectionate remembrance, innumerable letters, helps and supplies for his work. He was sent to the Lake district. Nor did the tie between the young wiry missionary and his English goddaughter weaken in absence. Two years later found

him still enlivening his spirits by writing back to Boulogne long, gay epistles that spoke of hard work and unheard-of difficulties. His spirit seemed unflagging.

At that time the great Ohio canals had just been completed. The northern movement along the Lakes was at its height; railroads were building; Lake traffic was in main stream; and the canals, cutting through Ohio, were opening up to farmers and merchants the way to prosperity, carrying commodities from central Ohio to the Lakes and on to New York by the Erie Canal — at that day a prodigy of foresight. Cleveland, Toledo, Akron, Sandusky, were springing into thriving existence. From farms in the central Ohio valleys you could now turn and go south to New Orleans and thence to Europe with your marketing, or else by the Lakes to New York. Newcomers came flocking into the Lake district, and here, one fine day, stood Amadée Rappe, surveying thoughtfully his new territory.

He must thank his Boulogne Ursulines for the beads and prayer books they had sent for his people:

Ma Sœur de l'Assomption,

It seems to me without any dream at all that I am in the midst of you, my daughters . . . running constantly from my room to the confessional, from confessional to sacristy, sacristy to infirmary; and then, you might say, I am always hearing the little bell calling me to catechism or to preach a sermon which I have not had time scarcely to prepare.

Perhaps Sœur Julie had written him of a dream that she was in Ohio.

May your dream come true, and then I shall find myself as at Boulogne. Oh, but there is work here to do! what children to instruct, and how many grown persons under that head!

Beg Our Lord, my daughter, to give me the gift of instruction, and of touching hearts in few words, or else to send me a helper in my need.

He describes conditions under the distressing panic of 1842 following so soon upon that of 1837:

The month of June, ordinarily stifling, is very cool this year in Toledo . . . People's health very good. But things are in a horrible state; workmen without work; farmers not able to sell products, and the state no richer than individuals. This distress is, nevertheless, good for morals: people are more docile, pleasures impossible, and, above all, drunkenness, without aliment.

I am going to visit a little town where they offer me six lots evaluated at £1000, with a hundred dollars to build a little church. This offer is made by a Protestant society that is building a railroad through this locality.

Adieu, my daughter; it is impossible to forget you at the altar.

Sister Julia of the Assumption often looked abstracted in those days; her sub-conscious mind in dreams betrayed where her deeper thoughts were though she said little about it. Julia Chatfield had the kind of eyes that watch you everywhere you go; at least from a portrait they watch you; she had steady eyes. They were clear brown, long and

square; the type of eye that takes on parallel lines at the lids as life grows old. One evening, at dusk, with a far-away look in their brown depths, she turned a corner in the cloister, coming face to face upon Mère Ste. Ursule.

"Child!" exclaimed the superior, "you startled me !" Sœur Julie was taken off her guard.

"Ah, Ma Mère," she exclaimed, "if I could only go there !"

The superior's heart stood still.

"Go," she asked vaguely, "but where ?"

"To Ohio !"

The young figure seemed vibrating in the twilight. Mère Ste. Ursule was silent. With a rush of understanding she comprehended.

"My child," she said with sudden sympathy, smoothing down the folds of the veil on the younger woman's head, "my child, I do believe you could go anywhere. It is in you to do anything that is good."

The secret was out. But Mère Ste. Ursule went to bed troubled that night.

However, Sœur Julie de l'Assomption was not destined to see Toledo; so blind is our course in life.

CHAPTER THREE

SISTER HYACINTH REMARKS

MÈRE STE. URSULE was deeply concerned. A fatal epidemic of typhoid had broken out in the convent of Boulogne. It seemed the whole school would go. And those delicate young sisters, her especial charges; what would happen to them ? Doctors, nurses, looked grave; an ominous dread brooded over the usual sunny tranquillity, a foreboding of tragedy. An English girl was down with typhoid. The English doctor, head and shoulders above the voluble Frenchmen, jammed his hat upon his head as he passed gruffly out. The French physicians spread their hands in extremity and whispered. The girl expired in the nuns' arms. Two more were stricken; one was about to die. Where will this terrible thing end, said the nuns to one another.

Mère Ste. Ursule knelt in the chapel twilight. "Mother of God," she pleaded, "I will give you all; I will give anything. I will give you sisters for the Toledo mission. Yes, M. Rappe shall have what he has been longing for. Our nuns will go out into the

wilds anywhere, if only you will save this child, Mother of God !"

The English doctor, a Protestant, suffered the nuns to pray: for him, the healing lenitive. But one day he turned astonished to the young face languid on the pillow:

"Cheer up, my dear child, truly the holy Virgin has obtained your cure."

And the malady completely disappeared in a few weeks and not another soul in the house had it.

Things calmed down again. Still, Mère Ste. Ursule was left facing a new anxiety for her maternal heart; what about the wilderness in America ? What about Toledo ?

M. Rappe was not asking much; only a little colony of six sisters — the flower of her flock — with a modest advance of fifteen thousand francs for the voyage and installation ! Mère Ste. Ursule laid the matter before her council. The council were timid; they felt their personnel of fifty were all needed at home; there were many ailing; the money was enormous; M. Rappe might be removed from Toledo at any moment, and what then ? The nuns left alone in a strange land, with strange tongues around them. What does the Cardinal think ?

At this very moment, who should appear in the parlor but the genial Irish bishop from Cincinnati. They had not noticed before the culture of this man, the breadth of his education; with the *Eclogues* on

his lips, the *Summa* at his back, and the vocabulary of a sea captain, delivered in the phrases of an Ohio backwoodsman.

"La bonne aventure!" exclaimed the Bishop with his magnetic smile; and hearing the tale, he promised to be himself both credit and resource for the timid Ohio volunteers.

So Mère Ste. Ursule wrote to the Cardinal:

"Convinced as we are, that this enterprise is not within human prudence and not wishing either to undertake it or reject it until the will of God is manifested to us through you, our first Pastor, we beg of you to pronounce for us."

His Eminence answered evasively.

The Bishop, once back in Cincinnati, informed Abbé Rappe of this turn in affairs. Upon that, came a letter to Boulogne from the far post-office of Toledo:

"I believe the devil could not play me a worse trick. However, this project, I see, must take root in troubles." He was right.

Came another ambassador to France from the banks of Belle Rivière, calling for "Sisters! Sisters! The people want sisters." This was young Machebœuf, Père Jean Machebœuf, he of the *Sylvie de Grasse* and the solemn pact. Again Mère Ste. Ursule to the Cardinal of Arras:

"We have now several English novices, and certain of our nuns feel strongly impelled to go out to Ohio. We now have the money. They could go in the

spring. In Your Eminence's decision we look for God's will."

Answers the Cardinal imperturbably: "The moment is not yet here."

One day there arrived a letter from M. Rappe in his forest fastness:

"Never mind; the Ursulines from Beaulieu are coming, thirty strong. M. Machebœuf is to bring them over."

So, then, that question was settled. Mère Ste. Ursule smoothed her ruffled brow; certain young English hearts in the Boulogne cloister hid their perturbation.

But, to the surprise of the Boulogne ranks Père Machebœuf wrote once more, from Toul:

"The place for the Beaulieu nuns is *not* Toledo. Monseigneur Purcell is offering them his Seminary grounds out in Brown County — the students to be withdrawn to Cincinnati. But, unfortunately, none of these sisters can speak English; what are we going to do? And not one knows music. How can they teach? what about that? Moreover, of those who are volunteering, they are young; they are lively; entirely too young to be superior. They need a superior who can speak English."

Thus much from M. Machebœuf, in Europe; Bishop Purcell writes from beyond the water; from the superior of Beaulieu to the superior of Boulogne, many letters.

Then Mère Ste. Ursule, again to the Cardinal:

"We have here an English superior for them; it is none other than Your Eminence's own spiritual daughter," the Cardinal grins as he reads, "whom you, Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne, yourself, baptized in our chapel just half a dozen years ago."

Who could have whispered the secret in advance to august ears ?

"We have also a young Irish novice who knows music very well, and is lively enough to keep up any heart that quails."

The Cardinal stroked his chin. He had all along suspected. What would this girl from Ponder's End do in a land of Indian wigwams ? How, now, would the poor girl fare with those of Beaulieu, a house of different spirit and strange traditions ? Could she be happy, this child, so far away, out in the bitter hardships of pioneer life ? The Cardinal stroked his chin.

Meantime, things were not in such smooth sailing at Beaulieu. The excellent shopkeepers of the town were so irritated at M. Machebœuf for taking "their nuns," that he dared not show his face. This school had been the pride of the town for three generations; its influence affected both the higher class, through the Pension, or boarding-school, and the lower classes through the Poor School. It had become part of the economic basis of the people. Now was its faculty to be decimated for this wild project of going to

America ? Those who were not related to some one of the nuns knew somebody who was; and the fond parents of each pupil developed an enormous attachment to the teacher of their child, as gossip grew apace. Not only parents, but total strangers intervened.

"It is easy to see that Satan is not pleased with this project," wrote M. Machebœuf piously to Boulogne. "He is moving heaven and earth against it !"

"Neither nuns nor money shall go out of France," cried the indignant people of the provincial town. Fathers clung to their daughters; pupils thronged around their teachers. The number of nuns to go oozed down to eight; funds now might not surpass twenty or twenty-five thousand francs. No nun's dower might be withdrawn from the convent of Beaulieu. Excitement in the little town spread like wildfire. The parlors at the convent were buzzing; crowds under the windows; the persuasion of the civil law was brought to bear, and there came the close of a day when the Sub-Prefect of the Department, the Mayor, and the Municipal Council, stood in all regalia, at the Ursulines' door, to protest against this hazardous enterprise. The hysterical inhabitants of this French village had had visions of tomahawks and war-dances, cannibals, and what not !

Into the midst of the harrowing disturbance, on February twenty-eighth, came a letter from Boulogne like a bow of promise; Cardinal de le Tour d'Auvergne

"Pauline Laurier, her aristocratic feet in sabots like those of market-women, paused at the bridge over the Dordogne . . ."

(After a wash-drawing by Anna P. Jordan)

had signed the fiat; they of Boulogne were to go.

The eight Beaulieu sisters set their teeth and decided to go with them. But the most illustrious of the band — everybody knew and loved her as Sœur Stanislaus Laurier — what was to be done about her? The Laurier family were of noble blood and the very leaders of the storm. There was no way out of it for Pauline Laurier; desperation must devise a way to get her out of town. She would have to steal out in disguise.

Accordingly, at six in the evening of April eighth — the daffodils being now wet in the spring rain — Pauline Laurier, in peasant dress, *retroussée,* customary fashion, her aristocratic feet encased in sabots like those of the market women, paused an instant in the crowd on the bridge over the Dordogne. At the outskirts of the town Sœur Bernard Bouyon joined her, likewise dressed *à la mode.* Trembling, they awaited their servitor, M. Puisjallon, who shouldered the bundle containing their religious dress. On, by foot, to Brêtenour, they hurried in the gathering darkness; but there the gatekeeper of the bridge was fast asleep; what with knocking and cries, they could scarcely arouse him for an agony of fifteen minutes.

Thence three long leagues to walk before they reached St. Ceré. Under the starlit canopy of deepening midnight the three knelt to recite their chaplet to her who once fled through darkness; and on they

hurried to the auberge of St. Ceré where no one in the inn could guide them to the shelter they so wearily sought!

Next day at Aurillac off with disguise; to Clermont; to Paris. A few days later, safe at last with the rest of their band of eight at the feet of Notre Dame des Victoires in the great church.

At Boulogne things moved in another order. Preparations were being made very quietly; no one could perceive a ripple on the surface of daily routine. In the boarding school the twenty-seventh of April was to be First Communion Fête, and as the approaching departure was a secret, not a cloud marred the day. But the nuns could scarcely conceal their emotion. The dinner in their refectory was a farewell to the three departing members — Sœur Julie de l'Assomption, Sœur Hyacinth Eiffe, and Miss Matilda Dunn, the English postulant. The old chronicle reads: "The toast to the future missionaries was mingled with tears, but the sorrow was mute."

"This," had warned Mère Ste. Ursule, "this is a work of zeal, a call God has sent to us. I beg of you, dear sisters, respond generously. And let us keep silence on the matter." But that was a peculiar sacrifice of itself.

The night was sleepless. Next morning in chapel the priest turned at the altar to address the First Communicants. He took occasion to praise the nuns who had taught them; then he announced that several

of the nuns were about to leave; that very day they were leaving to sail across the ocean, out to the New World, to teach little children in the wilds of Ohio.

Immense was the hubbub and consternation at the Ursulines' ! The pupils, going out of chapel, pale, said "Who is it ? What is it ? Who is going to leave ? Is it any of our teachers ?"

"If it is my aunt," cried one, "they shall see ! I'll go straight after my papa !"

Tears, sobs, everywhere. Desolation fell when the names were announced.

Ten o'clock struck, the hour to go. Commotion in the green parlor, the corridors. A carriage awaited. Mère Ste. Ursule and Mère St. Paul would accompany the party to Havre to meet the Beaulieu contingency.

They all waved good-bye and were gone, Sister Julia Chatfield, pale, but quiet and composed. In the suburbs of Boulogne they took the diligence where they found two ecclesiastics also bound for America by the same boat. At noon they changed horses in Samer; no one ate; they took a glass of water; just then the coach started and to the merriment of the party they were all drenched; tears within, tears without.

M. Lecomte, one of the clerics, kindly furnished them points for meditation as they jogged along, and they meditated in true apostolic style — *à la diligence !* At 7 : 00 P.M., Abbéville and supper; at 7 : 00

A.M., Rouen. Late that evening they pulled wearily into Havre.

Here the English three looked for the first time face to face upon the eight strangers with whom they were to pass in intimate family relations the rest of their lives, for the harmony of which Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne had felt he must tremble. It was a crucial experience for all concerned, one of those inexplicable yieldings of the deliberate human will in the interests of faith, which Mrs. Browning calls "traces of a lost archangel in the world."

The French group had indeed suffered from fears. "All our hearts," wrote Mère St. Pierre of Beaulieu, "had been so long oppressed by fears and we had had lively apprehensions lest Boulogne go back on its word. God alone knows what this fear made us suffer, that terrible uncertainty."

Broken ties behind them, the strange land before, the strange tongue, hardships unimaginable; and what would their new leader prove to be ?

They looked at her a little askance, these French women. She was young; she had a kind face. They noticed that Mère Ste. Ursule treated her as a daughter in whom she had marked confidence and the white-veiled novice and Miss Dunn, the postulant, already seemed to revolve around her as a centre. Julia Chatfield met the eight Beaulieu nuns with a cordiality that went straight to their hearts. Secretly, she felt as diffident as they did, but the circumstances of

her life had made her ready for any fate; her bark was unmoored; Providence had emancipated her; she stood for what might be called a conservative emancipation. It made her adaptable and approachable and this the French nuns felt intuitively.

"It would be impossible to express," writes one of them, "the happiness, the joy, the consolation we all experienced in this interview."

They were to sail under M. Machebœuf's care at six in the morning. "Till then," writes Mère St. Paul to the nuns at home, "we had kept rigorous monastic silence every evening; but tonight everything had to yield; talk went on even after we retired. From time to time little Sister Hyacinth got up out of bed and ran to my bed to see if I were asleep.

" 'Oh, go to sleep, Ma Mère,' she would say, 'You need it badly.' Then, for fear I would hear her crying, she would say, 'Go to sleep; I am going to be more reasonable now, pretty soon.' "

They did not have to be called at daybreak. Then ensued a touching scene. Sœur Julie and her band of ten knelt for the maternal blessing of Mère Ste. Ursule; with noble dignity she gave it.

"Charity, my children," she murmured, "never forget charity. And be careful to support one another. Be earnest about your life-work of teaching; and be faithful to the Rule of your Ursuline institute."

They took their places in the carriage for the quay.

Sœur Hyacinth must throw herself once more into Mère Ste. Ursule's arms:

"Ma Mère, I shall never be any more trouble to you ! what I was with you I shall be with Ma Mère de l'Assomption. I shall obey her as I did you."

The latter could only say, "Courage, Ma Mère, adieu, adieu !"

They disappeared within the ship. It was the fourth day of May 1845; Sunday in the octave of the Ascension and the feast-day of Saint Monica.

Happily, the voyage across the Atlantic, briny with the element, was not one of tears; at least, it was not so for Sister Hyacinth, the Irish member, who found matter for gales of merriment from morning till night on the old *Zurich.* She had intended, she afterwards declared, to write a journal of this romantic adventure, this going out as missionary, but the sea had other designs.

"The sixth day at sea," she says in her home letter, "*feeling better* — I sat at my ease in the salon and was writing with dignity, when suddenly old ocean took a whim to remind us that we were in a floating house. My ink jolted, spread itself all over Mère St. Pierre's dress, the paper, everything; thus ended forever my journal."

At dinner she goes into ecstasies of laughter. "When we took our soup it made a river on the table, flowing, not to sea, but to laps !"

Everybody, of course, was seasick. Sister Julie

had to keep to her cabin the greater part of the passage, but her young Irish companion boasted of being the best sailor on board. Though the wind was favorable they faced perils abundant:

"We saw mountains of ice; it is very dangerous when vessels get too close to them. The cold was so intense that we could scarcely stay a minute upon the bridge."

The warm young heart begins to realize its isolation: "Oh how often I have thought of you during these long nights on the ocean. In my sleep I thought I saw you; heard your voice; all my dear mothers and sisters. What disappointment on awaking."

In storms she could not close an eye, whence it followed that Sister Julia dreamily perceived the small figure creeping into her cabin to crouch beside her for protection — "to pass the rest of that cruel night." There she thought she might comfortably die with Sister Julia.

"And I took lots of good resolutions, too," she said, "but, alas, I haven't kept them. Thanks be to God, Ma Mère de l'Assomption has the heart of a mother for me !"

Sometimes the party went up on the bridge, the sailors standing respectfully aside as they passed up. The gallant captain always offered them his arm for the promenade, which was declined with grace and secret amusement. But to the mirth of Sister

Hyacinth, one day, the good, simple Sœur Bernard, overcome by his gallantry, accepted it promptly.

"She didn't know, the good soul," wrote Sister Hyacinth with the *savoir faire* of a novice, "that this is not the custom with nuns."

In fair weather the young sisters had classes up on deck; there was much to learn for the career before them. In one corner, M. Machebœuf was teaching English to the French missionaries who were going over; in another, Miss Matilda Dunn and Sister Hyacinth were giving lessons to the nuns from Beaulieu, who found the English very hard; still, they got on, especially Sister Stanislaus who learned very quickly to read and made them all laugh at table by ordering everything in English.

All on board were interested in the adventures and mishaps of the Ursulines. One young lady, *"une grande demoiselle,"* says Sister Hyacinth, with attentive discrimination, grew very fond of Sister Julia, often visiting her cabin. "Just wait a little," she would say, "wait a little, Ma Mère; I am going to join you. But the only thing I can do is to make wax flowers and teach Italian." Her father and brothers laughed; she was not even of the same faith. A Mrs. Woodworth and her two little daughters became fast friends of the nuns. "Madame's compliments," the stewardess would say, looking in at Sister Julia's stateroom, "and would not Sister Julia like the use of Madame's smelling salts as the sea is rough today ?

a little biscuit or two of London make ?" she would set the tray down. The Woodworths were destined to play a part in the fortunes of Solomon's Run.

Good days there was Mass and Communion in the salon.

"Oh the consolation and wonder of receiving Our Lord in the midst of this vast ocean !" wrote Sister Hyacinth. All the passengers and sailors came to Mass; Sister Hyacinth suspected it to be from curiosity. They begged M. Machebœuf to preach in English; no doubt for hilarious reasons, as his English was very amusing. The quaint nuns sang during Mass. "M. Machebœuf sang bass," comments Sister Hyacinth tersely. A tabernacle was constructed in the cabin of Sister Julia and there in quiet they could pray at will.

She was miserably seasick. Days when she was not confined to her berth she would lie for hours wrapped in blankets on her deck-chair outside her cabin door, more dead than alive. But when she felt better, Père Machebœuf would come and pace with her up and down the long deck, talking of the country whose shores they were approaching: telling of its people, its politics, its needs and opportunities. This grey-eyed, straggly haired, sharp-nosed man, with the engaging smile, was a vigorous character and spoke with the authority of experience. His man's point of view impressed itself upon her mind. His strength and hope was just the tonic she needed

against the depression of her own collapse. Fortunate she felt herself in having a mentor of like aspirations with her own, and with so much common sense and blithe good humor.

These weeks upon the water brought her into close relations with her new companions; points of contact were established as they rarely are except in travelling. Here those qualities of leadership which Mère Ste. Ursule had dimly perceived in Julia Chatfield began to make themselves felt. At every turn she had to translate for her new sisters into their native French language and this of itself furnished a strong advantage for her future position. She came thus to realize their individual interests, and as for the time being they were more or less hopelessly dependent upon her, it brought out early the maternal solicitude and feeling and habituated her to a watchfulness which in after years was to be a dominant trait. The voyage to America was Julia Chatfield's novitiate for administration.

Still, she was often alone. Four long weeks of seafaring was enough to sweep her mind clear of former moorings; while the interminable solitude of ocean with its concentrated emphasis upon the smallness of human things worked its effect upon her reveries. The sea's detachment cut off the past and drifted her towards a new outlook. She entered upon a new existence whose sharp edges seemed mercifully blunted by her persisting physical prostration;

for woman-like, she was conscious of little beyond dim memories of the past, — her happy, normal childhood, her sad, strange adolescence, her present discomfort and the uncertain future stretching she knew not whither.

Nature had not made of this young woman a typical pioneer. She lacked the restlessness,. the recklessness, the thirst for the unknown, which belong to the type. Of her own initiative she was pioneer only in the spiritual world. But now youth was at full: life was big in possibilities; she had glimpsed a spiritual need calling for help; and in her English veins she had the impulse of a maritime people to reach out and acquire, which long before the days of Elizabeth Tudor herself had formed the root of British imperialism.

The negro servants fascinated Sister Hyacinth and the others; the interest was mutual, dusky maids and porters falling over each other to carry trays to the cabins of the sick sisters "'spressly !"

"There is one named Sam," remarks Sister Hyacinth, "black as a devil but kind as an angel. One day I saw him enter the room of one of our sisters who was only demi-coiffée. I stared in astonishment. 'Dear me !' said I, 'what has become of the cloister ?'

"There was a little negro that interested me very much, so tiny, and with such an innocent air. I took him in my arms and carried him to Notre Mère. Ma Mère Stanislaus cried out 'Oh, the little devil !'

He certainly was black but I just loved him; he was so pretty. He followed me all about to get a bonbon."

Sister Hyacinth was stricken with fine disgust of the "degrading system of slavery, so opposed to the spirit of this country, where they talk so much of liberty !"

After twenty-nine long days at sea, one morning at the breakfast table came the cry "Land ! Land !" They found themselves at the entrance to the port of New York; "it seemed as if nature itself was rejoicing to welcome us to our new home."

Then a droll scene took place in the cabin of Julia Chatfield.

"Time for us to change our costume," remarks the little prattler. They must don secular dress leaving aside the nuns' garb because it attracted annoying attention. And here, around the dressing table in the stateroom of Sister Julia are the Reverend Mother and the demure Ursulines, primping — just a little ! "Mère de l'Assomption and I placed ourselves before a mirror to arrange our hair." Peals of laughter as the refractory tresses of the Reverend Mother declined to yield to the young hair-dresser and the French noses one by one began to appear under bonnets à la mode.

Sister Julia could not help laughing. "When in Rome do as the Romans do," she said. She surveyed the band amusedly. Sister Stanislaus' plain black

bonnet only added to her air of distinction; she was unmistakably the lady born. The costume gave Sister St. Pierre a substantial air — good bourgeoise, perhaps, honest, motherly. Sister Augustine's bonnet was trim like herself. Sister Hyacinth looked charming with her pink cheeks, her rather delicate face, and saucy laughing blue eyes. When people looked at her they would forget how uncomfortable Sister Bernard looked beside her. Sister Mary was rather self-complacent; Sister Martial resigned. Sister Julia laughed again. Glad to be away from the sea, she was as blithe a captain, and as good-looking as so sombre clad a company could expect to possess. They followed her leadership.

"That dear Matilda loaned us fresh white collars and in a short time we were all transformed into very stylish personages." This gentle masquerade afforded them no little fun before journey's end. And still, the novice confesses herself ill at ease: "I assure you, I long for the day when I can put on my dear nuns' habit again and press it once more to my heart." It is a custom to kiss the religious habit as you put it on each morning; to this she refers.

Sister Hyacinth goes into fits of laughter at the airs of Sister Mary in worldly clothes: "looks like a respectable old lady !" she declares.

Crowds stare; it is a novelty to see so many persons clad in black. Once, as they got on a train, an old lady, curious, asked if they were coming from a

funeral. "After our reply," says the witty novice, "she retired."

The young Irishwoman rejoices to be on terra firma, more for Notre Mère than for herself, "so very ill she was during our voyage." They lodge in New York, sleeping two in a bed, in "one of the most beautiful streets, that they call Broud-way." To their foreign eyes the place looks picturesque — red brick houses with green shutters and open squares with fountains amid rocks and trees, perhaps Central Park. But at night, what alarm bells ! They ran to Sister Julia. "Get up, get up, the city is on fire !" They were afraid.

Then westward they started; the steamboat for Philadelphia—a new adventure.

"On these boats you do not go downstairs except for meals. So we stayed up on deck; some said their prayers; others chatted; as they had told us there would be a second table we waited to avoid the crowd. Finally I went down to the cabin to get information; there I met a negress coiffured with every color of the rainbow. She answered me stiffly, 'There is no second table and first table is over !' Cheerful news !"

On this boat Sister Hyacinth is delighted with the fireflies: "We amused ourselves watching them till one by one the sisters fell asleep. Oh, that miserable bed !" she calls it. Matilda helps her in, closing the curtains.

"How long was I asleep ? I do not know. But,

on awaking, I found on the bed, right up close to my face — what ? — why, nothing less than the hat of a man. Oh, how scared I was. But the next instant, struggling to get up, what should I see but two men sitting outside the curtains beside my bed. It was too much. I did not know what to do. I prayed, but no one came to my rescue."

Her Irish resource did not fail her. Suddenly she opened the curtains, when the men, startled at the apparition and no doubt as scared as she, fled. "I lost no time. I jumped out of that trough of a bed and reached the deck more dead than alive."

From Baltimore to Washington they went, "where we saw the palace of the President of the United States; we went up as far as the Capitol !" says the chronicler, duly impressed. They travelled by stage in two coaches "through the vast forests of Maryland," so terrifying to foreign eyes, and terrified they were when they were waylaid by robbers and were saved only by the energy of the postilion, the robbers falling back, alarmed no doubt by the jargon of French screaming. At last the little party turned towards Cincinnati, by rail to Cumberland and by stage to Wheeling; here they rested several days, meeting many people. They took boat down the Ohio to Cincinnati. An early traveller experienced from that boat trip much the same impression it made upon the French nuns; He describes how it winds, "so that not more than from five to seven miles can be seen

at once, and these revealing gigantic trees casting broad shadows morning and evening. When seen during full moonlight from the boat which floats peacefully down the moving stream while nothing is heard but the bells of cattle on the banks, the distant bark of the watch dog, the dissonant notes of the moping owl, the effect upon the mind is indescribable; the constant shifting of the scene; the alternate bright and dark of the hills; the river, one place reflecting the moonbeams and another the deep shadows of overhanging bluffs, a scene in beauty and effect surpassing anything else which I have beheld." Thus, Mr. Tanner Esq., from England in 1833; and thus the Ohio must have looked to the eleven Ursulines as they moved along, that June of 1845.

From the wharf to the cathedral residence, journey's end, they went. Bishop Purcell received them with tears in his eyes; he thanked them again and again.

They might have to stay a whole month in Cincinnati so they wrote to anxious ones over seas: no plans as yet; nothing settled.

On Sunday they sat in the first pew at High Mass in the cathedral, in a black-bonneted row, but with hearts that might be described as in purple riot. The curious glanced at them, wondering about their garb, for in these unassuming figures you could guess nothing of the graceful sweep of the Ursuline veil and long trailing garments which they wear in the

cloister. So excited they were that they recked little of the sensation they were creating; still they retired into the seclusion of their poke bonnets when the bishop rang out from the pulpit with:

"Behold this new proof of God's goodness to you, my people ! these eleven Ursulines. They have left all, sacrificed everything, to come over here to instruct your children."

The nuns had much to do and much to see in Cincinnati; conferences here and there; for Notre Mère, Sister St. Pierre and Sister Stanislaus the time passed in worry and strain, doubt and fatigue. Meanwhile the younger ones were not idle.

Says Sister Hyacinth, "This is the way we usually spend the day: after breakfast we have spiritual reading; then we study English. We find plenty of work to do." They were staying at the house of Mrs. Corr. "They gave us sheets and chemises for the seminarists who need them badly I assure you.

"One day Monseigneur came to see us while we were working.

" 'What are you making there ?' he asked.

" 'Some chemises, Monseigneur.'

" 'Oh my children,' replied the prelate, 'be careful about pronouncing that profane word before the American ladies. You will shock their false modesty. These ladies call them *oreillers;* say — We are making *oreillers !*' "

The busy needlewomen laughed, for a New Yorker

had already advised them to say "under-garment," instead.

"For fear of worse they will doubtless call them 'curtains' before long — or perhaps draperies !" remarked Sister Hyacinth, that little Philistine of the Mid-Victorians.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE CROSS IN THE FOREST

FROM THE moment they set foot on American soil until they arrived on the plains of peace in Brown County, the forlorn newcomers were torn by hesitation and uncertainty, just as during the preceding weeks they had been tossed by tempests at sea. To some minds nothing is more painful than uncertainty, and Julia Chatfield possessed the British lucidity which could ill brook indecision. Yet its wavering line was to run through her life like an indefinable rhythm. Was their destination to be Toledo ? or was it Cincinnati ? Were they to go to their old friend Monsieur Rappe on Lake Erie ? or were they to stay in southern Ohio among total strangers ?

For three years, as they knew, Père Rappe had expected their coming; his heart was set upon it; theirs too. But like them he was one who found in Providence the solution of all problems, and he was accustomed to set aside his own wishes with austere meekness; he possessed the land of his own spirit. Letter upon letter crossed the state to the Bishop in whose

hands lay the final decision; letter upon letter crossed the ocean. Last, M. Machebœuf wrote him from France:

"What is much surprising for me," — M. Machebœuf had great ideas about his English! — "is the stating that three English ladies from Boulogne," one of these, as both knew, M. Rappe's god-daughter, "are to be united with the Ursulines of Beaulieu to form one establishment somewhere, but not in Toledo!"

Père Rappe laid down the letter; his eyes grew pale.

When he can manage to get himself together, he writes to the Bishop as subdued a complaint as he can muster:

"There is here a kind of mystery above my conception. I am sure it would be a great disappointment for *mes filles de Boulogne et leur supérieure d'être placée dáns tout autre mission que celle de Maumee River. . .*"

By December still in doubt, still hoping, he retires psychologically into his accustomed lines of thought.

"What I think to be best, in the eyes of God is not the same always, and what I have considered an obstacle, in the hand of God was a powerful way of success. I answered the superior of Boulogne, requesting her, if possible, to give only two ladies to join those of Beaulieu": a second band might be formed for Maumee. "I am quiet, awaiting the manifestation of Providence, and to be more sure of the

approval of heaven in all this affair, anything shall not be concluded without Your Lordship's approbation, as the seal of God's will."

Destined eventually to be entirely disappointed, the poor godfather finds his hopes still rising while the nuns are on the high seas.

"I had the honor of writing to you fifteen days ago in order to claim for the sisters Ursuline who are coming now, as M. Machebœuf let me know a few days past. I have just received a strong request to fix our new college at Chillicothe." Here just one last adroit stroke. "I am very sorry to be unable to comply with his warm wishes; the monastery at Toledo is bought. (!) My word is given. Many gifts for that purpose are accepted, and I think it would be as much disloyal as unChristian to change my course.

"I don't like to be troublesome. I would be very sorry to break your plan, but I feel my conscience bound to claim and plead for our Ursulines at Toledo. The population on the Maumee is increasing every day. I will be very glad when our new canal shall be opened. Still even such a way could not increase the extent of my respect and devotion to Your Grandeur."

But in rapid sequel to this veiled unsubmission, three days later a letter is posted, surrendering, accepting the situation so painful to several concerned:

"Fiat, fiat!" It is the hopes of five years falling flat.

He hastens to Cincinnati at his first opportunity to see the nuns. Père de Goesbriand, likewise, to whom Monseigneur had promised some teachers, came. But the Bishop had reconsidered this promise too. M. Rappe failed even to see his godchild, Sister Julia; she was, at the moment, absent with Sister St. Pierre.

"She is an angel," he tells the others fondly, "never has there been the least thing come between us."

He is quite agitated.

"I am going to dine with the Bishop," he declares, "and I am going to battle with him because he has stolen my nuns !"

All to no avail. At last he must leave without having seen her.

"No matter where she goes," he vows, "I will go there to see her !"

Back to Toledo, to pen and paper he hies and pours out his sorrow and pain in a long elegiac to the good nuns at home in Boulogne. And to Boulogne for her part wrote Mother Julia:

"Upon leaving Cincinnati, M. Rappe left with the sisters a letter for me. They were charmed with him; they felt sorry for him. He bade me write often to him — 'because in whatever place you fix your tent, I wish to be your father as I used to be in France.'

"He perceives now, dear Mother," she went on — and these were among the most remarkable words of Julia Chatfield's life — "that this entire affair has

been conducted by an invisible hand which we must adore in silence.

"This poor M. Rappe is much afflicted. M. Machebœuf brought me a letter yesterday in which he gives free vent to his pain. I, too, have written to assure him of the regret I felt in being separated from him."

Sister St. Pierre wrote in her journal: "In coming to America we were all quite resolved to abandon ourselves to Divine Providence, and not show the least desire or predilection for any particular place."

God's will, God's will, forms the *leit-motif* in this Eroica, this fragmentary epic of the Ohio wilderness.

Nevertheless, to the Boulogne superior Sister Julia poured out her fears and hesitations:

Cincinnati, June 21, 1845.

There are at least six or seven towns begging to have us; several of them that have no Catholic school yet think they have the first right. The Bishop is much embarrassed; he desires to keep us near him yet wishes to satisfy everybody. To me he admits that he does not see clearly in this affair. At first he seemed to think Saint Martin would not suit us at all; yet he desires us there for a mother-house. The good prelate is embarrassed and does not know what to do.

"Nobody can understand," admits he, "why you are not in Toledo!"

Père Machebœuf had always thought they would find boarding-school pupils around Fayetteville, but there proved to be "only one single family! and recourse must be had to neighboring towns for pupils.

Besides this, the wheat is not always successful. Monseigneur asked Père Machebœuf if we could not separate to form two houses, but the latter thought our funds not sufficient.

"What we had better do, it seems," and this judgment is to be noted, "is to settle in one of the towns. There we may hope for pupils at once. For here, as everywhere in America, novices are received without dower; it is even rare for them to bring anything. So the religious establishments can hardly subsist except through their pupils. If, later, Monseigneur wishes absolutely to have a community, he will give us Saint Martin, but for the present we do not want it. The seminarists are still there. I am very glad for otherwise we should be already installed."

People whom the nuns met in Cincinnati made every effort to deter them from a foolhardy settling in Saint Martin; they pointed out that even the Bishop had been obliged to withdraw his Seminary from that place. Some considered it the last place in creation, so remote from conveniences, from indispensable advantages. The French women listened, not daring to glance at one another. The visit of Sisters Julia and St. Pierre with M. Machebœuf to Brown County was but an added deterrent; it proved that all Mrs. Grundy said was but too true. From six in the morning till nine at night they had a time of it getting there in their "particular hired carriage"; lost several times in the open country, one of

the horses took sick, and even after the beast had been bled, it fell down as if dead. The driver found a farmhouse where he obtained some pepper which with brandy made a kind of medicine for the poor creature; the man then rode the horse and M. Machebœuf was promoted to coachman. But now the carriage horse shied and broke the shaft.

"We had to stop once more," relates Sister St. Pierre, "to tie it up with some old pieces of string, and even our garters."

Then they came to the East Fork of the Miami; shades of Tecumseh ! No bridge, no apparent ford, much water, night, and not a soul to be seen. "Only one horse and a carriage with a broken shaft tied with a bad string. Nevertheless, our confidence was in God," says the indomitable Sister St. Pierre, "we plunged into the stream; in fine, we crossed. And at last two enormous dogs announced our arrival at our destination."

Notwithstanding the courtly greeting of Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, the repast of "ham, eggs, butter, cheese, tea, milk, and the wine made from the vines of their own planting," the moonlight night set in, fraught with further adventure. In a frame house of the women-servants they lodged the two travellers, dressed still as Madame Chatfield and Madame Andral.

"The doors had no latches nor bolts," goes on the chronicle, "consequently, we placed a chair against

each door," woman-fashion. They said their prayers. "Just then we heard several voices talking in a low tone; we were seized with fright; we tried to push the door shut with our shoulders; we thought it must be one of the great serpents we had heard there were in America. Or it might be savages. A terrible quarter of an hour passed. We began to relax."

Once more a knocking. Madame Chatfield and Madame Andral opened, and there stood M. Machebœuf, come to tell them that their horse had been feeling the effects of the brandy; it had broken loose from the stable and had got into the hall outside their door.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Sister St. Pierre rolling her eyes.

Next day Sister Julia tried to sound the two priests as to their opinion of the prospect.

"The air of Saint Martin is excellent, Ma Mère," said Père Gacon: "Oh yes, you may find more than six pupils. I hope — you may get postulants. But vocations are rare."

"You need not fear that you will have to endure hunger," added Père Cheymol.

"Oh no!" exclaimed they both, gallantly. "We ourselves would endure great hunger rather than that the sisters should suffer."

The two men had fears for the new establishment; they thought, like the Cardinal of Arras, that the

two distinct groups of nuns might not get along together. They preferred not to advise; they would rather let Providence act.

So the nuns, after taking a tour around the little farm in the dewy July morning, admiring "the beautiful crop of wheat which the Belgian farmers were beginning to cut," inspected the buildings such as they were and then went on to Chillicothe, returning with heavy hearts by boat to Cincinnati. At last, about the middle of the month, the Bishop had a confidential talk with them.

"Which place would you prefer now, do you think ?" he asked. "Shall it be Chillicothe or Dayton ? Louisville or Saint Martin ?"

Julia Chatfield's steady gaze revealed nothing of the pang at her heart.

"My Lord, we have no choice whatsoever," came the answer. "We are content to go wherever you wish. Your orders will always be agreeable to us. Yes," finished Notre Mère bravely, "we shall look upon them as the will of God."

She glanced toward the window. Could he hear the blood surging in her veins ?

It was the third time in her life that her clear judgment, her entire inclination hung in the balance awaiting the word of another. Vaguely she felt the rhythm of life.

Her reply seemed to please the Bishop. It was decided that he was to say the Mass of the Holy

Ghost next morning, and then tell them his thoughts on the subject.

"Next morning after Mass," writes Sister St. Pierre, "His Lordship came to tell us that Saint Martin was the place where he believed God willed us to be. From that moment our one thought was how to get there as quickly as possible."

And so, after three and a half months on the way Julia Chatfield was at last approaching the new Ponder's End. She is silent, but the emotions of others of the eleven have been perpetuated.

Sister St. Pierre speaks: "It was at two in the afternoon we came in sight of Saint Martin, at which point the diligence turned off on another road; so we alighted and took our way through the woods. We saw, at some distance, the little cross on the church of Saint Martin, and which we understood had been the first cross to be erected in the state of Ohio." It had been the first on the first Cathedral of Cincinnati. "The sight caused us a joy so great that I can hardly describe it."

It was at this point, then, that the student called "the Foal-Eater" had spied the bonnets and had galloped off to bid the other students hurry out of the red brick Seminary, which they lost no time in doing. Down sat the weary travellers to eat their lunch in a grassy spot of the open. A flight of pigeons wheeled up from the distant cross, and they laughed, cheered at that first sign of domesticity.

"The red brick Seminary is turned over to the invader, and this time it is petticoat rule . . ."

"This is a pretty knoll," remarked Miss Matilda Dunn looking around her. It was a June morning, full-throated summer. They could not, then, foresee the bitter January cold to come when they should lay on this spot their first-born-to-heaven, a young sister. The place would have become a stubbly cornfield, clods of heavy, yellow mud, icy-brittle, would have to be spaded away to open the frozen bed; and how they themselves would watch, many of them from a distance, the poor procession; and when twilight fell "a young girl would linger at the window to see the snow fall in soft flakes over the hard bed in the lonely woods"; a young girl's tears would blur the sight. It would be Juliet Hoskins.

The lively Sister Hyacinth takes up the thread of the tale: "Our poor Mère de l'Assomption was tired out. We had not slept the previous night on account of the mosquitos — a sort of little fly — *qui piquent horriblement !*

"What an agreeable surprise ! They had talked of this place as of a desert where we should die of hunger and ennui. We find it quite otherwise; a solitude, yes, but very agreeable. We are surrounded with a forest of trees; it is our horizon. Oh, Ma Mère," she scribbles enthusiastically, "it would excite the great ladies of France, of Boulogne; they would open their purses for the poor Ursuline missionaries. With time and money we can do great things here."

Nothwithstanding, they found the red brick house

in a bad state, demanding immediate repair; near it, not much better, a frame house occupied by the chaplain, Père Gacon, and his assistant, Père Cheymol; another for the sisters' dormitory with a few rooms in which it might be possible to begin school.

"Oh joy ! we little novices are with Notre Mère de l'Assomption in the red house — cell and tiny novitiate in one — oh, but it is pretty. We are trying to make it holy by our fidelity and fervor.

"A small table covered with a very white cloth, very neat and nicely trimmed, is our altar; a statue of St. Joseph, our protector, is under a globe; two little porcelain vases of flowers; and a Mater Dolorosa suspended over the altar; and there you have all our riches. Now see if holy Poverty does not reign among us, and we are happy to own her queen.

"All I can say is, we hope to succeed in this place. The sixth of October classes are to open. We are going to have some little girls — twenty-two years old, and even more ! — Good beginning, *n'est-ce-pas ?*"

Busy, gay, young, and hopeful, they all tucked up their skirts, rolled up their sleeves, and set to work as women will. The seminarists all gone, they began making beds upon the floor and tidying up the house. The old logs of Martin Kundig's chapel, now enlarged to a frame structure, creaked their sides to see the demure eleven in their scoop bonnets, range of a summer morning early, with the meadow larks as

choir, before the blinking wax candles of Father Gacon's Mass; austere poverty within; pure air and opulence of primitive nature without.

Sister Julia hit upon a very good expedient for Sundays; it was to move over against the altar wall of the church a small frame structure that belonged to the farm and to cut a window from it into the church, setting in a tiny grille to form behind the altar a monastic choir where the nuns might have a corner to themselves.

"Thirteenth of July," says Sister St. Pierre, "in one day our choir was set in place; we whitewashed it, and for one or two months performed our spiritual exercises here, poor, truly, but retired and solitary."

Sister St. Pierre strikes a keynote here. A plain little grey-eyed woman, always active, usually cheerful, a business-like quickness in her glance, she yet was a conservative in her spiritual makeup; for in the spiritual life there are as many varieties of vocation as there are people to follow them. She attended to the whitewashing; neat and orderly — the way she used her hands would tell you that. Not a blot on the fair pages of her ledger, not in the fifteen years that she kept the convent books.

Sundays the people came, staring to see the nuns, now clad, since Transfiguration Day, in linen guimpe and flowing black veil of the regulation Ursulines of Paris, with the hooked-up skirt they had adopted

there from the French peasant, and the grey-brown petticoat of the Rue St. Jacques. Came the Irish down the Old Road past Solomon's Run which they used to call the Irish Channel; there were Conders and Murphys, Scanlans, Fitzpatricks, and O'Keefes, trudging down to church past the old Hughie Mack Orchard; came the French on foot or in jolt-carts from over beyond Murray's Corner — the "Belge Settlement": Barats and Beaumonts, Fleurys and Pierries, Cobets, Demonges, De Ferets, and the rest.

But it was on Easter Sunday Père Gacon used to like to see them all turn out to make their Paschal Communion: the men in blue jackets and trousers; old women in white frilled caps; and little ones clinging to mothers "who wore three skirts ! each longer than the other and red at bottom, tall hats exactly alike, and colored aprons, richly embroidered."

From out near Lynchburg came a few Germans to swell the crowd, gaping covertly at the nuns as the long file of people moved into the church door, and Père Gacon wiped the sweat from his brow and put on his vestments for Mass. Notre Mère and the two novices sang. The French nuns, full of mirth, enjoyed everything, especially the big German who offered to replace them in the choir. "He had a strong voice and loved to sing, so that, remaining to warble a canticle or two after Mass, he often found himself alone," remarks Sister Hyacinth.

"Truly," writes one wag of them all, "he was like a crow; his tones were just like its feathers."

Père Gacon gave many a sigh over the negligence of his French parishioners.

"I do not know how to account for these bad dispositions of our compatriots," he would say to Notre Mère, pacing the lane between the railed fences. "I think these French of ours were not better Christians in their own country; those who were good in France are still subjects of edification to our congregations. There is Madame Sourd at Stonelick; Madame Sourd frequented the Sacraments as often as health would permit."

"Oh, everyone in Stonelick, they say, admired her," said Notre Mère. "They say she never spoke ill of anyone; never offended anybody."

"C'est ça!" went on Père Gacon. "Another thing, our French are too far from our churches. In France the church was, so to speak, at their door. A stroke of the bell could assemble them all in fifteen minutes. *Eh bien,* what follows? a little bad will, a few bad roads, especially in winter. Is it surprising?"

"My heart aches for these people," said Notre Mère as they turned up the path.

Work was hard: hard and healthy. Notre Mère superintended the kitchen with Sister Martial to keep the pot boiling. Clothes were washed in Solomon's Run where were plenty of good stones for rubbing. As pupils came and school progressed Sisters Mary,

Bernard, and Christine, Mère Augustine, and even more, were, like Solomon Grundy, washing on Monday, washing on Tuesday, washing on Wednesday; they took irons on Thursday, and thus around to blue Monday again.

Sister Stanislaus notes that there are on their new estate two pretty little creeks, two springs, and a well; three horses, five cows, and a bull. One hundred peach trees they soon bought, at three sous each, and "ten magnificent sheep at a dollar apiece."

On a bright September day the Bishop paid his first visit; there was much to do and much to say. The nuns devised a grand dinner, but in their zeal, poor Sister Martial set fire to the chimney; up got the Bishop in his violet soutane and "went and found an old door to put in front of the chimney and smother the flames."

"Now," says he, settling down once more, "we must regulate things to the key of missionary requirements; there are reasonable dispensations from the austerities of monastic life; life here, my dear children, brings its own austerities.

"And, my dear Mother, you are quite right; it would be well to see what can be done in France to borrow money for your new building."

"A building suitable for a boarding school," says Notre Mère with definite perspective in her mind's eye.

"Exactly !" says the Bishop.

"We thought," proceeds Notre Mère, "that if the Blessed Virgin will send us the money we are praying for, we might promise to take a poor orphan into the school, and to keep up the practice perpetually."

"Very good," says the Bishop. He is quietly sizing up this group of workers.

"Now," ventures Sister St. Pierre ruefully, "you see, Monseigneur, there is not much money left in the purse; two thousand francs brought from Beaulieu — " she runs her finger down the sheet of paper in her hand.

"Expenses of journey Beaulieu to Saint Martin, eight thousand one hundred and four francs, sixty centimes; purchases made in France, five hundred and forty-six francs; lost in Exchange French silver for American, eighty-nine francs, fifty centimes; luggage, eleven hundred and forty-eight francs. Total spent, thirteen thousand five hundred and fifty-two francs, fifty-four centimes."

"And what have we left ?" asks Sister Stanislaus, rather out of breath.

"Just six thousand four hundred and forty-seven francs, forty-six centimes. . ." says Sister St. Pierre straightening her lip grimly.

Sister Julia sighs.

By October here is a school. Things brighten a little. The winter is setting in; the trees are in a glory of splendid color; the air is crisp; life is full of new experience. Sister Hyacinth laughs at every-

thing; the rest laugh with her. Miss Mary MacHugh enters as a boarder at twenty, and not having yet made her First Communion. "She scarcely knew there was a God," writes Sister St. Pierre. The very first evening, Mademoiselle MacHugh brought out a long pipe and convulsed them all by beginning to smoke.

Betimes the exiles were smitten with homesickness. The sun set in gorgeous hues; twilight descended upon the yellow fields; the great ring of woods withdrew into dim mystery; and with the first star would come the unbidden tear. At the welcome letter from Beaulieu, Sister St. Pierre writes "It would be difficult to tell all the sadness it caused us — that first letter !"

"Never, either in mind or heart, are we absent from you, dear Mother and sisters of Boulogne," writes Sister Hyacinth.

Sister Julia's feelings, her fears and apprehensions, were all set down in her letter to her beloved Mère Ste. Ursule:

"It is true I place all confidence in God, and yet I am frightened at the very thought of contracting debts without being very sure of how to pay them. Being at the head, being in a way responsible for every thing, and having had no experience, I worry a great deal. Nevertheless, I hope that if somebody will come to our aid we shall get through in a few years."

Here she is, entirely the preoccupied superior; a moment later, all woman, she melts into tears.

"We received your letter and that of Mère St. Paul. I cried so much while I was reading them that I could not continue reading: so glad I was of news from Boulogne, and yet I felt so sad to be separated from all of you. However, I console myself in the hope of good to be done at least sometime.

"A rich farmer came last Sunday forty miles to hear Mass ! He is going to send us his little girls."

She has faith in the prospect.

"For two years the Notre Dame sisters in Cincinnati had but one or two boarders, and here, we already have fifteen. We shall be obliged to refuse more, for lack of room. Also, we shall have a large number of day scholars. We have hope that in a few years our establishment will be very flourishing."

At this point, it is plain that temptation once more presses back upon the unspoken wish of her heart — the wise natural judgment that a city centre would have been better than this:

"They are trying again to get us for a French town where there is no school. We have written Monseigneur what we think about it, assuring him that we do not want to go contrary to his will. A lady there offers her house for us; there would not be great expense; from the first, a boarding school. The prelate wishes, also, to have us in a few years in Cincinnati. But patience !"

Dismissing the burning subject, she proceeds to money:

"We wish to borrow in Europe ten thousand dollars, fifty thousand francs, at four per cent; what shall we do? . . .

"You ask me what would be most useful for us; we need so many things, my dear Mother! Here you get them, but with so much money. For example, they charge us twenty dollars, or a hundred francs, to come and tune our piano." Then, with sudden abandon, she beseeches, half laughing: "If you are training any young sisters for our house here, I beg of you, have them learn to tune musical instruments."

She fears the coming winter, and well might she!

"You say we found a house already here? True, but much too little and in bad repair. Granary to kitchen — for there is no cellar — there is not a single cupboard. And such humidity that it is impossible to inhabit the ground floor. We carpeted the two little parlors; the paper is mouldy. The doctor forbids us to sleep downstairs. There remain, then, but three rooms upstairs — two of them very small — for sleeping and class. I do not know how we shall manage this winter. They say it is not long here, but it is so cold that they burn immense fires. In spite of that, the wine freezes in the chalice before the priest can complete the sacrifice of the Mass."

And the winter fulfilled all their fears. Everybody agreed that not for years had there been such

rigorous cold. The people all came to Mass in sleds and the weather was so severe that the nuns could not get anyone to gather wood for them.

"As we had none at all," relates Sister St. Pierre, "five of us went out into the woods with a man and his little cart. After loading it with wood, we had to light a fire so as to be able to endure the delay until the cart came back. Two more sisters rode out next time, and again we took recreation around the fire of leaves and twigs. Several got wet from the snow they had to wade into."

Imagine the staid Ursulines nuns back at Boulogne reading this epic passage. Julia Chatfield read the letter and sealed it for the mail. It brought a pang to her heart for these nuns of hers and the warmth of the homes they had left; and she could give them only the warmth of her love.

"Our habits were all frozen," resumes the annalist; "and all around the bottom of our skirts icicles were hanging — especially on Notre Mère's. Next day Sister Augustine and Sister Christine went again, alone.

"Christmas, no midnight Mass on account of excessive cold; the chaplain is ill."

Sister Hyacinth finds a lighter vein: "The chaplain loves music," remarks she. "One day he sent me a little instrument called an accordion. He is a holy man, but he talks terribly slowly !"

The long winter made one thing certain, and that was, that the Boulogne Ursulines and the Ursulines

of Beaulieu were of one heart and one mind. Hardship cemented the bond.

Writes Sister Julia to Mère Ste. Ursule: "Our dear sisters of Beaulieu do not wish to be distinguished from us of Boulogne. They wept when I gave them your message. Sister Stanislaus says she likes your nuns so much; she devours their letters. This poor sister is suffering; her chest is not very strong." One could see that Sister Julia worried about it.

"A little weak," supplements Sister Hyacinth, "but she is always gay."

Brightness was the quality of Sister Stanislaus' leadership; and a certain loftiness; a personality, substantial. Just when you had concluded — here is a princess born — lo ! she yields; she is dissolved into the gentle appealingness of woman, complete. It did not take Julia Chatfield long to discover her value.

Sister Hyacinth continues: "I love them all very much; they are very kind to me. I would say much more, but Notre Mère de l'Assomption tells me I must stop. You have taken good care of me in giving me her to replace you. Nothing could surpass her care and affection. Oh, but she is good to me, this dear Mother Julia !"

CHAPTER FIVE

IMMIGRATION IN THE FORTIES

WHAT JULIA CHATFIELD was thinking of when she borrowed money from France was this: she had decided she must build a school out in the wilderness.

Shorn of her hopes for a city centre, with the pang still sharp in her heart, uncertain of future change or chance, alive, and tingling to currents of moving existence, to opportunity that vitalized the very air in this new land, the great opportunity she prized so much: namely, of spending her life in the work of bringing Christ, and order, knowledge, harmony, into a new nation, this pioneer nun took up her position, as a deer on a mountain path sniffs the breeze and views both declivities and climbing heights. If she could not go to the populous centre, the town, and work — "to the people I came; to the people I belong !" cried her heart — she would draw the town out to the wilderness. It was a great feat. It shall be seen how she did it.

Hers were not the first Ursulines in the New World. Many a time did M. Macheboeuf, her godfather, and

the Bishop praise to her the Ursuline tradition already established: the nuns from Tours as far back as 1639, who had come with the Jesuits to Quebec and died gallantly, martyred by hardship — woman's lot ! while the Jesuits tasted the grim glory of the tomahawk. Again in New Orleans there had been Ursulines in 1727, struggling at the primer of the turbulent little Spanish and French girls, and in the siege of 1812, sheltering Jackson's soldiers and nursing the wounded within the convent enclosure. Then there was the dramatic episode in Charleston, South Carolina, in the days of bitter religious controversy which the Irish Ursulines tried their best to quell, when one day, the city all aflame with hatred, Bishop England threw open the doors of the cathedral for all the city to witness the spectacle of an Ursuline novice decked for her spiritual bridals in orange wreath and filmy lace to be publicly invested with the austere black habit and veil of the Ursuline. While Mother Julia herself was making her way westward the air was still tingling with the horror of the Know Nothings at Boston on the Bay, burning out against the midnight the gentle Ursulines of that city, obliterating a fair record from the story of America's progress, and little gained but the shame of it.

Julia Chatfield, responsible for her companions out in the lonely woods of Brown County, often thought of that sinister event. In pages of old directories

she pondered over the program of education which those women at Boston had been offering to children of American citizens whom they had unostentatiously drawn within their circle of culture, a program not to be gainsaid, either in the books listed or the advantages offered in the languages — Latin, English, French.

This was what she read:

English	*French*	*Latin*
Murray's Grammar	Nugent's Dictionary	Ruddiman's Grammar
Walker's Dictionary	Word Book by Henty	Cornelius Nepos
Woodbridge's Geographical Atlas	Télémaque	Virgil
Tytler's History; Questions to Do	Noma Pompilius	
Goodrich's History of the United States	La Fontaine's Fables	
Polite Learning	Wanostrocht's Grammar	
Smith's Arithmetic		
Tooke's Pantheon		
Jameson's Rhetorick and Logick; Questions to Do		

And so the fond papa who galloped home at night with his blue-eyed daughter on the crupper and her

books in his saddle-bags — dictionaries, *Télémaque,* and all those *Questions to Do* — that father might consider himself in the way of a liberal education. What wonder that Boston prides itself upon generations of the erudite ?

The very costume of the pupils shows the level of their training; at a venture note the summer uniform:

Two dark slate-colored pongee dresses and hose
Two black bombazette aprons One light blue satin cape and sash
Two white dresses and hose One blue belt
Two black silk aprons
One garden bonnet and apron with long sleeves of slate-colored cambric
One Leghorn hat with blue ribbons

all to be bought at Theo. Baker's, 223 Washington Street, Boston.

Now something like this was in the mind's eye of Julia Chatfield when she, too, issued a modest school prospectus:

To form young ladies to virtue, ornament their minds with useful information, accustom them to early habits of order and economy, and to cultivate in them those qualities which render virtue both amiable and attractive, not only in the family circle, but in society likewise, this shall be the object of the constant efforts of the community which now solicits a select patronage.

Such was the Proemia of her first school catalogue.

In Boston, however, they had been training children who were Bostonians of the third or fourth gen-

eration; but who could predict the patronage that awaited when Notre Mère Julia should throw open the doors of St. Ursula's Literary Institute in Brown County, Ohio, where the shadow of the red man still lurked under the sycamores ?

Yet it was scarcely a twelvemonth from their arrival, and already a group of mud-begrimed county officials stood awkwardly in the tiny, carpeted parlor of the nuns' red brick convent on Solomon's Run, duly to witness and seal the incorporation of St. Ursula's Literary Institute, with Sister Julia of the Assumption, Sister St. Pierre Andral, and Sister Angela Démotat sworn in as charter officers under the laws of Ohio in 1846. Secretary Reese scratched his head, snuffled, and drank down, not unheedingly, the draught of vintage which the wise Père Gacon had thoughtfully provided.

Julia Chatfield was far from imagining that this was the first school for "higher education" in Ohio. She knew of the villages with their primitive schools and schoolmasters, humble, supported by parents, but with good teachers. The laws of Ohio she knew had provided free schools long before the settlers with their peculiar ignorance and pride were ready to patronize them. From Chillicothe she herself had written: "They have schools here, even girls' schools, but Protestants as well as Catholics desire us to establish here."

The title scratched out by the quill pen of Secre-

tary Reese was quite in harmony with her native dignity; the sonorous title, "St. Ursula's Literary Institute." A certain flourish he gave to his quill at that. This put them on a footing with all educational establishments of the day: academies, seminaries, theological schools, even the deaf and dumb asylums were called "Literary Institutes," whence today many an old charter or act of incorporation is headed with this vague but impressive title that rings so quaintly in modern ears. And the foundress felt that once so set up in the laws of the Ohio commonwealth she might inscribe on the arch over Solomon's Run what the University of Aberdeen so proudly vaunts in stone: "They say. Who say? Let them say!"

Now Bishop Purcell albeit endorsing constantly the provisions made for public education, and as frequently commending the broad-mindedness of the Cincinnati authorities in matters of education, feared that so many secular schools would draw boys and girls away from that special religious training which he felt responsible for giving them. Because of these fears he made trip after trip abroad in behalf of his new people, seeking personal and financial aid. By this time nine, at least, of Cincinnati's parishes had provided for the children, in numbers ranging from fifty to six hundred and with one to four teachers, some of these parishes paying as much as eleven hundred dollars a year for instruction. And

half a dozen new parish school buildings besides were in course of erection within the city. Things under touch of John Baptist Purcell were moving on. There were other nuns besides the Ursulines; in the blue hills of Perry County, the Dominicans; in the cathedral city, Mother Seton's daughters and sisters from Namur in Belgium; out in Mercer County, German sisters hard at work.

But these were all. Throughout the whole of his diocese there was scarce a single missionary who was not obliged to run a crude improvised school, teaching, teaching, always religion, nearly always language, and frequently other branches as well; great the tribulation thereof recorded in letters now old and musty to the Bishop at Cincinnati, who constantly reiterated that the English language must, among the incoming swarms of foreigners, be taught, emphasized, used. It was easy to see how the conflict of languages was the tremendous obstacle to the Christian amalgamation of the new west.

In this matter the French sisters did their part.

Men of iron, men of heart, men of vision, were those who helped John Baptist Purcell in the early civilizing of Ohio when his diocese far outspread the boundaries of the state. Their correspondence with him forms an epic of sacrifice and endeavor; letters poured in from any place where there was a settlement — a handful of Irish, Germans, French, Americans. The blithe, rugged Irish bishop began with

sixteen churches; forty years later he died, leaving two hundred. Their spires spell out his name upon the blue of heaven.

And not only was he spiritual centre in those days, but with his brother Edward he became the haven of the people during the financial throes and distresses of the country's unsettled economics. Blunt, arbitrary, severe as the Bishop often was, yet, after each of the historic panics — and six were notable in forty years — the poor went to the door of the Purcells to confide their slender savings; what refuge else had the timid immigrant ? To him they found their way from out the wilds of the muddy, undeveloped country. He undertook to pay interest on their money.

With a sense of his own unfitness as a financier, the Bishop constituted his brother Edward his attorney with full financial power and authority. It was a stormy time when the panics came, banks smashing and mercantile houses breaking up, public excitement venting itself in mobs and riots.

"Keep our money for us!" cried the people. "But, Father, where shall we turn if not to you ?"

Having begun he could not disengage himself. He and his brother hoped for the best, acted with the best intent. As bank upon bank closed, the Purcells received heavier deposits, and greater the strain fell upon Father Edward.

"Thank God," wrote the Bishop to Bishop Blanc of New Orleans at one moment, "we of the cathedral

are getting through the epidemic *financière* bravely."

"The little Bishop," as he styled himself, convinced that he was justified in taking charge of the people's money under pressure of such serious circumstances, even though it was contrary to Canon Law, yet had no over-weening confidence in himself during this whirl of affairs; indeed, as early as '46 he called upon Rome, as he did again several times, subsequently, to appoint him a coadjutor for his immense diocese. But no one believed that he needed it.

All the while the fortunes of the few on Solomon's Run rose and fell with the rest, and Julia Chatfield shared the strain and the optimism of her friends at the cathedral, upon whom she felt her own dependency.

Those are vivid pictures that were drawn by the Bishop's pen during the '40's, when he was picking his way into hitherto unvisited regions of his diocese, he and his vicar. One sees here the touch of gay humor which in John Baptist Purcell made all the world akin.

"The Baltimore and Ohio railroad," he wrote, anticipating the glee of the aviators, "is now running trains twenty miles an hour !"

However, trains availed him little; it was often he gave up even his horse for shanks's mare. He wrote to his paper, the *Telegraph,* in Cincinnati, which circulated his narrative all through the East and even through Europe. The wisdom of the man is writ

large in his loose jottings; often he laid finger on what might be called strategic points of Ohio's historical or economical development. For instance:

He would turn the attention of settlers, he said, "to the thousand acres in Gallia County; hills and valleys full of coal and iron ore, a region immensely valuable." And behold, in a trice, the famous adventure of the French in Gallia County wrote itself in history. His reports on the Middle West were followed with keen attention in Lyons, Paris, Hambourg, Vienna.

In Putnam County he came upon a certain hardy schoolmaster, later known to Cleveland's history, one Horstmann by name, preaching and teaching his Prussian compatriots, now increased from a handful to five hundred. At "Wappaghkonetta" the two travellers observe how "the people in a spirit of fairness give a portion of the public taxes for Catholic education." Then on the missionaries fare seeking their wandering flock, rolling away fallen timbers and clearing with axes the path to Lima where they find "none of our faith" but where Judge Helfenstein of the Judicial circuit declares he "had never seen nor heard of an indictment of a German in all that large district."

It was something of a sight — this bishop, splashed with mud and mire, laughing, sweating his way through the wilderness of early Ohio, nobody knew how, nobody recked, none but the isolated pioneers

of any persuasion who were gladdened by the sight of the man's ruddy face, the cheer of his spirit.

Week after week at Saint Martin, Notre Mère and the nuns read these accounts eagerly. They were filled with enthusiasm, with astonishment. They could not imagine such a wild country almost at their door. All that it meant to give oneself in such a cause; and what daring gaiety! It was indeed a great thing, vaguely as they may have realized it, to watch a young nation develop and stretch its sinews, and these women looked on through Old World eyes with a sympathy untinged by the cynicism of a Trollope.

Not one of them but felt that this was a great adventure. Had they themselves not ventured all? Though Julia Chatfield viewed the movement almost as one aloof, still, scarcely one of those pioneer workers but found his way at one time or another to her hospitable door. It meant something to those rugged blazers of the way to sit an hour and pour out their difficulties to this woman whose presence meant repose, whose eyes were understanding. And knowing of her own life-story they felt her comradeship. She too, here, was opening up new soil. The district surrounding her, with its scattered immigrants, French, Irish, any nationality, would be widely affected by the teaching of her sisters and by their refining influence, even though her "Literary Institute" was destined for an older generation and a more

settled society from remote quarters. Her nuns were doing their part in carrying the culture of the Old World over to the struggling beginners of the new.

It was a great pressure, a goad, that was working beyond the Atlantic: a political complex in Europe, in Germany, which drove hordes of people westward, doubling, trebling in the hurry over seas, across the Alleghanies, along the Lakes, pouring out into the great Valley like a tide. Ohio furnished to opportunity the entrance gate; Missouri lured the immigrants on across the Mississippi; and finally, the ultimate gold of California sounded compelling call to the Pacific.

As everybody knew, it was easy enough to get across the Atlantic; wide open the ports; a land crying for development with outstretched arms; Britain only too glad to get rid of her paupers, even taxing her parishes to deport them as fast as possible to foreign shores.

Thereupon followed the frightful conditions in a transportation system that was totally unprepared; cholera in the steerage; diseases of all kinds carried the length and breadth of the land in epidemic; America complaining; Canada complaining; England protesting.

Well they knew it, this cholera, at Brown County. In later years, one afternoon Sister John and Sister Xavier were sitting in the robery cutting out serge habits for the nuns.

"Another ship line appears in the Telegraph this week," remarked Sister John laying down her scissors; "and no wonder !"

Not for nothing did the Bishop's weekly paper announce the better ship lines; it was a blessing for the immigrants who were anxious to bring across to America their wives and children; it meant safety and immunity from sharpers.

Sister Xavier glanced up with a look in her eyes — a look as of one initiated. There fell a silence; she was lost in thought. She was thinking of a night at sea not so many years ago. She could feel the brine upon her face; the reel of the deck; the terror of those seventy-two long hours, sleepless, tearless; herself a young girl clinging to her brother on the bridge in the night; the flicker of the captain's lantern; voices. Was that her father's dear body they were lowering yonder into the ocean ?

Was it only last night they had borne away her mother ? Where was God that they should do these things ?

She remembered now how she had looked up at the tall stars; infinitesimally small she gave way before them. She would resist no longer. The world of water and sky gathered her up into themselves; she became of their element; there was nothing else. But suddenly God came back, encircling all. In this girl of Irish blood faith plucked the veins to life like harp strings. She felt the touch of the rosary in her

numb fingers. At that she had sunk against her brother's shoulder and wept.

And all this was what cholera, broken out from the steerage, had brought to Mary Carolan, now Sister Xavier.

Sister John dropped her spool and it rolled across the floor. Her warm heart had interpreted the silence.

"And your brother — when have you heard from him ?"

"Not since his visit," said Sister Xavier rather unsteadily. Presently she added, "Did I ever tell you about that visit ? No ? . . .

"Well," she stopped in basting the seam and leaned on her elbow, needle in hand, "he was angry. He had been furious with me for entering a convent."

"Pshaw !" said the practical Sister John, "he would have left you, my dear; believe me, he would have left you high and dry for the first pretty girl !"

Sister Xavier went on, "He would not come for a long while. And at last he appeared — unannounced. I went to the parlor to see him. Strange how it all happened; I often wonder about it. He threw his arms around me and kissed me. I had just lately received the habit and white veil; two months it was; no — in May — or perhaps the last of April. We laughed so much. He said" — Sister Xavier burst out laughing as she told it — "he said, 'Why,

Mary, how pretty you've grown to be !' 'Sure !' said I, 'and why not ?'

"But at the parlor door I had had a strange feeling; a something came over me as of a thing about to happen. My heart stood still. Something seemed to warn me, to put me on my guard. But then I fought it down because we were so glad to see each other. Before I went in at all I had said the Hail Mary Notre Mère always tells us to say before going to parlor. How we talked ! He smoked a cigar. It was a good cigar; and a good visit."

"I'll warrant it," said Sister John folding a piece of serge.

"He had driven to the convent. He had a horse and buggy hitched outside. I went out to the front door with him. 'Come on, and take a walk,' says he. 'It's a grand day; they'll not be scoldin' you for takin' a turn around the grounds with your own brother.' He acted so naturally; I remember his brushing something off the corner of my white veil as he said it. I knew they wouldn't. I knew very well Notre Mère wouldn't care, here in the country. But all of a sudden that same queer feeling came over me again as if some one had said 'Be on your guard !' I declare, Sister John, I think a voice did say it !

" 'No, Jim,' I said, 'I'd better not go; I'll not go.'

" 'Not go with your brother ?' says he, and — he was always quick tempered, and easily hurt — with that he fell into an unaccountable passion and he

tried to drag me down the steps. I knew it was hopeless to mollify him; all his anger at the convent and my being there had come back. But I said 'No' and I clung to the pillar of the portico. And, do you know Sister John, in his raging and his railing, I saw suddenly what he was up to. He had come there that day to kidnap me — he was to get me out and into his power — God help me !" Her eyes filled with tears.

Sister John sat wide-eyed at the tale.

"He would have ruined my life," said Sister Xavier. Her face sank into her hands.

"Well, he didn't," said Sister John, like a major-general.

"He has not written since," said Sister Xavier after a while.

"Well, he will," said Sister John.

But he never did.

He went out from her and was gone; she spent her four score years teaching; Sister Xavier was of those spiritual beneficiaries to the old Hebraic prophecy: "Instead of thy father, sons are born unto thee: thou shalt make them princes over all the earth."

He went out from her and was lost in that immense tide of new existence; that new people surging in to meet the demand for labor; the wretched primitive living; the unhealthy work on dams, river beds, canals. Was he poor with the poor ? Was he rich and married in some city ? He was not of the laboring class, not of the unfortunate immigrant work-

man to whom both state and contractors provided such abundant liquor, paying in both spirits and money, until intemperance bade fair to ruin soul and body together.

It was against such conditions that John Baptist Purcell and his co-laborers set themselves; a grim struggle — the low wage, the liquor bribe to hold men to unhealthy labor, the fever and miasma under the hot sun, the misery and unhappiness. The missionaries realized that the pledge, alone, taken of a man's free will, might, in such temptation, save him, uplift him, and enable them to build him up into a useful member of society for his adopted country. For this they brought Father Mathew to American shores.

Bishop Purcell carried cheer from one forlorn shack to another. "This may be styled the Irish laborer's graveyard in Ohio," he wrote. "Only they who have lived among these shanties can conceive such hardships." He and Father Henni went on in their pilgrimage of good will to the French in Darke County through bitter cold swampy ice and intricate roads. On the Muskingum the travellers found some Irish: "We discovered by the light of the moon a cross upon a little church in one of the wildest out-of-the-way places since Blessed Bruno built his oratory on the Carthusian mountains !"

Finally Notre Mère read one day how the tour of inspection had ended at Columbus, the vicar in the

court-house, speaking in German, while the tired John Baptist mounted a step out in the open and talked to a second crowd in English.

During Bishop Fenwick's lifetime an era of tolerance had prevailed. Everywhere the missionaries had met with broad-mindedness and even interest. Many a one had held services in Baptist or Methodist or Quaker meeting houses, for churches were scarce and the sects doubled up. But the immigration in the '40's, with the clamoring Irish peasants — need, oppression, starving in their eyes — the stubborn German liberal — determination in his — alarmed many well-intentioned folk. Hue and cry started up. It was in Governor Trimble's mind in 1846, in his message to the Ohio legislature, to assuage public discontent. He held that fear of foreign influx was not well-founded; that, contrariwise, the state was losing; immigrants were moving on to Missouri, while Ohio's needs should have stayed them. There was nothing to fear from such as stayed; Ohio's legal protection of land, its commercial, social and educational advantages would inevitably, in time, said Governor Trimble, develop the foreigner within its boundaries.

There were other defenders.. "Laborers on the public works," came a voice in the Boston press, re-echoed the length and breadth of the land, "plan not to follow your employment more than two or three years. Throw off the yoke of inebriety. In Ireland

a man cannot rise, but you have no such plea in the United States. You can rise. The fatal cup is the only obstacle.

"Work in a fertile healthy part of the country, seek out a spot of ground, save money, buy it. During the time not required to cultivate your own place you can get employment in the neighborhood at good wages. Property in the United States increases almost to outstrip desire. Near the canals and railroads of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, where there is more vacant land than in the whole of Ireland, opportunity is not rare."

Despised and exploited as was the Irish immigrant, yet not by any means were the newcomers all of the laboring class. The Limerick Reporter in '42 complains, "the useful and enterprising portion of the people are leaving our shores, four thousand from one single port !" Many were comfortable farmers, others able agriculturists who lacked employment at home, some industrious artisans, and even professional men.

It was of the immigration they were talking that day in Julia Chatfield's parlor around the dinner table. Not often was it given to that group of hard-working men from the mission fields, kindred spirits, old friends, and mostly compatriots, to gather together under one roof.

Father Butler had come over from Fayetteville with news of a bell in his church.

"Some day there will be another," he remarked apologetically to the envious nuns, "and this will be passed along to you to put on your monastery when you build it. We shall christen it 'Ursula,'" he smiled kindly.

Père Rappe was there, the godfather from the Maumee; he was an austere figure; and Father Machebœuf had just returned from a wearisome boat trip to Louisville. Navarron had arrived from his French in Darke County; and the flushed cheeks of little Père Cheymol, the softened warmth in Gacon's eyes betrayed the joy of this unwonted occasion.

Navarron moved his chair back from the table, tilted it, and went on with what he had been saying:

"Yes, my friends, it is a question of first importance." He toyed with the slender-stemmed glass at his plate.

"Bread and butter, that's what it is," growled Butler. "It is starve for most of us, nearly all," he added with a wide inclusive gesture.

"Eh bien," said Machebœuf, "what would you have? When we all came out from France —"

Gacon put in, "We expected what? what?"

Cheymol answered with a certain air, "Sacrifices!"

It was as if he had said "Purple and ermine!" The room hushed as if in acquiescence. Sister Bernard paused at the door going out with her dinner tray; Notre Mère rose to close the door behind her.

"Ah well," murmured Sister Stanislaus, seated

near the window, "I remember the letter Monsieur Rappe wrote; you recall the Bishop showing it to us, Notre Mère ? what he said about what it was costing him — "

"We must be patient," said M. Machebœuf, wiping his lips and laying down his napkin. "We must work hand in hand with the people. Money is not everything."

"You have a house of your own, Monsieur ?" asked Sister Stanislaus brightly.

"Ah, it is a house," Père Machebœuf laughed. "Whether it is our own is another question; whether we shall be there tomorrow, a third. We are very much embarras' for our present situation. On the whole I have a generous people in my three big counties. They took up a collection for me, once, for a New Year's gift; and how much you thing' I get ?"

"How much ?" asked Sister Stanislaus.

"Five cents. Exactly five cents. I left it on the table in Mr. Morlin's house."

There was a burst of laughter.

"Yet they are generous, the Americans of Sandusky; poor as we are, we made up nearly sixty dollars for the starving people of Ireland. And there will be more."

"The potato rot they report is unparallelled this year," said Notre Mère. "I have noticed it in the journals."

"Yes," exclaimed Butler, "and coming as it does

upon a long wearisome race persecution — ! I beg your pardon, Madam," he turned apologetically to the Englishwoman who smiled imperturbably.

"But, I am now an American citizen, Monsieur, American of the Americans."

Gacon laughed. "We shall call you world-citizen, cosmopolitan, eh ?" "As I say," went on Butler earnestly, "a race persecution, a weary monotony of economic injustice from a haughty dominant people. . ."

Notre Mère's eyelids twitched ever so slightly. ". . . impoverishing a subject people for generations !"

"Mais oui," exclaimed Machebœuf, "and driving them starving into Happy Isles at New York harbor."

Butler flashed, "So much the better for New York ! and yes, for all this country. What would it be even now except for the Irish ?"

There was no one to gainsay him.

"They shall see ! They shall see ! Even though the society of certain of our cities regards the Irish immigrant as the last of creation — uses him only to exploit him at the polls — "

"Will you have one more cup of coffee, Father ?" put in Notre Mère suavely.

"Oui, mes confrères," said Amadée Rappe who had not spoken, "the people of northern Ohio are a good people on the whole. I have found a great poverty and ignorance, but good will; yes, good will. And a great desire to help their priest. No place in the diocese more necessitant of the succor of religion. I

would be ashame' to abandon a country where so many poor workmen expose their life to gain a piece of bread for their children. Their courage and their feel for their family confounds me. Besides, I don't know of anybody is more oblige' to sacrifice his life than me. You pity me for having left my friends in France — " he ended with a shrug.

There followed a pause.

"As often as I give a mission around Toledo and Maumee, many French, Irish, and Germans, I am all the time console' with new fruits."

"No hard cases I suppose," muttered Butler drily.

"Ah — there, as everywhere. But — with good prospec'."

Julia Chatfield was watching her godfather with quiet intentness.

"And these Germans, mon Père — tell me — so many are coming. What are they like, these new people ?"

"My child," he turned his chair to speak, "these are different people. These are not what you found rooted here in southern Ohio when you came. The new people to whom we must now minister are different — yes, a different sort." He turned back to Machebœuf and Gacon. "Our German Catholics throughout the States can scarcely fail to be affected in their national feeling by these new German liberals."

Père Navarron laughed. "It is already an old

story. The missionaries break many a lance against that tenacious German nationalism."

"But are they," questioned Notre Mère, "are they actually more tenacious of nationality than are the French among them ?"

"Ah then, that is different. You see," replied Rappe, "the early Germans over here were more intensely religious; they were Mennonnites, Dunkers, Moravians; thirty thousand used to come in a single year. You can find their children scattered all through southern Ohio.

"However, today it is quite another matter. They are liberals in religion, the newcomers, mostly liberals. Fact is, materialism is rapidly supplanting religion in Germany today; despotic government with its establish' church has produced a class of educated German liberals. It is these we have coming now; ever since the Revolution of July they despair of liberalism over there and are emigrating with their families. They come to the Mississippi valley where perhaps they hope — I do not know — is it to form a commonwealth of their own ?

"Yes," he went on, "with German education, language, institutions, they dream of a new existence in the Mississippi valley — free to all. They are mostly thrifty farmers. Can you blame them ? I cannot."

He moved his chair away from the table and put the question to the group.

"And yet such an idea militates against their absorption into the American nation. It is a constant struggle." His eyes flashed as though he little liked the taste of it.

"It cannot but stand oppose' to authority," remarked Cheymol gravely.

"Sometimes I wonder where it is goin' to end," concluded the godfather with sudden gravity, as who should say

> My mind misgives
> Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
> Shall bitterly begin his fearful date. . .

A moment's hush emphasized the fatality of the premonition. The years — for Amadée Rappe — bore it out.

"You have the railroad near, mon Père ?" asked Mother Julia gently, changing the subject.

"Ah, *oui, oui* — yes," he replied. "And the railroad company some time ago offer' me sixteen lots of very good land for church, priest house, and graveyard; and some money. What would you advise me about that, Messieurs ?" He looked around the group.

Father Butler laughed. "Never trust a railroad," said he.

"But that company is rich, and powerful to keep its word. And for the certainty I asked them their offerings by writin's in order to consult the Bishop and

my people. But the Bishop, the Bishop," he chuckled, "when he came he made a great speech; the Maumee people, Protestants, found it much salter; the Toledo palate is not so much delicate. We heard of a few grimaces."

Machebœuf corrected, "But approbation, approval. The Bishop makes a good impression always."

He rose to his feet. There was a general stir.

"By the way," said Rappe, "our friend, Mr. O'Hara, has had trouble in his trade. It is almost impossible for an honest man to succeed in a trade of business in this country. Pray for him," he turned to the two nuns. "He is under a despondency. It is better to be a simple mechanic or a quiet farmer — "

"Like our friend, Cheymol, here — eh ?" interrupted Butler, putting on his hat at the door.

"Better than to deal with refined rogues. But the best place, my friends," and Amadée Rappe stretched wide his arms with abandon, "the best is to be a missionary on horseback along the Maumee river or to ride through the woods singin' a French canticle with Monsieur de Goesbriand crossin' the wilderness after souls. Ah, that is living ! *Ne pensez-vous pas,"* he cried eagerly, turning to Gacon, *"que le bon Père Lambilotte est digne de la Croix d'Honneur,* for having compose' his beautiful songs to the glory of Mary ?"

Abbé Rappe was ever a musical enthusiast.

"The most romantic expedition I had the honor of making with Monsieur de Goesbriand," Machebœuf bowed, in tribute to Goesbriand, nobleman born, "was when he was on his way to Toledo replacing Prendeprat. I remember it well. As the ice was good on the bay and the lake shore we went to say Mass for the Canadian settlement on Toussaint river and then to Toledo the whole way by ice . . . We broke in. We enjoyed somewhat of the comfort our friends the Baptists must feel when they are dipped in water in the heart of winter. It was a great time. . ."

"I remember well how you both looked," remarked Père Rappe grimly. The company moved out of the room on to the low porch of the red brick Seminary — now St. Ursula's Literary Institute.

"Did you know, you irrepressible Auvergnats," asked Sister Stanislaus, "that your Compact is here ? the one you all made on first landing from France ? The Bishop sent it to us to keep here."

"Ah !" exclaimed in a breath Gacon, Cheymol, Navarron, Machebœuf. Sister Stanislaus entered the house hurriedly.

"We shall keep it always in our archives," said Notre Mère with dignity.

"And where," asked her godfather, a barely noticeable twinkle in his eyes, "pray where are these archives of yours ?"

"At present, mon Père," she answered, ready for the thrust, "the archives are in a little old leather trunk upstairs !" The men laughed.

"Ah ! there it is, there it is !" exclaimed Machebœuf as Sister Stanislaus returning a trifle out of breath opened up to their eager gaze the sheet of folded paper.

"Signed but not sealed," grunted Butler, taking it up. "Let me see !"

"Mais voici, voici," laughed Père Cheymol, "all the signatures — "

"Exactement !" beamed Navarron.

"By the vines of Auvergne," exclaims Machebœuf, "only one of the five of us missing today. Ah !" he read the column excitedly:

Gacon
Cheymol
Machebœuf
Lamy
Navarron

"And the Bishop, Monseigneur ? is he not there ?" asked Notre Mère.

"J. B. Purcell, *Evêque de Cincinnati,"* reads Machebœuf, *"mais, oui, oui, Madame !"*

" 'The undersigned promise to pay,' " translates Father Butler putting on his spectacles, " 'to say each day three *Ave Marias* for one another. We will offer every year, four times, a Mass for the soul of

Union de prières

Monseigneur Purcell et nous soussignés, nous nous engageons à dire chaque jour trois Ave Maria les uns pour les autres pour attirer la protection de la Ste Vierge et sur nos personnes et sur nos travaux.

Nous offrirons chaque année quatre fois le 1er Samedi de la messe pour le repos de l'âme des associés défunts.

+ J B Purcell
Ev. de Cinti

Gacon
Olivetti
Huber
Cheymol
Machebœuf
Lamy
Navarron

Pact signed in Cincinnati, 1839, by Bishop Purcell, M. Lamy, M. Machebœuf, M. Gacon, M. Cheymol, M. Navarron, with M. Olivetti and M. Huber.

any one of us who dies — ' See that you do it. See that you do it."

"But no one has died yet, thank God," said Notre Mère.

"I have never yet broken my pledge to say the *Hail Marys,"* exclaimed Père Gacon, taking out his rosary.

"Nor I !"

"Nor I !"

"Nor I !" said the others, all clinking their beads together on high in gay pledge fashion.

"And Lamy, Père Lamy, *mes confères,* he will wear the purple — I prophesy," laughed M. Machebœuf.

"It is very sure," said Père Rappe, who was looking on.

Sister Stanislaus disappeared into the hallway while the three friends descended from the porch and began pacing in the shade, and Father Butler got into his gig and drove up the lane.

Notre Mère and her godfather sat down on the porch for a good talk. She had not seen him often. She looked at him now, eagerly, attentively, her heart surging warm; he was a longed-for sight. She noticed the lines of his figure, his face, a little more sharply drawn than she remembered, more rugged, his color tanned by wind and sun, his eye clear, his expression satisfied. He was dressed in the homespun of the New World, she observed, as a woman will; he was neat and yet careless. His thin hair looked thinner. She loved this godfather of hers.

He had come into her life a total stranger at a moment when, on alien soil, not a soul of her own blood near her, he had said: "I will be your father." She had glanced at him timidly when they stood at the baptismal font and the Cardinal had poured the water on her forehead while inward grace dawning in her soul made all life new; at that solemn moment the bond between her and Amadée Rappe, wholly spiritual, yet half humanly tender, had been the only thing that seemed tangible — the only touch of earth and yet but the new touch of heaven.

Not a letter of Julia Chatfield to her godfather has come down to posterity; only one of his to her among the many left behind him. He was a man of many friends, many enthusiasms. Of Julia Chatfield he had said, "In whatsoever place you fix your tent I wish to be your father as I was in France." Leagues away from her the years passed, but the bond resisted time and place. Life built its cloister around each of them, but like Yarrow and Wearmouth the echo of their bells across the valleys commingled at morning and evening prayer.

Today they had a long talk. He told of his people, his projects. He asked about her health, about her school, the sisters. This was a man of kindred purposes she told herself. She felt his magnetic influence. As his talk rambled on she drew a long breath like one who reaches the crest of a wave. The slender thread of her dreams became reality; his visit re-

charged all the vital centres of her life's purpose.

Meantime the three friends, Machebœuf, Gacon, Cheymol, were pacing in the shade talking in their native tongue.

"Well," went on Père Machebœuf, his hands behind his back — a lithe active figure with kind eyes that missed no detail at a glance, "the whole countryside seems to be in motion. These emigrants are an astonishing people; they seem to expect nothing but labor all their days."

"Labor is their joy; they like it," assented Cheymol. Père Machebœuf continued.

"Freedom with poverty — eh ? but in the wilds there is no oppression of man. In the wilds the philosophy of life reads backwards. You have nothing; you can get nothing; you taste how rich you are."

He stopped on the path and stood shading his eyes with his hand.

"It is three o'clock," he said.

"Yes, it is three," said Gacon. "I always know by the slant of that particular sycamore's shadow. I can see it from my window. Each afternoon it moves slightly to the south."

"Often and often," resumed Machebœuf, moving along slowly, "when on my travels I have stood and viewed with wonder whole streams of families, sometimes a dozen wagons together. A few years ago I used to see them in the streets of Louisville, of Cincinnati, Wheeling, and yes, I recall seeing them in Pitts-

burgh, and in our own section, hundreds of times, on the woodland trails, wagon after wagon, women and children often riding, often straggling after, the men driving the teams or urging the livestock — *'per varios casus,'* as Virgil says, *'tendemus Hesperam — '* "

" *'Ubi fata quietas ostendum ?'* " took up Cheymol.

"And now that we have our Mad River railroad you can go from settlement to settlement along it like an artery — "

"Well," said Claude Gacon, "the Bishop always maintained that the meeting of the waters when the Ohio canals went through was one of the most important events in the domestic history of this country."

Cheymol exclaimed, "Posterity will see !"

"Ohio," remarked Père Machebœuf, "is the infant phenomenon of today, and no mistake."

As the three men turned back on the sun-streaked walk, a great dog bounded around the corner and the voices of laughing children echoed from over near the barns. Notre Mère with "Sister Josie," as the children called Sister Josephine, was approaching.

"It is Bob," explained Mother Julia to the startled Père Machebœuf. He knows it's half-past three and the children's collation bell."

"The children," added Père Gacon, chafing the restless dog, "always share their afternoon bread and butter with this spoiled fellow."

The immense shaggy Saint Bernard went bounding

down the path with momentum enough to capsize half a dozen girls' boarding-schools.

"And what have you three been discussing so earnestly ?" asked Mother Julia smiling.

"We have been outlining a situation," replied Monsieur Machebœuf in his native French, "a situation which we can view but unsatisfactorily as yet because we are too close to it. It is a case of not being able to see the forest for the trees."

And Monsieur Machebœuf was right.

CHAPTER SIX

SOLOMON'S RUN

Solomon's Run is roaring high,
The run that used to run so dry!
— Rosecrans

THE SCHULERS and Baundistls had been right about it; there was nothing in Brown County but trees. Together they had made a road by clearing out a few so you could make your way. They would take a sack of corn to Perintown and wait all night to get it ground; all the settlers for miles around would be in ahead of these two. At Fayetteville a shop sold a few necessaries. But difficult indeed it was for the farmers to dispose of their crops. Down along the Ohio river they might ship by raft; one of the Schuler kin there boasted that he had walked home from New Orleans twenty times. With the hard rigor of winter, the thankless sweat of summer, and what not of loneliness, a man fell into the need of liquor. And then the next generation had to take the pledge.

The little copper distillery was to be found in most neighborhoods of the county, for rye and corn whiskey were in the cupboard of most of the early settlers;

good whiskey at forty cents a gallon was taken in pay with flour, even for house and lot. No house-raising, or log-rolling, or harvesting, but the tin cup went its rounds. Everybody knew in those days that in Ohio settlements corn meant corn and whiskey as well; and far-off Virginia or Carolina knew of rafts floated down the Mississippi to New Orleans and thence to Spain.

With this as background, Père Gacon wrote to the Bishop: "The Irish in Brown County have given us many consolations since the Temperance Society was established; they make Easter Communion with but slight exception which leads us to believe they will keep their pledge."

That one night, Gacon and Cheymol pulled their horses out of the mire and went home to stretch their legs over the log fire a bit.

"Our poor Catholic Germans !" said Père Gacon with a sigh.

"I do wish," began Père Cheymol, "I do wish they were visited several times a year by such men as Father Ferneding."

"Yes, yes," assented the other, "but perhaps a little later it could be done."

Well these two knew the grim tussle it was to weld together the native elements of the population; French, Irish, Germans, each came to these wilds with a fatherland behind them. Even hardship brought out but passing bursts of human brother-

hood. Life was severe and rough. This New World they found free, fresh, with tang for the spirit. There was always space for the hearth-fire, always love, always new adventure, but they quaffed it, these early settlers in Brown County, as would Julia Chatfield following after, from the rough gourd of hardship, tasting bitterly.

No one sensed this better than these two men, but still they meant business. Père Gacon sends in his report to the Bishop for the congregation of St. Patrick's Fayetteville, St. Philomena's at Stone Lick, and "some other families we visit from time to time in Highland and Clinton counties. To wit:

Baptisms 72 Easter Communions 400 Burials 8
Marriages 2 First Communions 20 Population 220 families
Making at least 1100 souls."

Souls ! there is the word. These men out from Auvergne were after souls; it was for this they had left their vine-clad hills. And little Père Cheymol, who rode horseback unwearied fifty miles at a stretch and had heretofere superintended the Seminary farm in the high silk hat of a gentleman, sighed to think of last November's log-rolling, all the neighbors gathered together near Chasetown to roll the logs away from the new clearing.

"If a Frenchman raised a heavier log than an Irishman — "

"There would be a fight on the spot — yes," finished Gacon.

Père Gacon was studying by candlelight. In his note-book he had long lists of simple English words with the French equivalents.

"But I must talk in English," he would say. The Bishop was right. As long as any group retained its own language exclusively, amalgamation would be impossible in such a land as this.

On the opposite page Père Gacon had a list of remedies to prescribe to worried housewives when he looked in upon their remote places: cure for viper's sting, receipe for cholera, the preparation of sheepskin, the preserving of cheese, how to keep insects out of grain, how to make candles, how to keep wine. The Bishop and his missionaries could not overlook the material needs of their flock; the struggles of the people to build up an existence lie buried in the archives of many an old church.

Gacon forgot to study. He looked up. His confrère was reading a document.

"It is the permit from the Court of Common Pleas at Georgetown," he explained.

"*Ah oui,*" said Gacon eagerly, "I am glad we've got it. We can now perform any marriage within the state of Ohio."

"We are officers of the law now," says little Père Cheymol. "Eh ?" with a certain air. "And here is

Abbé O'Mealy's letter." To M. Cheymol every priest was an "Abbé."

"He says he feels very sad, but he is doing pretty well down there at Portsmouth. He thinks that we two, here, ought to attend West Union and Ripley — too much for one man at Portsmouth."

Gacon took on a worried look. Cheymol poured out his Burgundy and drank it off as if to fortify his friend in Portsmouth.

" 'The Ripley folks are getting on,' " he read, " 'on the other Sundays they assemble twice and pray together; the children attend, too, and are taught catechism by a gentleman from New Orleans, by name of Decourcy — ' "

"French !" exclaimed they both at once. "And in a swarm of Hanoverians," added Gacon meditatively. Cheymol went on reading.

" 'Yesterday they clubbed to form a library society; twenty dollars subscribed; we solicit a few good books from you, also, my friends.

" 'These English are ashamed to meet with the German crowd. But I'll promise you, I am pleased with my Germans working at the furnaces.' "

"The Bishop should hear that !" exclaimed Gacon.

" 'Please send my copy of Milner's *End of Controversy,* and a pair of wrought hinges I left in a drawer over there in the old Seminary. Sometimes I wish I were back at the Seminary again instead of

having the responsibility of directing such half-infidel Christians. I am endeavoring to support myself during the winter by teaching night school.' "

"He told me once before that Ripley and West Union would bring us a hundred dollars for clerical expenses," remarked Gacon.

"Ah, ça !" Père Cheymol went on reading: " 'I had to swim Turkey Creek more than once, not so pleasant in winter. In Portsmouth two hundred subscribed but only sixty paid; I shall whistle for the balance. Forty German families around Portsmouth; at Little Scioto, twelve; Lick Run, four; Hanoverians, pious and very dirty. At Pine Grove, around the furnaces, thirty families, Low Dutch, with Irish and Americans — my only consolation in this wilderness !' "

The two priests laughed aloud.

"There's the Irishman for you ! first up, and then down," laughed Gacon, "like a seesaw."

"It is a pathetic situation," Père Cheymol shook his head. "Here we can be together and we have our glass of wine, your own vintage." He looked at the light on the red sparkle. Gacon took up the letter.

" 'For the last three years,' " he continued the reading, " 'I have been performing as well as I could a duty purely of obedience without, that I am aware, uttering a word of complaint about the awful situation of being alone, alone on a mission for which I had no love, with the eyes of God alone to keep me from falling !' "

Cheymol set down his glass and wiped a tear from his cheek.

"I am afraid the nuns get lonesome," said he after a silence.

"*Oui, oui. Eh bien,* this is a new kind of ministry for me," said Gacon, "to be *aumonier* of nuns. I am not capable of it."

The high March wind that shook the window panes caught up the words, as Père Gacon stretched himself and went to bed; and all night long it beat about the cornices and eves tauntingly: "*Aumonier* of nuns! *aumonier* of nuns!" But Père Gacon slept the sleep of the just.

Next day, down by Solomon's Run, there curled a slender trail of blue smoke, where Sister Mary and Sister Bernard were washing clothes in the creek; it was down near the lane bridge; neighbors had brought some soft soap at which Sister Mary and Sister Bernard marvelled much. There was a huge iron kettle set up on wooden sticks. The two had just subsided from the excitement of putting out the fire when the props caught under the kettle full of boiling clothes.

Notre Mère came down the walk holding around her her floating draperies against the wind. She held in her hand the first flower of spring, a delicate white snowdrop with its drooping green spike.

"Have you heard anything of the wagon wheels?" she asked. "They are bringing a piano from the city;

they would have to come from the West Fork, away around, with a four-horse team they say to avoid the bad places in the road."

"Ah, ça ?" said Sister Bernard. "But they will cut up all the good roads !"

"See, sisters, God has sent us the first flower of spring," said Notre Mère.

'Quelle belle fleur !" exclaimed they with excitement, eying it curiously.

"It is a snowdrop," said Notre Mère thoughtfully. "I shall give it to St. Joseph. It is his month."

She moved away along the banks of Solomon's Run. She was gazing attentively up the slope to the east. She was thinking —

"A hundred acres of farm land, three hundred acres of woods !" And such woods, now bare and gaunt in the grey awakening of March. She had witnessed the pageantry of autumn in the Ohio valley; now she was to see the unfolding of spring. The world was new and strange. She thought of English hedgerows and old rambling lanes, the hawthorne, the London May. A mist came to her eyes. Out of this bleakness would spring a beauty heralded by this tiny flower. Notre Mère lifted it to her lips.

She was a young woman, somewhere in her thirties. "A bright lady from London," Machebœuf had said; "Good, simple, innocent child of God," Rappe had said of her with the pride of a godfather, "but very young in the way of government."

"Well," she said half aloud to herself, "it will be better to continue our farming affairs as they have gone on. There is much work to be done in the way of gardening and planting but everyone allows us five years to put our grounds in order. This must be regulated in accordance with our means. We are certainly embarrassed for money."

Ma Mère Stanislaus was in the house, upstairs, writing a very private letter to France. She looked white and serious.

"I can assure you, mon Père, that despite the littleness of our funds I was at that time happy and content to leave our poor sisters at Beaulieu part of my means. We took in leaving only what they were able to give us, not our dowers entire. Now these we shall need very much when we borrow this big sum at high interest; and it is not nearly enough for our needs which are growing every day; and on account of the sad condition of our poor Sœur Ste. Angêle whose attacks make us fear we shall be obliged to give her a sister to watch her all day, as we have been doing all night. This good sister cannot at present do anything at all for our community. I repeat, mon Père, that this is a very heavy cross."

She suppressed a little sob and went on.

"I think that my letter in reply to the one you have honored me with has not yet reached you. You will pray for me, especially during May, the time in which I hope these lines may reach you. The tender

interest you have for our new establishment here and the extreme need we are in, which you know, guarantee me that you will wish to secure my rights and those of our sisters. The bad weather that continues prevents our beginning the foundations for our new home — "

Still, the Cincinnati *Telegraph* for April thirtieth came out blithely with the statement that notwithstanding the severity of the winter the new academy on Solomon's Run was doing well, with foundations dug for "one of the largest literary institutes in the west"; and lands for farms in the vicinity were now on sale. The last week in May, the little household with the six pupils headed by Mrs. Corr carrying a much beribboned spade laid the cornerstone and Notre Mère gave a great feast to the workmen in Père Gacon's dining-room.

From the frame church under the cross in the forest at daybreak all that summer long came the quaver of treble voices.

> Angeli archangeli,
> Throni et dominationes,
> Principates et potestates,
> Cherubim atque seraphim —

"and it has never rained enough to stop the work a single day all summer !" declared little Sister Hyacinth.

"Building under roof," announced the Cincinnati

papers. "Go and see this marvel in the midst of a flourishing Catholic settlement daily increasing. We know of no place in the west which holds out greater inducements to emigrants wishing to purchase land than this colony at Fayetteville. There is a large quantity of land for sale at a very moderate price with a brick church and resident clergyman in Fayetteville. The distance from Cincinnati is about forty miles."

The neighbors in the countryside opened their slim purses to lay down contributions to the cause of the new building — though money was the least of their offerings; it was little Père Cheymol who collected it.

All that year the nuns were borrowing — from Gravelines, from Boulogne, from neighbors and friends, Sourds, Gaumiens, half a dozen others — money, money, money, all the time. But when the first year their school netted a hundred and seventy-six dollars, they breathed more freely.

"I am in great hopes," wrote Notre Mère, "that they will send us the other two thousand from Boulogne. If so, the greater part will be liquidated. What a comfort ! and then, with thirty pupils every year — more, we hope — still even that number would be sufficient not only to pay expenses but by degrees to refund the sums we have been obliged to borrow."

Thus did hopes alternate with fears. Everything was dear; everything hard to get; often were they without food; often, without money. Often in after

It was Jennie Springer and Mary Jane Foster. "I am afraid," said Notre Mère, "they were thinking more of the little gentlemen who were to escort them on the road, than of their lessons . . ."

years were they to tell of the day they were in such need, and they found several gold dollars in a purse which to their knowledge had been empty. The sister in the kitchen opened the door one morning wondering where she would get something for the day's meals. To her astonishment a sack of quail was at the door; nobody knew how it got there. And Notre Mère, in those days, encountered her mysterious stranger.

It happened this way. A sum of six hundred dollars was due to a creditor but Sister St. Pierre's treasury was empty. Mother Julia was at wits' end to know what to do. She slipped into chapel and knelt at her *prie-dieu*. She felt that prayer alone could save the situation. It seemed she was accustomed to ask St. Augustine when she needed money; it was the Rule of St. Augustine that the Ursulines followed, and that great luminary was one of the special patrons of her household, as a quaint old statue, still in use, bears witness. To St. Augustine she addressed her prayers in this strait. Often did she tell the tale.

While kneeling there she was startled by the sound of the door-bell, and in a few moments the portress came with word that a gentleman wished to see the superior on urgent business.

In parlor Notre Mère found a benevolent looking gentleman who after some brief remarks said that he was on his way to England and that before embarking

he wished to place in her hands a sum of six hundred dollars which she might use without interest; she could dispose of it as she wished and if he should die, the money would never be called for. Full of gratitude she took the money he gave her. The gentleman never returned.

"Father Cheymol thinks of starting for town tomorrow afternoon," remarked Notre Mère one evening at recreation. "He is going to collect a little money."

"I am glad of it," chimed in the treasurer, Sister St. Pierre. "This thing of people paying their bills in a roundabout way at the cathedral residence does not suit me at all."

"Well," went on Notre Mère, "we have promise of three or four new pupils for the spring. God grant they may come. I begin to be fearful that we may be more anxious to gain pupils so as to pay our debts, than for the good of the poor children's souls; if so, I fear God will not bless us. May He never let us be actuated entirely by worldly motives."

"Amen," added Sœur Augustine with fervor.

"I am delighted that Mrs. Foster is pleased with Mary Jane," said Sister Stanislaus, her mouth full of pins.

"Well certainly," added Sister St. Pierre, "we strain every nerve to inculcate something like piety in these children's hearts. I must say it is difficult sometimes to see anything gained."

"You must remember how long they have been going to day schools," said Notre Mère without looking up from her darning, "and the company they had constantly in their walks to and fro. I am afraid they were thinking more of the little gentlemen who were to escort them on the road than of their lessons."

"Tut, tut," said Sister St. Pierre.

Sister Augustine looked very grave.

"You cannot imagine with what anxiety I look for a letter from France," put in Sister Stanislaus. "If only the Bishop of Cambrai may be favorable to our request to get the money."

"Mère Ste. Ursule evidently had not received my letter but she said in hers of today that if it be quite necessary she can procure the loan of five thousand francs more. I am undecided what to do about answering her letter. I fear she will not receive mine."

"Indeed," said Sister Stanislaus, "this Revolution is not going to pass off so quietly as some persons appear to think. I have the same apprehensions as yourself."

"Well," said Sister St. Pierre, "Mère Ste. Ursule told us in Havre on parting, you remember, that if a Revolution took place they would all come over here. I never saw anything to equal the excitement of Sister Martial and Sister Christine; the Revolution caused, I might say, almost a revolution in Saint Martin. The sisters were in the greatest distress all day after the news came."

"No one thinks of coming over for the present; however, Mère Ste. Ursule says if they are obliged to fly from France they will most certainly come here, altogether, or at least a part of them."

"I most heartily wish they would," said Sister Stanislaus with finality.

"I had thought of availing myself of M. Lamy's trip to Europe to send them a letter and also a small parcel, but he may find things in so disturbed a state, that the Ursulines of Boulogne may not be there at all !" said Notre Mère.

Sister Augustine looked rather anxiously at her but said nothing.

"Pupils are beginning to quit their convent; six left the day she wrote; she will lose others as money is scarce. She has two English young ladies who are anxious to come over to us as postulants. I am sending a letter to post requesting her to get them over as soon as possible."

"I certainly rejoice at the idea of being once again free from workmen in this house," said Sister St. Pierre. "It is a great annoyance to have them going through the house."

"The world is not so wide after all," said Sister Stanislaus, "now that we are to have a railroad. Will Father Gacon go to the meeting in Hillsboro, do you think ?"

"Mercy, no," laughed Sister St. Pierre, "he will stay at home and *pray* that it will go to our interests;

Rev. Mr. Butler from Fayetteville will be the Martha."

"Mr. Ned Boyle, they say, has offered ten thousand or more to pass it through his farm; it is quite certain to go either through Fayetteville or over here."

"How near ?" asked Sister Augustine in French.

"About two miles on the other side of our farm," answered Sister St. Pierre.

"Baltimore and Ohio," said Sister Stanislaus. "Do you remember the day we went through Baltimore in our poke bonnets ?"

Everybody laughed.

"And people thought we were going to a funeral because of so many of us all dressed in black !"

"The Pope's funeral, I presume," laughed Sister Stanislaus. "That is just about what some people would think."

Notre Mère bit her thread off and stopped to snuff the candles.

"Did the sisters make candles today ?" said Sister Augustine, turning her black eyes suddenly on Sister St. Pierre.

"Oh don't ask me," said the treasurer. "I was busy in class all day."

It was in the long winter nights that burdens felt heaviest. Notre Mère stood at her window after all the house was asleep.

"If only they would send us help," she was thinking, "send some teachers." She could not see how they were to get on. Sister Mary, Sister Martial,

Sister Christine, Sister Bernard, their hands red and swollen with chilblains, straining at the wash tub, the draughty kitchen stove, the lard rendering, the wood hauling; Mère Angêle, bewildered with this sudden encounter with wild nature — but better, better of late; Sister Augustine, black-eyed, austere, straight as an arrow, relentless with the helping hand; but teachers, teachers, she must have them — some of her own, some from the mother-hearth of Boulogne. Ma Mère Stanislaus, Sister St. Pierre, Sister Josephine, Sister Hyacinth, busy every minute, could not do it all. Notre Mère sighed. Her thoughts reverted to France, to her recent letter from that Mère Ste. Ursule whose greatness of soul, courage, and submission to the will of God had always seemed to her so remarkable — traits which she herself unconsciously was to pass on in after years in a new environment. Perhaps they would all come over seas; oh, if they only would.

She thought of Ponder's End, as it used to lie of a moonlight night:

They grope in dreams to England,
And the love they left in England,
— The lips that used to greet them,
And the watcher at the window in the home they left behind.

She looked out at the moonlight throwing the black forest into deeper darkness. A few little fields where the hand of man had risen up against gigantic

wilderness; a clump of primitive shacks drowsing in shadow; gleaming to southward, a small white cross; that was all. That and the unfinished structure, shadowy in moonlight, that rose against the eastern forest, strangely touched with dignity, as of man's achievement. This thing was the thought of her own brain; she felt it vaguely. This was what she had dared. What would her father have thought of it? An awe stole over her. She shivered.

"No, it is not mine," she said to herself: "It is God's; it is ours; I must never say I, mine. It is *we !*"

What if they should fail? What if the old corduroy roads should one day echo to their departing footsteps, and the moon would rise on the winter's night and all these forest trees would mock the fantastic abandoned wraith of this forlorn venture?

Notre Mère turned suddenly. She knelt at her bedside and said her night prayers. The will that had carried her thus far carried her on. Faith counted another link in the gossamer chain that binds us to the stars.

But in the midst of it all, to one heart came joy. Sister Hyacinth had her Profession — the ceremony of pronouncing her vows — in the little log church of Saint Martin. It was Monseigneur the Bishop there in purple splendor, officiating and preaching. The candles on the altar sputtered with pleasure; and when it came to the *Te Deum,* Père Gacon and Père Cheymol, who were the chanters, fell to weeping with

emotion and could not go on. But Sister Hyacinth in her heart sang

> Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum
> Habitare fratres in unum . . .

"How good and how pleasant for brethren to dwell together as one !"

In May, Notre Mère wrote to the Bishop: "We have two new pupils; they are now twenty-seven in all; others have been promised for the fall. I wish we had the house full of children. Everyone wished you had been here last Sunday; you would have been delighted to see our dear children make their First Communion, ten for the first time. We spent the whole day together; there was not one sad face to be seen that day. After dinner we all had a pleasant walk in the woods and in the evening all of us were out in front of the house.

"We are so retired here that we can do just as we please. *Never can we sufficiently thank you for having placed us in this sweet retired spot,* which becomes every day dearer to us."

At last the new building was ready; at last they were carrying goods and chattels, each day a piece or two, and Père Machebœuf, on a visit, must needs try sleeping in the new house, this wondrous Carcassonne of the Ohio valley.

One day, the weather so bad that the sisters could not get back to supper, Sister Martial put the supper

in a large basket and sent it by "Beaume Pierre," the faithful servitor — him of scrip and staff who had led them through the midnight gates of Beaulieu. They took their first supper in "the Literary Institute" on their knees, sitting on boards on the floor.

So they were installed in the new convent building; it was red brick, with a colonial portico; to their joy it had ample classrooms, dining-rooms for the pupils, dormitories, spacious corridors, a chapel, infirmaries, kitchens, pantries — they might shut their eyes and see themselves back home in Boulogne again. At last they had a school.

A week later it was decided that there would be a great Corpus Christi procession: all the settlers from out around Fayetteville and beyond would gather at the convent, and the procession would move from the chapel to the depths of the woods and back to chapel again. The nuns were thrilled with delight. Woodpeckers and squirrels chattered the news to primeval forest to look out for banners and candlelight, and the soft May gloaming seemed to tremble with expectancy.

"Our French sisters," writes Notre Mère to the Bishop, "will be great assistance in this affair, having frequently arranged *reposeoirs* in France. I, as an ex-Protestant, of course, know little about these matters. We all think it will look very beautiful to see the procession winding through the woods — our dear woods which after such circumstances will become dearer than ever to us.

"We had never dared hope that you, dear Father, would crown that happy day by your presence."

Nevertheless, he did. He came two days before with several others, the warm-hearted John Baptist Purcell whose mother, "Madam Purcell," and sister, "Miss Kate," had now taken up their abode in the nuns' vacated red brick house.

The Bishop, indefatigable, outdid himself on the eighteenth of June, in '48.

This same June morning, out in far Colorado, on the mountains, a stream of white-covered wagons was slowly crawling westward over the Rockies to the land of hidden gold; while here, in the woods of Ohio, the humble parish of Saint Martin, with banners and tapers and the soft voices of children and nuns were moving along in the scent of wild rose and honeysuckle, the blue of heaven above, Bishop Purcell bearing high in his arms the jewelled monstrance; here, the wildwood had found its Gold.

As it was the first Corpus Christi procession in the United States, Mère St. Pierre's story takes on the dignity of a French relation:

"For a long time Monseigneur had expressed a wish to have this procession. We erected an altar in the woods and decorated it simply but appropriately. It was noised abroad on all sides that we were going to have this procession so that people came from a great distance. There were more than fifteen hundred persons in the procession; there were a great

number of Protestants; the nuns with their pupils were also there.

"In the morning about six o'clock it was raining a little; then Monseigneur, who wished to say Mass in the woods, decided to say it at an altar erected in the corridor. He had already administered Confirmation after a Low Mass said in the chapel; he had also preached a long time; nevertheless, he would sing another Mass; our sisters sang; at the Gospel Monseigneur preached a long sermon.

"After Mass, he took the Blessed Sacrament and got ready to start the procession; when he reached the doorstep of the convent, he stopped to preach a long serman (!). The procession moved on; the Fayetteville band *enlivened the singing.*"

The canopy was carried — and with great effect — by four men of different nationalities, American, Irish, German, French; while the little girls strewed roses.

"When the first altar was reached in the woods, Monseigneur preached and gave Benediction. The procession wended its way to another little altar where Monseigneur again preached and gave Benediction. The procession started again; now moving in the direction of Saint Martin's church. On arriving there, Monseigneur preached in the doorway (!) and then gave Benediction for the last time.

"Monseigneur did not get anything to eat until about three o'clock in the afternoon; he was overcome

by fatigue but very well pleased with the procession. The good which resulted was also great.

"This was the first Corpus Christi procession made in the United States. Monseigneur remained a few days after, which gave us an opportunity to wish him 'Happy Feast' on St. John's day, June twenty-fourth, when the pupils gave a little play for him called *The Little Chimney Sweep.*"

It was just about this time that Miss Birrer and Miss Carolan came — joy of the nuns — to become Sister Xavier and Sister John; and from over seas, giggling in their poke bonnets, Miss Elizabeth Dodds, British subject, and Miss Sarah Healy, two lively damsels in their teens, directed to Julia Chatfield's door by Mère Ste. Ursule of Boulogne — the latter, as Sister St. Clare, to find an early grave, the former, as Sister Ursula, destined to become successor, governing after Notre Mère herself. It is the irony of history that we read in Julia Chatfield's confidences to the bishop:

"These two young ladies are not exactly what we expected; not exactly what we wanted; but we hope in time they may make themselves useful." Meanwhile they were giggling at everything, adored by the pupils, very popular and successful later as teachers. Miss Matilda Dunn, she of the packet *Zurich,* made her vows, too, as Sister Josephine — the Bishop in the sanctuary and, to right, Badin of Kentucky, to the left, Lamy of the Santa Fé trail. It was of him that his sister, then a novice in Julia Chatfield's novitiate,

revealed the story of the Lamy crucifix. Père Gacon scribbled it down in his diary and Notre Mère with her usual dignity wrote it to Monseigneur on January 30, 1852:

"We will not fail to pray for Bishop Lamy, when he goes to Santa Fé. I very much fear on account of his mother's prediction; no doubt his sister related it to you. As far as I can remember she told us that at their home in Auvergne, France, when they were children, their mother, Madame Lamy had a small crucifix attached to her bed within the curtains.

"One day upon entering the room she found the crucifix lying upon the bed; supposing the servant removed it from its usual place, she questioned her, but the girl said she had not. The same thing occurring the following day or a day or two after, Madame Lamy insisted upon it that the girl must have touched it, and begged she would leave it where she wished it to remain. But the servant persisted in saying that she had not touched it and that her mistress must have placed it there herself and forgotten it.

"A third time the same thing took place; and this time, when the crucifix fell, the Christ separated from the cross and the whole was broken into small pieces; at the same time she heard a voice saying that her son, Jean, then a boy, would one day be a priest, a missionary, a bishop, and a martyr.

"Madame Lamy gathered from off the bed all the pieces of the broken crucifix and preserved them with

religious respect. She showed them at a late period to her daughter, and communicated to her the above circumstances which you see with the exception of the last point have been accomplished. Right Reverend Bishop Lamy was ignorant of the whole when his sister left us; she expressed her fears, and great must have been her anxiety when she heard he was to go among the Indians and Mexicans."

The months slipped around and the new school on Solomon's Run held its first Commencement in July 1848. It was written up by an enthusiast of no small vocabulary to please a large clientêle in the Cincinnati metropolis: "Gratifying proofs of skill in penmanship were on display; ladies' slippers and episcopal sandals in beads and gold and silk and worsted. . . One very large worsted piece riveted our attention; it represented the adoration of the Wise Men."

As to the deportment of the young ladies themselves he thought the public would be interested to know that: "A high degree of cultivation was evinced by the justness of their elocution and the feminine ease and dignity of their manners. In the play, *Le Petit Ramoneur,* the moral lesson was certainly conveyed, as we were convinced by the tearful eyes and softened voices of the experienced men of the world who sat around us in the audience !"

Let not experienced men of a later age take exception. Sophistication always pays its price !

CHAPTER SEVEN

MONSEIGNEUR

IT WAS the pride of Sœur Marthe's heart to ring the bell on top of the house whenever the Archbishop arrived. For years this was her own especial charge, and she rang it well. She gloried in it. Somebody always stood at the window above where there was a good view of the Westboro road. They timed the train arrival at that station, the interval required for the five-mile drive, and when the cloud of dust stirred at the clump of hickories on the far side of the road, down they ran to tell Sœur Marthe and she began to lay hold of the bell-rope. His Grace, turning into the lane in the old-fashioned coupé, with Beaume in front dressed in best clothes — better than broadcloth and gold lace — the two spanking horses at a good heavy trot, caught the sunlight on the gilded cross surmounting the dome above Sœur Marthe's head.

Sœur Marthe had a brown face, myriad wrinkled, but her dark eyes were full of joy. Monseigneur knew very well that she rang the bell. It was as if her faithful heart spoke to his. Just so it was with all

the sisters and the Bishop. Each one's eager tribute to him was a personal thing. He knew them all.

Sometimes he would not wait for the carriage. One evening at supper, suddenly he was standing in the nuns' refectory door with three other bishops beside him. "We came to see what they give you for supper !" he laughed. Benignant, jovial, kind, every new thing about the place would have to be inspected by Monseigneur, from the corn-cribs to the harps.

At Rose Cottage in Saint Martin the Bishop's mother and sister took up their abode. Never a letter of Notre Mère to His Grace but ends with reference to them.

"I gave your message," she will say, "for the inmates of Rose Cottage, to Mrs. Corr who desires me to thank you and say she fears you are beginning to forget her." And again:

"Father Cheymol is particularly grateful for your promised present of 'Giant Asparagus'; all are well at Rose Cottage. They send affectionate remembrances."

When things do not get on so well she writes:

"With regard to your saintly mother and good sister, I do not see, dear Father, why you are under any uneasiness on their account. I assure you that if you trust them to our care, we will not neglect them, but do all in our power to make them happy.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS,

AT THE

ACADEMY OF THE URSULINES

St. Martin's, Brown County, July 19, 1859.

PROGRAMME

Cavatine de l'Opera de Donizetti Il Torquato Tasso—H. Roscllen—Pianos: Misses Mary and Sallie Dutton, Kate Buckner, Elise Clark, Amelia McDonnell and Rosine Woodworth.—Harmonium, Miss Jennie Springer.

Premiums in the Classes of Christian Doctrine, Sacred and Profane History, Mythology and Chronology.

La Charite—Rossini—Sung by.....Misses Josephine Bennett, Kate Magevney, Belle Platt, M. and S. Dutton, and Susan Fresnor.
Accompanied on the Piano by.....Miss Fannie Molyneux, and on the Harp by Miss R. Woodworth.

Marche de Kleber—Pianos.....Misses Henrietta Woodworth, Anna Gross, Julia De Courcy, Josephine Labrot, Augusta Hilton and Ella O'Brien—Harp, Miss F. Molyneux—Harmonium, Miss Maggie Scammon.

Premiums in the Classes of Chemistry and Philosophy, Geography, Astronomy and Botany.

Die Weblende Jungfrau—Spoken by.....Misses S. Fresnor and Harriet Basham.

Tears, idle Tears—Cavatina by Bassvecchi—Sung by.....Miss Kate K. Magevney.
Accompanied on the Piano by Miss Annette Rogers, and Miss R. Woodworth on the Harp.

Premiums in the Classes of Grammar and Rhetoric, Reading, Writing and English Composition.

Home! Sweet Home!—Air Anglais, varie par S. Thalberg—Pianos.....Misses F. Molyneux, K. Magevney and R. Woodworth.

The Echo Song—Sung by.....Miss Josephine Bennett.
Accompanied on the Piano, by Miss K. Magevney, and on the Harmonium by Miss R. Woodworth.

Premiums in the Classes of Ornamental Work and Plain Sewing.

CALIPH HAROUN AL RASHEED;

OR,

"THE JUST!"

A Drama in Three Acts.

CHARACTERS.

Haroun al Rasheed, Caliph of Bagdad, now at Recca.....Miss ANNETTE ROGERS
Giaffer, his Visier.....Miss FLORENCE SYMMES
Selim, Alethe's brother, a renegade, his true name Constantine.....Miss HARRIET BASHAM
Solomon, a servant of Alethe.....Miss MAGGIE SCAMMON
Mustapha, a Turk.....Miss K. MAGEVNEY
Spiridion, a little Page of Alethe.....Miss H. WOODWORTH
A Fisherman.....Miss A. McDONNELL
A Turk.....Miss J. SPRINGER
Nobles.....Misses LAURA PETERS, KATE O'DONNELL, MARY MORRIS, ELLEN MAGEVNEY, LETITIA BALL, and CLEMENTINE GROSS.
Guards of Haroun,..Misses MARY HAUGHTON, MARY GREEN, VICTORIA GOTTSCHALK, CLARA RICE & MARY KIRK
Mehmet, a Sergeant of the Guard.....Miss MARY SCAMMON
Executioner.....Miss HENRIETTA RICHARDS
Alethe, a young Greek Lady, a Captive.....Miss J. BENNETT
Abassa, Sister of Haroun.....Miss BELLE PLATT
Old Woman.....Miss S. FREANOR.
Ladies, attendants on Abassa.....Misses KATE BALL, M. and S. DUTTON and R. BUCKNER.

Robert! toi que J'aime Cavatina de l'Opera, "Robert l'Diable,"—Meyerbeer—Sung by.....Miss B. Platt.
Accompanied on the Piano by Miss K. Magevney, and on the Harp by Miss R. Woodworth.

Grande Fantaisie sur le Chœur favori de l'Opera de Bellini—Norma—Henri Rosellen—Pianos—Misses K. Magevney, F. Molyneux, A. Rogers, H. Basham, H. Richards, and R. Woodworth. Harmonium, Miss Florence Symmes.

Premiums in the Classes of Orthography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-keeping, Painting and Drawing.

I Really must be in the Fashion.—Sung by.....Miss Henrietta Woodworth, accompanied on the Piano by Miss R. Woodworth.

Premiums in the Classes of Vocal and Instrumental Music, French, German and Latin.

Piece Spoken by.....Little Miss Annie Haire.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean—Sung by.....Miss B. Platt, J. Bennett, K. and E. Magevney, M. and S. Dutton, K. and L. Ball, K. Buckner, L. Peters, C. Rice, S. Scholes, H. Richards, S. Freanor, H. Woodworth, J. Labrot, and Annie Haire,
Accompanied on the Pianos by Miss F. Molyneux, A. Rogers and Amelia McDonnell. Miss Jennie Springer on the Harp, on the Guitars by Misses J. Bennett, K. Magevney, C. Gross and K. Ball, and on the Harmonium by Miss R. Woodworth.

ACADEMIC HONORS

FOR

EXCELLENCE OF DEPORTMENT.

"On brilliant July days, . . . plays would be produced under the sheltering canvas tent . . . a score of ecclesiasties mopping their brows in the midsummer heat . . ."

We shall be very lonely if they leave us, and the good old lady cannot speak of such separation without tears."

There fell an early April morning when Monseigneur hurried up to the country, to Rose Cottage, where Mrs. Purcell had died in the night. Instead of the maternal kiss, the old journal tells, the silence of death awaited him. He threw himself on his knees beside the bed, burst into tears, and kissed passionately the hand that had so often caressed him. He and Fathers Gacon and Cheymol with the nuns and Dr. Rosecrans laid her to rest under the trees in the nuns' burying ground.

"The only threat she ever gave me," he told them, "was that if I were not learned I could never hope to be a priest."

His mother's grave became one of his favorite haunts for meditation. Years after, when the crash came, some of the nuns meeting him there, shaken and breaking under the catastrophe, heard him say as he gazed sorrowfully up the avenue at the convent towers:

"May no harm ever come to this place ! God keep away all harm from it !"

This place was his castle in Spain !

It was Monseigneur's own inspiration, that enormous tent in the open to the rear of the convent; he was quick to see the possible benefit to arise from the

annual "Exhibition," if the people of the entire district could be permitted to attend. Notre Mère and her teachers could thus, he thought, spread their reassuring influence at a crucial moment when religious antagonism was rife and racial feeling ran so deep.

A pavilion, crowded to excess where hundreds of people could look on from raised benches outside, was erected to set a covered stage at one end, decorated and screened in, revealing at the signal, more than a hundred young girls in white and blue — a dazzling spectacle. The genial prelate, from his raised seat in front of the stage, conferred rewards upon the pupil who descended the carpeted steps to receive them. A programme usually consisted of music — voice, harps, pianos — and an entire French drama followed by a shorter amusing one in English; the Bishop filling in the programme's hitches by beaming upon the audience, studying the reactions, and occasionally sustaining the general good humor:

"Those good folk are uncomfortably crowded over there !" he would remark, very loud. "Ah, my good gentlemen, a little more room there — to the right. As the militia officer ordered his company — 'Advance three steps backward,' if you please !" At this, the crowd would respond merrily. On such brilliant July days, plays written by Dr. Louis Rosecrans, and the priest-poet, Donald Xavier MacLeod, would be produced under the sheltering canvas, where the rector of St. Xavier's the superior of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary,

and a score of other serious ecclesiastics surrounded the well-pleased Bishop, mopping their brows in the midsummer heat.

All the bishops of early days, strong, simple men, used to come to Brown County in a trail of purple; once in Cincinnati — a great ecclesiastical centre — naturally, to Saint Martin next; here came Blanc and Spalding and McCloskey, De Goesbriand, Allemany, and Odin. Here the venerable Dominic Lynch of the Order of Preachers was ordained in the nuns' little chapel and here all the old Passionists, all the old Jesuits of the Missouri province, found their way. To any length Monseigneur would go in order to bring there statesmen and public men of every denomination. One of these named the place "The Happy Valley" of Rasselas.

In the Cincinnati *Commercial* of July 12, 1860, His Grace is described to the dot conducting a party of Cincinnatians to this isle of his heart on Solomon's Run. They arrive on the early morning train, a miscellaneous company of priests and penitents, lawyers and clients, farmers and merchants, with a large sprinkling of ladies, all en route for "the Exhibition" at the convent of Saint Martin.

Archbishop Purcell, who, notwithstanding his years and dignity, acted as generalissimo, assigned to the worldly-wise reporter a seat in his wagon, between a lean judge and a leaner bishop. After storing the company in his vehicles His Grace gave the word and

away started the caravan for a five-mile drive through country "as hilly as a camel's back over roads as rough as machine poetry." A jolly party they made.

"Well," declared the newspaper man to his colleagues next day, "if those prelates can pray as fervently as they can laugh, I declare I'll be bound to have faith in their prayers."

At the convent everybody felt instantly at home. They blessed the good heart of Monseigneur for he had an eye to everybody's comfort but his own; and it was both interesting and amusing to watch the kind old gentleman, as he hurried around, leaving no one else anything to do, one moment politely handing a lady from her carriage, then posting for wine and a biscuit to refresh some tired traveller, stopping by the way to play with a little child or bestow his blessing on a kneeling suppliant.

"Differing widely as we do," commented the reporter, "differing from the Archbishop as a theologian, we feel the more free to commend his gentle manners and benevolent heart to the imitation of those who disguise religion with a long face."

"Verily," exclaimed this worldling, "these Ursulines know how to cook. The sister whose skill produced the pudding is worthy of canonization."

The wise prelate calculated that this representative of the press would appreciate all the high points of this educational nursery of his.

"It approaches," said the reporter, "those European schools in which ladies of the higher class are trained; it is worth careful study"; and he proceeded to study it.

The nuns he watched with some curiosity.

"We must also confess," he wrote in next day's paper, "our mistaken idea of nuns. We had pictured to ourselves a community of bilious old maids devoted to ecclesiastical scandal and spleen. We found them quiet, affable, intelligent, and gentle ladies, with numerous accomplishments, in no wise differing from their worldly sisters, save in dress and seclusion."

When, next morning, His Grace read that article in the *Commercial,* he finished his breakfast with an appetite and went to the day's work with vim.

After some years he began, however, to take his Commencements with a difference. In the pages of his brother's weekly he set forth two valuable suggestions:

"First, let Exhibitions be as short as possible; and second, let them be outdoors."

And then the Archbishop grows explicit; he has ideas:

"If they could be held before sunrise any time between 3:00 A.M. and 6:00 A.M., or after sunset between 7:00 P.M. and 1:00 A.M., all the better. Tents," he reflected are cooller at night !"

Still like the paterfamilias of his immense diocesan

family, not his to depreciate the importance of the laurels of youth. He ends in earnest what he began in fun.

"But the crown is to him that wins it. Let the student learn from this experience that every good and noble art contains within it a germ of future reward no matter how long deferred."

And to the Puritanical mind which in that day would criticize the use of drama in schools, he defends the nuns:

"'Foster a taste for theatricals?' No. The objection is futile. All life," says Bishop Purcell, "is dramatic because all life is action. And drama, from its Greek etymology, means nothing more than action. The drama may be abused; so may the holiest things. We detest prudishness, puritanism. The Catholic has the highest sanction in his Church for the lawfulness of such representations."

His Grace even entered into intimate detail, it seems; sometimes, perhaps, too intimate, as one diplomatic letter would imply:

"Reverend Père Cheymol told me," wrote Notre Mère, "how pleased you would be could Jennie Springer personate Queen Esther at the Exhibition."

The charming Miss Jennie was niece to that Reuben Springer who endowed the Music Hall in Cincinnati.

"Most willingly would we assign her that part if it were possible. But the poor child! it would half

kill her. She is so terribly nervous. We hope she will go through with the part she has which is less difficult. For the Queen's part there is a great deal both to speak and to act, and this is our poor little Jennie's first attempt at speaking in public."

The nuns hoped this would go to his heart. The writer enlarges:

"The first time she appeared as Joan of Arc in the tableaux — when she had not even one word to say — she trembled so all the evening after that she could scarcely get over it. The last time she had more confidence. We hope she will be equally successful in the dramatic line.

"Could she have been Queen, it would not have gratified yourself or her uncle more than ourselves." She consoles him with Jennie's lesser triumphs.

"You will be pleased to learn that she is getting wonderfully over those hysterical and nervous feelings from which she suffered so much when she first came to the convent. I attribute it to her general health being so much improved. She will venture to play on the harp at the Exhibition. Indeed, I think she is doing wonders for such a nervous little body, but we must not overtax her."

Admirable, Julia Chatfield ! A bishop in the green-room ? Let him retrace his steps !

Wrote the Cincinnati reporter: "The magic charm that lights upon everything said or done at the Fayetteville Ursulines' was this year more magical than

ever." And the tired nuns were satisfied with their labors.

Through all the long years John Baptist Purcell kept Mother Julia's household in touch with all the currents of the age. His diocesan organ, the Cincinnati *Telegraph,* was read eagerly at the community recreations, with its satisfactory Roman news, the Irish and English columns, its French correspondents. There was little going on in the world of affairs that was not reflected here in the clear pool of their quiet life. They lived at the heart of things because they were aloof enough to think. The "honored letters" from Monseigneur were to them a link with all that life was achieving in this young, big, glad, struggling America. The letters to His Grace almost weekly kept him in living touch with the Happy Valley and nowhere does Mother Julia show so well the finesse of the lady born, as in this unfailing stream of correspondence to the prelate who was the *raison d'être* of her community, their vigorous support, their entire human hope. She seems deeply to have appreciated that aloof as they were, their dependence upon him was the one thread that sustained them and that would stabilize their future.

When he is ill she betrays alarm: "We should be desolate indeed were you removed from our midst. Do take good care of yourself." When he is on the ocean her nuns besiege the Star of the Sea. When he returns, they must be first to welcome him: "Your

children rejoice at your safe return and fondly look forward to your visit. Our letter is presented to you one of the first — if not the very first — by our dear Father Purcell. This kindness I shall not soon forget, nor yours in writing to me three times."

To the old slow days of the horse and gig belongs a kindly good humor in delivering letters and parcels which today seems as quaint as the equipage itself. Everybody who went out of the estate on Solomon's Run seems as a matter of course always to have been burdened with missives. Julia Chatfield is forever sending, and yet woman-like always apologizing for doing it.

"I was consoled by the reception of your letter from New York, though deeply mortified to see that, notwithstanding all my recommendations to the contrary, our good Mother St. Paul (in Boulogne) troubled you again with a terribly large package. You must allow me to apologize; she cannot, I am sure, fully understand how inconvenient this is !"

Next time she apologizes for herself:

"Accept my thanks for having so kindly delivered our letters in Cincinnati. I felt a little ashamed in noticing how many I had troubled you with."

Always the same stately address and complimentary close to her letters to Monseigneur: "Dear Reverend Bishop and Father in God:" at the end, always the same good wishes; always the same "Your obedient servant and devoted Child in God."

Skilfully does she foster his interest in every individual of her family; on his judgment she relies for their well-being. She consults first Father Gacon and then the Bishop. Father Gacon fears, but His Grace has a large outlook. On the other hand, all of his personal interests lived in the thoughts and prayers at Brown County: his Seminary — gigantic project for those days — and his college of Mt. St. Mary's, so near and dear, figure on the community's books, a few hundred dollars here, a few hundred there, "for the Seminary."

It happened once when he had chosen to direct himself the nuns' annual Retreat, he had to hurry away early the morning it closed. She sent a note to him the previous evening, to Father Gacon's house where His Grace always slept. It is full of the wistful, timid half-confidence which the eight days' experience inspired. For eight long days, at stated intervals, the nuns sat in their places in chapel and listened to Monseigneur's interpretation of the spiritual life: the purpose of man's creation; the purpose of all life as conceived by the Christian's ideal of "living Christ"; the monastic ideal; the path of Christian duty; Christian charity; the grave; the hereafter. Never had she been in such solemn and serious touch with Monseigneur as during those days of silence and spiritual commune; never had he been quite like that before. The note was sent to tell him: "It is with deep regret that we hear you must really leave us at an early

hour . . . The time has appeared so short that we can scarcely realize it is over, that at this time tomorrow you will be miles off, and we will no longer assemble in our little chapel to listen to those precious instructions that have fallen from your lips for the last week. . ."

She speaks in the plural — "We" — but it is her own solemn mood she is recording:

"Would to God we could promise you, dear Father, that we will so well treasure up your precious lessons as never again to fail. We are too well convinced of our weakness to promise this but we do hope."

She hides herself behind her sisters.

"As our sisters have so often expressed it, this Retreat has a different effect from any other. In this we feel it is not a person who gives a Retreat because he is invited to do so; but it is a father, who, convinced that we are his children, tells us from his heart all he wishes us to be; and that for our own true good."

When Father Gacon died, the Bishop's brother, Father Edward, succeeded to the direction of the convent, but this made no difference in the relations between Notre Mère and His Grace; her correspondence continued as before notwithstanding his brother's new position and his residence with the Bishop.

Father Edward's influence proved stimulating especially for the teachers and the school: the scientific equipment, books, the heating system, gas, new build-

ings, all large projects of the community were pushed by Father Purcell with wise consideration. The convent books showed a constant outlay of money for such purposes and large sums passed through his hands. True, Notre Mère's letters betrayed, even from the beginning, a certain embarrassment about school tuition paid at the cathedral residence. But Sister St. Pierre's books were always beyond reproach. Not more than sixteen thousand of the community's money went down in the financial crisis that came to Father Edward; they would never ask it back, not even if it were insinuated that they had appropriated some of his.

Father Purcell, the nuns knew, was a man whose word was respected in Washington as that of a financier. His opinion was consulted. But what they could but dimly realize was that he was conducting a business single-handed much too vast for any one man; and this for the sole purpose of relieving people who labored hard and felt they could venture to put into his keeping their honest savings. He undertook, in his kindness of heart to pay an interest of six per cent or more, which they would immediately ask the good man to reinvest. He trusted; they trusted. Times were uncertain.

The Bishop himself became thoroughly uneasy during the panic of 1853. "I have reason to bless God," he writes to the Archbishop of Baltimore, "that my

brother has been enabled so well to meet all the demands made upon him." But the optimistic John Baptist looks for easier times. He has property in the city upon which he can fall back, enough and to spare. Notwithstanding this, prompted by the strain on Father Edward, he publicly warns the priests not to take money for safe-keeping.

Monseigneur loved to descend unexpectedly upon the colony of Solomon's Run. Old Dan, who ran the omnibus from Westboro' to Saint Martin on the Westboro' Pike, would jog along on his high seat above the railed roof where boxes and trunks were strapped, while one or two wayfarers in the old red 'bus rocked and swayed as Dan snapped his whip over the heads of his sophisticated horses and fancied they would "Gee up there !" It was not expected of you to stand up straight in Dan's vehicle; passengers were expected to sit; and lucky the traveller who made the trip under roof with John Baptist Purcell.

"Chilly nights these, "he would remark, taking in his *vis-à-vis* at a glance. "The counterpane my good old mother sent me arrived just in time . . . Yes, it is all knit by her own hands, and as good as a bear skin in warmth !" An eye kindled in the *vis-à-vis* at this; then, on to politics and local news, country roads and remedies for cholera.

"Best remedy I know of is a glass of good brandy in a cup of strong tea. It must be strong when it has

a glass of good brandy in it, without cream or sugar, eh ?"

And from that on to relations and somehow they ended up on religion, when — pat ! came a few remarks to set one a-thinking as Monseigneur observed under his shrewd brows.

Past the covered bridge and near the convent gate Dan's horn would break the moonlight shadows merrily; a sudden stir would pass down the study hall within; and the Bishop would slip out quick as a wink and stand like an apparition in the soft lamplight of some doorway, startling the whole household with his hearty laugh.

With Claude Gacon and William Cheymol in their comfortable house he would while an hour or two before retiring under the old mahogany canopied bed in the stately "Bishop's Room."

"Well, the appointments are all made, and the metamorphoses of the Council's nominations have been both singular and arbitrary enough to satisfy the *donneurs d'avis et encore les donneuses,*" he would say lighting his pipe, and referring to the Council of Baltimore.

"And Monsignor Young, "asked Père Gacon, "he will have the mitre ?"

"He has refused the onus and the honor of it; said he would have accepted Erie but he dreaded Pittsburgh. He was nominated to it only by Bishop O'Connor. It was twenty-four of the principal burghers of

them wrote him in reverential terms, deprecating his acceptance of their bishop's place !"

"And he gave up ?" asked Cheymol anxiously.

"Oh, he foresaw all that ! No, this act of the burgesses had not a specially dissuasive influence. But the setting aside of the Council's action threw all into Pi at Pittsburgh, Erie, and Quincy."

At this moment, the door of the room opened softly; the three men turned in the firelight and Monseigneur paused.

"Ah ! Sœur Marthe !" exclaimed Cheymol.

"So it is; *entrez, ma fille, entrez !*" called Gacon.

"Ah !" laughed apologetically old Sœur Martha who was châtelaine of the rectory. *"Monseigneur, quand vous auriez fini —"*

"Tell it in English, tell it in English, sister," insisted he, starting to his feet. The Bishop's hobby was to bring all languages down to good old United States.

"When you fini," said Sœur Marthe sweetly, "you lockie the door, killie the light."

"C'est ça !" exclaimed Gacon.

The Bishop laughed heartily.

"Killie the light ! That is good advice for such an old stager as I am. I have before me, gentlemen, a splashing, dashing trip on the Hillsboro stage tomorrow. It is my intention to start to Washington, and to Philadelphia on Friday evening. I am bound to be in Cleveland for the twenty-ninth and to take Rochester in on my way." He turned on the hearth-rug

with his back to the fire, spread his coat-tails, and planted himself squarely.

"I had to tide or swim three creeks last Sunday, or rather, Saturday. And then, on Sunday morning to top it all, I was sick; I was right or wrong sick. Had to run out of the sanctuary to lie down on that little church step, exhausted. A stretch on the step a few minutes: I could take relief in a horizontal position you see !" He laughed a little.

The two Frenchmen were silent. They knew it was like him always to assume that he should be the last to be looked after; was he not forever hearing confessions all a hot summer's day in some rude shanty or explaining doctrines in some crude courthouse, the flies buzzing in the pane ? or else he was eternally jolting over the hills in a farm wagon, perhaps fifty miles, to drop in and cheer some lonely priest. They were silent.

Monseigneur went on: "The Nuncio has not yet been heard from. I do not know if he will come to Cincinnati now. A priest from the east writes that he fears assassination as a sworn band of conspirators are intent on his destruction. Well, well !"

"It's time to go to bed, past eleven," said Gacon, looking at his watch.

"Well, I guess I can dispense with rocking till I be rocked on the Hillsboro stage tomorrow morning. Good night, gentlemen."

Gacon followed him towards the door and knelt to kiss the bishop's ring.

"Que Dieu vous benisse !" said the prelate, looking from one to the other.

He felt that notwithstanding any astringent measure to which he bound them, these men were his. There was tremendous confidence on both sides. The long succession of tender, submissive, childlike letters, sent every New Year from these two loyal "Auvergnats" expressed admirably the attitude of the whole Brown County family towards the man who in his day was the observed of all observers.

In '63, "It is now twenty-four years," they wrote, "that we have had the honor to belong to your diocese and far from regretting it for an instant, we bless Providence a thousand times for having given us a prelate so remarkable for his light and piety. It helps much to be preceded by the chief of a diocese always brilliant like a torch with learning and virtues. May God grant us docility and courage to walk in your footsteps.

"Receive, Monseigneur, the assurance of our perfect obedience and profound submission."

During the stormy days of the Know Nothings, the Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, came to Cincinnati. He was making a tour through the United States and in Washington he paid an ex-official call at the White House to see President Pierce. The "Na-

tive American" fanatics, all on edge at the moment, were incited by bands of exiled European revolutionists to interpret falsely his visit to the Executive as an attempt to gain official recognition as diplomatic representative of the Pope in this country. "Well," wrote Monseigneur, "the Nuncio has been here and at this peaceful season his visit has occasioned bloodshed and riots and lawsuits.

"On Christmas night at half past ten, from five hundred to a thousand 'Freemen' marched in procession from their hall on Vine Street within a square of the cathedral with execrable music, a gallows, a stuffed Nuncio ready for hanging, clubs, dirks, pistols.

"But," goes on Monseigneur, drawing breath, "the police were in waiting for them. The police pitched into them. Many were wounded, one, at least, mortally — he was buried yesterday — and a policeman was shot in the leg. Sixty-three of the infidels were arrested and the rest fled."

The infidels referred to were some German infidel revolutionary exiles in Cincinnati, who had joined cause with the Know Nothings.

The Bishop's Irish blossoms out as he resumes his tale:

"The standard-bearer of the padded Nuncio was badly cut in the head; and the 'Nuncio' itself was used as a softer bed than any the watch-house afforded to stretch him on while his wounds were dressed. The watch-house was a perfect museum of things carried

in the procession: mitres, hats, etc. The trial of the rioters is going on today. Making our rounds the Nuncio was continually much agitated. I do not know where he will go next; probably to Louisville or New Orleans. The 'Freemen' ought to have been abashed in the Nuncio's presence and by his Christian and gentlemanly bearing towards them. He is looking with intense anxiety for letters recalling him home and to go as Nuncio to Madrid."

After this graphic relation of one of the stirring events of the time, the Bishop relaxes again:

"I have relapsed into my bad writing, but you know how busy I am with His Excellency, with visitors and visits, and fears and feastings. Of course, I have on all occasions stood by him, ready to cover him with my *corpusculum,* from assassination if need be; the infidel papers were very incensing; they almost went so far as to set a price on his head. But I would give a large sum to see him or to know him safe and sound out of Cincinnati. God save us !"

The letter, witty as it was, brought out the laughter of the nuns at recreation, and the amusing commentary of such home-wits as Sister Ursula or Sister Borgia, but it could not but make the judicious grieve, of these women who were giving their lives to instil the principles of law and order in the rising generation of Catholics, and Protestants as well.

They took consolation subsequently in knowing that through the influence of Archbishop Purcell, largely,

the Cincinnati papers, *Commercial Gazette* and *Enquirer,* finally took a stand upon the Know Nothing disorders; the newspapers throughout the country followed their lead, and the obnoxious movement subsided.

In 1870, Notre Mère is reading to the nuns "a beautiful extract from our dear Monseigneur's letter" to her from the Eternal City. The Vatican Council was there in session and the dogma of Papal Infallibility had just been promulgated. Sister Pauline's journal is full of feminine enthusiasm:

"In our dear Monseigneur's letter he acknowledges his entire submission to the Infallibility of the Holy Father. And although our Archbishop was one of the eighty whose opinion had been against its timeliness, he submits, as he himself expresses it — 'lovingly.' "

As the press had previously announced, His Grace's objection to the measure had been read in Latin at the session; it arose from the way the proposed definition had been delimited; but when at last the doctrine was defined as "Infallibility in matters of faith and morals, the Pope speaking ex-cathedra," Archbishop Purcell accepted it.

In the following month, one evening, the whole household once more at recreation, His Grace came blithely in on the omnibus. He had come to tell them about the great Vatican Council. Then was there excitement and a gathering of all: the house-chaplains,

nuns, everybody; little girls and big girls, giggling girls and sleepy ones, timid and dashing damsels, to gather around His Grace in the biggest classroom, an enormous circle with an improvised throne in the midst, partly to do him honor and utterly to make sure that no precious syllable be lost for a single soul of them !

With his usual docility Monseigneur wrote the Pope an entire adhesion to the new definition and by January he had a letter to show Mother Julia from Pio Nono in person, who for years had loved the little but great American and who now found that his affection "had not only not diminished but had by this experience been the more confirmed."

"Purcell ?" remarked a long-lived survivor, "oh, Purcell was a king !" He stood a beacon on a hill. He was a man to whom friends in Paris would write:

"The Queen (Marie Amélie) exclaimed when I mentioned your name, *'Oh, le brave homme ! Je m'en souviens bien ! bien !'* "

He was a man to whom friends in Rome would write:

"The Holy Father [Pius IX] is delighted with your letter; he carries it in his hand and says to everybody, 'See my beautiful letter !' "

As Notre Mêre well knew, the son of the little old Irish mother in the plain black bonnet who lived just over the hedge in Saint Martin — this John Baptist Purcell — had made of Cincinnati the cynosure of all

eyes. His mind concerned itself vastly with his vast diocese in a correspondence which was enormous from all parts of the world. His will had the dominance and sternness of a ruler born, and born in Ireland. His heart overflowed with Irish warmth and kindness, and no man was too poor to find in him a friend. And when the warmth of his heart unwittingly had brought down ruin, and the world turned heavily against him and left him, as is the common lot, deserted, there were those who would go to die with him.

But Julia Chatfield knew nothing of all that. Fortunately for her she died the very year it happened.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE WAR CLOUD

JULIA CHATFIELD'S first contact with the race question as it existed in America came about three years after she left France.

What could this young Englishwoman know of it, beyond that wide but casual information which comes to people of her class? Ponder's End caught few echoes from the rice-fields of Carolina. Furthermore, a dozen years in the seclusion of a French convent would not make her any the wiser.

Journeying to America in '45, she had passed rapidly through half a dozen American cities with their mixed population, cities such as they were at that epoch, and she had arrived at this garden spot of her own where there was not, perhaps, a colored person for some miles around. Here, she built up a school for children of various and, at that day, conflicting nationalities; in fact, Julia Chatfield developed a certain genius for cosmopolitanism, for the cross in the forest attracted teachers from England, France, Germany, a few from Ireland, and from almost as many states of the Union — women who desired a centre of

efficiency where their talents might be devoted to the spiritual enrichment of others, where they might impart to a new nation, a new generation, the inspiration which had fallen to them. This cosmopolitanism had already begun to blossom when she, the guiding spirit, had her first contact with a child of alien race.

She tells the story in one of her early letters to Bishop Purcell, and the episode closes with a solution which shows her developing judgment, the magnanimity and prudence that mark her later years.

"I must now relate a most singular circumstance that occurred here last Saturday. A very genteel-looking man, whom I supposed then and even now believe to be an Englishman, of the name of Wilson, called here and made arrangements to place his little girl, ten years old, with us.

"The next morning he came with the child who had on a bonnet and veil that covered her face, and being a little sick from riding, she looked pale, although of a rather dark complexion. In the glimpse I caught of her I thought she looked a little like a Creole, but still it seemed that could not be as her father is an Englishman, and she says her mother, who is dead, was English also. I then took it for granted that it was her southern complexion. She is the first I have seen to my knowledge.

"But the children, who have often seen and examined the Creoles or mulattoes think, some of them, that she

is of that race; others, that she is not; and these think it a pity not to keep her."

To the English mind color did not spell the same language as to the American. Caste and color and race meant to Julia Chatfield not prejudice and animosity but a sense of the bigness of the world, the mystery and largeness of the designs of Providence. You feel her wonder, her curiosity — perhaps a young sense of the romantic — but beneath it a masterly instinct of right, of the real human brotherhood, dispassionate. For the first time the pathos, the inevitable bitter fruit of race prejudice, smote her heart.

Is the girl a creole ? is she a negress ? is she a mulatto ? a storm of feeling sweeps through the classrooms. What subdued excitement in the young ladies' boarding-school. What peeking around corners ! what gossip ! delicious mystery and hubbub. The strange child with her large dark eyes looks at them all; Julia Chatfield watches her. It is clear she does not intend to let her mind be swayed by conflict of opinion; her sense of justice and her warm heart have gathered this little being into the fold of her sympathies with something of the pang that the womanly Isabella felt gazing from her throne upon those dusky Indian figures, wampum decked, that drooped helpless at her feet.

"In general," she goes on, "our pupils do not appear at all indisposed towards her, yet, knowing the horror of these people and their descendants in this

country, would it not be advisable to withdraw her from them until her father's return in two or three weeks, when I propose placing her again in his hands. He left a hundred and twenty dollars, which money we must return, of course. The parents of the children might not like her to remain. He left his address: Greenville, Washington County, Mississippi.

"The sisters laugh at me for allowing myself to be so easily imposed upon, but I could not suppose that an Englishman's child — his name and appearance are both perfectly English — was a real mulatto. We feel rather embarrassed," concludes Notre Mère quaintly.

It seems the father never returned. Sister St. Pierre's opinion on the case was sharp and practical:

"The little girl is too anxious to stay to say anything contrary to what her father said," insisted she. "However, such people seldom do tell the truth and that's a fact."

But Notre Mère: "We shall keep her," she said. "We shall keep her separate from the other children, and she shall have private lessons."

The upshot was that the child stayed several years thus, and they taught her all they could; they laid the foundation of moral and religious training. The sequel showed Julia Chatfield's attitude once for all on the subject of race. To her, a soul was a soul.

It was not that she was unaware in the years before the war of the prevailing feeling. Everybody knew

or gradually came to know that Brown County in Ohio was one of the most active junctions of the famous "Underground Railway," the system of secret trails by which the slaves, escaping from western Virginia and Kentucky, crossed the Ohio at Ripley, and journeying in the midnights, station to station, hidden in wagons with false bottoms, with their women and children, and during the day concealed in hollow hayricks, barn-lofts, thickets, or secret chambers of cellar or garret, got away to Canada. Many a farmhouse a stone's throw from Notre Mère's door, held sympathizers whom the terrors of a one-sided law could not shake.

One of the slaves who had swam the river at Ripley escaping a Kentucky master, had fallen into friendly hands and the baffled pursuer swore, "That nigger must have gone off on an underground railroad !"

Like a flash the Abolitionists took up the slogan; the "Underground Railway" found headlines in papers the length and breadth of the land. Those who helped were dubbed conductors; desperation devised the tracks.

The nuns were aware that parents of children who came to the Day Class, many of them, had deep interest in the slave question. They had also heard of the beacon lights in the Rankin house at Ripley to signal across to the Kentucky hills that now it was safe for fugitives to cross. From Ripley on to Sardinia, Sar-

dinia to Lynchburg — often, when fearful of the open road, cutting through the convent woods — thence to Martinsville and Wilmington where the Quaker settlement awaited them. Only a night's ride in a creaking wagon, perhaps, up the old Anderson state road, a short cut across within sound of the children's voices at play, and some wretched negro mother clasping her child was off to Canada and freedom. The laughing voices that reached her were of children from South and North, innocently intermingled — one of those pathetic ironies that trail themselves athwart human life. The nuns at their quiet prayers, the convent sleeping in the still night, were vaguely conscious of the tragedy passing the door.

Thus, feeling for the fugitive slave was peculiarly strong in southern Ohio. Ohio's boundary, lying over against Kentucky with a hundred sixty miles of river running very low at low tide, and about two hundred miles along the Virginia boundary, was easy to cross, and its sympathetic population of Quakers, Covenanters, and Anti-Slavery self-exiled Southerners, naturally formed a network of interlacing lines of escape. Throughout the state there developed some eighteen or nineteen thoroughly organized trails for the fugitives. Julia Chatfield had come to Ohio at the moment when the business was approaching its height; prosecutions under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1793 began in Ohio during the Forties with verdicts amounting to as much as six thousand dollars costs.

"They were charged for ink and quills . . . for lessons in tapestry and wax flowers; and those proficient in French pursued their studies in that language . . ."

People found the 1793 law a source of much confusion because it provided state intervention for irate masters but failed to designate a proper officer.

Excitement growing, the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 settled the question of judges; however, it also fed the flame by according a favorable judge ten dollars fee and an unfavorable one, five. It paid, then, to render verdict for the slave hunter; it paid to render many of them.

Meantime, hundreds of people in Ohio were evading the law. A thousand dollars fine and six months in prison was the penalty. What wonder that Dr. Seibert, historian of the subject, found, in the '90's, colonies of aged escaped slaves in Canada who were in terror even at that time to tell him their story, lest they be brought back to servitude.

Giddings' speech in the House in '52 voiced the feeling in the neighborhood of Julia Chatfield's school:

"Let me say to southern men: 'When you ask us to pay the expenses of arresting your slaves, you overstep the bounds of the Constitution, and there we meet you, and there we stand and there we shall remain. . .'"

What an uproar reached the very proper domicile of Julia Chatfield when, at Sardinia, eighteen miles away, the White-Oak Anti-Slavery Society held its hot meetings throughout the '50's. Neutrality cost its price. It was no small responsibility to shield children of southern and northern parents alike. Yet,

the sympathies of the nuns, howsoever tacit, were with those of what Roosevelt calls "the intelligent collectivism . . . not capable of violating the sympathies of common humanity and driving from their door the outcast or wandering poor."

One day Father Purcell came to the convent with a copy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in his hand.

"Read it, read it," he said to Sister Michel whom he met in the vestibule. "It is the book of the hour."

"What is it ?" she asked wonderingly.

"It is the story of your own home, the story of Brown County," he replied, shaking hands with Sister Stanislaus who had hurried down. "It is the new book everybody is talking about, Ma Mère. The principal incident took place right here in your own neighborhood; it is a story of the fugitive slaves. All the Abolitionists are wild about it."

Notre Mère and Sister St. Pierre and a few others by this time had appeared.

"Oh," said Notre Mère, "I have a copy of that on my desk upstairs; Mrs. Piatt brought it yesterday. She says we must be sure to read it. Come in, Father. We shall send your carpet-bag over to Father Gacon's house, and he will be here shortly. Do sit down." She drew up the shade in the "Bishops' Parlor."

"The episode," went on Father Purcell, "took place some little time ago; I recall seeing it in the Cincinnati papers. And Mrs. Stowe cleverly has drawn the story of Eliza's flight in this book and her perilous es-

cape across the Ohio from that incident. It occurred near Red Oak Creek, in Brown County, beyond Ripley."

He sat down.

"You see, Eliza knew the river was frozen over and she stepped into the snow and slush that covered it and she crossed over to Crosby's Point down here in Brown County. There, they say, she dropped the child's petticoat which the Crosbys found next day. Naturally, of course, her pursuers supposed that she was drowned because, when they reached the bank, the weather had moderated and the ice quickly melted. It makes a thrilling story I assure you," he added, rising as Père Gacon came quickly up the front steps.

So all the nuns and girls went reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* And Sister Hyacinth, quick to see the dramatic values in all things — Sister Hyacinth, of whom the Cincinnati reporter once affirmed that the world had lost a good actress to make a good nun — got her head together with Notre Mère's, and some others', and by June she had a great play ready for the big canvas tent in the open. None so delighted as the convent girls; none to interpret better the kinky-headed Topsy, the black Uncle Tom. What fun for a girls' school. How new and different from the old classic Queen Esther and other unbending celebrities. But then Sister Hyacinth got it up, and "You know what *that* means !" they would say with hauteur.

News of the dramatization spread, and the crowd from the surrounding country was larger than usual. That day a hush fell over the audience, aware as they were of the local interest attending the action. The afternoon June air became charged with feeling. Years after, in San Francisco, New Orleans, New York, powdered ladies in their theatre boxes would smile a cryptic smile when the curtain went up on Mrs. Stowe's great melodrama, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* as memories of girlhood's white-hot joys reverted to mind — the convent, the dignified nuns, the carefully trained, fresh-faced little actresses, so full of the pathos, the tragedy they were portraying.

Lincoln's "Proclamation" and call for volunteers brought an immediate mass meeting at the county seat of Brown County, April 20, 1861, loath as the people were, and incredulous as they had been of an actual issue. The whole countryside around the convent was astir, neighbors, workmen, chaplains, everybody. The manifesto they drew up was full of spirit:

"We trust all Union-loving and law-abiding citizens will once more rally around the Stars and Stripes !"

Immediately the national flag floated from stores, workshops, homes, and the air was full of the excitement of military preparation. It was a ferment with a deep undercurrent of gloom and foreboding. The financial panic of '59 had depressed the country and lessened confidence in the money system; and Julia Chatfield's school felt the coming crisis. There was

a distinct sense of uneasiness in the community. She told them:

"The small number of boarders, dear sisters — only thirty-eight in all, this fall — seems to be a trial sent us from Almighty God, but I understand there are many other schools similarly treated. We must try to bear courageously all the trials of Providence and never rely for success upon human means."

There was, however, a weight at her heart.

Monseigneur was often at Brown County during the early years of the war. He did all that he could to reassure the nuns. Lessons went on as usual, and only the vaguest murmurs of the storm reached the ears of the pupils who studied and dreamed, strove and triumphed with the insouciance of youth.

"It is deplorable, deplorable, this state of things," he said as he sat in the parlor talking to Notre Mère and Père Gacon.

"I hope," he went on slowly, "and I think, too, that the government will not proceed to the odious measure of shutting up the schools."

"Ah !" exclaimed M. Gacon, "that would be a mistake, indeed ! the schools, they are the only *asiles pour les enfants !* what, what would become of them ?"

"You have no idea, no conception," said the Bishop, turning to Notre Mère, "of the unrest, the turmoil, fear, distress, in the homes of the people. It is appalling."

"It must be indeed," answered Notre Mère. "The children's letters from home, from every direction, are

full of the relief of mothers that their little ones are safe, safe away from it all. But do you think, Monseigneur, that the schools really will be closed ?"

"Well," answered the Bishop, "you cannot tell anything about it. There are such complications. It is a time for the very greatest prudence, especially prudence of speech. The Archbishop of New York, as I am informed, has just warned his clergy against disloyalty and denunciation of the constituted authorities. . ."

"There is such contradictory feeling all through the country," said Notre Mère. "You can feel it in the press. I trust Your Lordship will keep us instructed about everything." She fingered the end of her leathern cincture a trifle nervously.

"Oh, as to that," said Monseigneur, "I am sure the good teachers, male and female, will abstain from anything in word or deed to give umbrage to the government. To this difficulty, you here, my child, are scarcely exposed. I do not think you have anything to fear; go on with your work and do not worry. I shall keep you informed."

"The country," said Père Gacon, "seems to have lost its head. The question of secession is but a new phase of the old revolution — that negation of authority which is the cornerstone of modern revolutionary ideas."

"That is just it," put in the Bishop with emphasis. "That is just the very reason why the schools must go

on." A glance at Julia Chatfield's face showed it was not the moment for philosophical theories. "That is why, my dear sister, you must go forward with more courage than ever in the work of which you have made this place the centre. You have done well. Yes, you have indeed done well."

Her lip showed the slightest tremor. She gazed steadily at the Bishop as a subordinate might confront his military commander. It was not for nothing that her grandfather had been out with Warren Hastings.

"Yes, my child," returning her gaze with kindliness. And then, with that magnetic inspiration which made him the figure of his time, he lifted her spirit to the larger, wider vision which instinctively he knew was hers by nature and inheritance.

"It is now more than ever given to you — yes, to you, personally, to teach anew to the world the need of Christianity and its restraining laws; for states as well as for individuals, for modern governments and modern society as well as for the salvation of a single soul. Every young girl upon whom you leave your impress is one more factor in that important task."

So Julia Chatfield went back to her nuns with new inspiration. She roused them to her own spirit. And she urged them to prayer against the evils that seemed to threaten her adopted country.

"Be on your guard, sisters," she said: "Guard against anything savoring of panic, but at the same time we must be prepared for any emergency."

"You hear so many different things," complained they. "The children are so excitable."

"Let us listen prudently to the children's remarks and not encourage excitable talk. We must place unbounded confidence in God alone."

She did not know what six months might bring; was she justified in receiving new novices into the community ?

"The troubled state of the country seems cause sufficient to prevent their reception," she told her nuns. How could she under the circumstances promise any young girl security ? What if they all should have to go back to Boulogne ? It was the anxiety of '48 reversed !

"I have consulted the Bishop; he is of opinion that they should not be delayed; we shall therefore proceed as usual," she announced with dignity to her Chapter.

One day word went around that Ma Mère Stanislaus wished a meeting of all Chapter members; nothing was to be said to Notre Mère; she was far from well.

"What is it all about ?" whispered Sister Dolores to Sister Ambrosia as they entered the Chapter room.

"Anything the matter with the Archbishop ?" asked Sister Ambrosia. "I saw the carriage go up the lane a while ago."

Ma Mère looks a little pale taking her seat in the assembly. She announces that considering the unsettled state of the country, she thought that on account of the confidence all the community entertained for

"Solomon's Run had a manner of swelling importance in Spring freshets, making a double curve around the Ursuline estate . . ."

the present superioress, they were justified in waiving the elections this year and in begging Mother Julia to remain in office another year. The matter she put to secret vote which was unanimous. The decision was then to be sent to the city for Monseigneur's approval. There were even very grave fears, Ma Mère said, lest conventual life itself be no longer possible, so menacing, so bitter, so extreme was the national situation become. Again was Julia Chatfield's life swept into the dark currents of uncertainty; each day, each month, brought out new fears.

The war went on. No tent at Brown County now, no reporters, no stepping of dainty misses to strains of harp and piano, school closed with a quiet gathering. The boarding house was full of southern people seeking refuge, or who had come up to see their children and could not get back through the lines.

Under Notre Mère's care were children of the Rosecrans, the Ewings, Shermans, Scammons. The focus of the war lay at this moment in Kentucky and Tennessee. General Sherman had been wounded at the battle of Shiloh; all southern Ohio was aflame.

"Terrible news from Cincinnati," announces the convent record. "The farm workmen have to be discharged and everything is at a standstill. Sister Ambrosia's brother comes to take leave of her. There is apprehension lest all our workmen go. Sister Ignatius and the boys she is teaching out in the arbor are frightened by a madman on horseback, who comes

tearing down the avenue calling to the workmen to take three days' rations and set out immediately for Cincinnati where the fighting is going on."

By fall Cincinnati was actually under martial law; and all the men of the neighborhood fell under the draft. The darkness of the hour is reflected in the old French journal: "During our community recreations, the nuns talk about what means of escape we might have from the perils that are menacing, and we amuse ourselves planning our resources in case *all* our pupils leave." However, there is little time for idle dreaming. School goes on unrelenting. A knitting machine takes the place of the fancy beadwork and embroideries; and the whole household, nuns and girls, knit, knit, knit, stockings for the soldiers, turning all the heels by hand; and there are mittens, with thumb and forefinger set in by girlish fingers, that pitiless hands may pull the trigger in the grim struggle of father against father and brother against brother; while these girls, northern and southern together, sit side by side, chatting gaily as girls will. Lint bandages are turned out by thousands. All the children from the farms learn in the Day Class and go home to teach their mothers; and enormous boxes of these supplies are acknowledged to Notre Mère in grateful letters from the Commissaries who have no Red Cross to supply them.

As unrest grows apace Notre Mère's health shows the strain. "The mail has been quite irregular since

the bridges near Westboro' and Blanchester were burned away," she writes to the Bishop.

The year '63, darkest of the war, held intense interest for Brown County. This was the year of Chickamauga, when Rosecrans in the army of the Cumberland was working his way down the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers through the Confederate lines to take Vicksburg and open up the Mississippi to meet Admiral Farragut from New Orleans. The Rosecrans children were at the convent, and the Bishop, General Rosecrans' brother, now Auxiliary of Cincinnati, was giving the annual convent retreats and presiding in absence of the Archbishop. He was part of the household. General Scammon and General Rosecrans had taken a cottage for their joint families not far away, at Yellow Springs, while the daughters were under Notre Mère's care behind the bridges of Solomon's Run.

One May morning Dr. Rosecrans paused, pencil in hand, at the head of the path, glancing thoughtfully down the slope towards the creek.

"I am writing a poem !" laughed the young Bishop to a group of nuns and children out for the morning's constitutional.

"Does it not become my purple ? on such a morrow ? at such an hour ? Who could resist ? the dogwood in glorious bloom and Solomon's Run roaring high !"

On the back of an envelope he had scribbled the

apotheosis of the ancient stream, and he read it aloud now, sonorously:

Solomon's Run is roaring high,
The run that used to run so dry;
You ne'er would have thought it more than I,
That Solomon's Run could run so high.
You can hear the roar through the distant wood,
And see the broadening yellow flood;
Perhaps by the break of another day
A steamboat will come puffing up this way.

The previous day, the Bishop, with his niece, Mamie, returning to the convent had been detained by the heavy rains washing away the bridges that shut off Saint Martin. But now, to please the children whose delight was in him, he added to his rhyme

We'll make a wharf of this rustic bridge,
Or mount the top from off the ridge,
And start it off on a summer trip,
Exploring Solomon's Run in our ship.

It was like him to drift off into a half-ironical, wholly poetical mood:

So life's stream broadens as we sail on;
So dreams of youth too soon are gone;
And the head that runs wildly off to explore
Oft returns to its moorings no more!

All that summer the movements of the armies were followed with tension. General Rosecrans was strain-

ing every point, as his friends knew, to prevent Halleck from engaging all the forces in the West at the same time, leaving the army without a single reserve to stem the current of possible disaster. It was a nerve-racking experience, as his sympathizers surmised, but he won. He won and they breathed freely once more. It was at this point he wrote his famous letter to the Army of the Cumberland:

"You have accomplished the great work of the campaign. You hold now the key of east Tennessee, of northern Georgia, and of the enemies' mines of coal and nitre."

The colony on Solomon's Run were jubilant.

But then came Morgan's Raid. The quiet of the peaceful woods was startled when suddenly, in mid-July, Colonel John Morgan made his historic dash across the Ohio like some bold, rude meteor. Morgan's orders from General Bragg were to move from Tennessee into Kentucky, break up the railroad on which General Rosecrans depended for supplies, capture Louisville, destroy all the public works, and return quickly. He led two thousand mounted infantry.

Morgan determined to exceed his orders and make a raid north of the Ohio. He fought his way tooth and nail through Kentucky, seized two steamboats, and began crossing the river, squabbled with a gunboat, and finally landed in Indiana, pursued for seventeen days by Hobson from Kentucky. Then was there rushing of state militia by thousands. On July thir-

teenth he crossed the Indiana state line, detaching parties to burn bridges and confuse the pursuit, and impressing fresh horses from the farms and towns. Skimming north of Cincinnati by night, pursued by Hobson at forty miles a day, and swerving towards the government stockade of animals, he made for the Ohio near Blennerhasset Island, Hobson in the rear, Judah of Kentucky on his flank, Parkersburg regiments on the river, with gunboats watching and patrolling the fords. Twenty-four days it took them to trap the fox, losing nineteen killed, forty-seven wounded, eight missing. Morgan moved like a flash, carrying his own telegraph operator; he kept acquainted with the enemies' plans while he was misleading them. When they came to the bridge it was always burned; the awaited supplies never arrived; rails were ripped up, trains stopped. But at last, captured, the wily fox lost his life.

"We heard yesterday," run the convent records, "that Morgan, the guerilla chief, was not far away. The carriage we had sent for Archbishop Purcell, who was expected from Cincinnati, returned empty, with the report that passenger trains were being pillaged, and that the guerillas might be here at any moment."

That night watch was kept. All shutters were strictly closed — not a light on the place. Blest were the old trees that screened the buildings from the road. Under the darkness the farm lay hid, the few

remaining horses quiet, unaware, in their stalls. Morgan was seeking such as they.

The tinkle of Sister St. Pierre's rosary occasionally broke the silence as her dark form glided out from the chapel where she, Sister Stanislaus, and the rest were praying; up in the dormitories the children were fast asleep; but not so Julia Chatfield. She hears the distant thud of horses' hooves. She stands rooted with fear on the chapel threshold. Will they stop?

Right past the gate rode Morgan and his troopers, on down to Sardinia, saddles creaking, men half-drowsing, weary horses throwing out an occasional snort. Was the guerilla aware under his slouch hat that here lay a farm and horses ? horses and loot ? Her heart suffocated her as the thought rushed to her brain. If Morgan knew of what lay behind these trees he gave no sign. She scarcely dared think of him for fear of the subtle power of mind upon mind.

Still the thud of passing feet; on, on. The last distant sound — then stillness. The danger was past. Notre Mère drew a long breath; she went into the dark chapel and knelt before the altar, tired, glad.

A week or two later and they had snared him. He never recrossed the river.

In spite of the turmoil of all the country a large school was enrolled. South and North entrusted children to these women who themselves were, many of them, from South and North. Pupils from Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, all the southern states were

there, while Bickett's Inn was overflowing with southern ladies who preferred the clearer skies north of the Ohio; once across the river they found it almost impossible to get back through the lines. So many pupils there were that the little chapel now no longer could hold them all, and the classrooms became impossible. The nuns must have a new building, but all the world seemed at a standstill.

The unsettled state of things that affected their neighbors and friends on every side was bound to react upon Notre Mère's little family and make itself felt wherever conditions were weakest.

Poor Sister Christine who had long shown signs of mental aberration had during the war to be consigned to an institution for the insane. But, more painful still, the crisis was precipitated for another, one whose nature and temperament were easily swayed, a talented teacher, high-strung, useful, and beloved. She sought canonical release from her vows, to which she had every right if she so desired, and to the grief of the others, particularly Notre Mère's, left the convent on Solomon's Run for a worldly life in which she later made an unhappy marriage and passed to an early death.

"She is truly worthy of compassion," wrote Notre Mère during the long months of vacillation which to her as superior were excruciating. *"'La tête de cêtte pauvre sœur est bien malade,'* as Father Cheymol says. It may now be best to allow her to do as she

wishes. We will continue to treat her kindly for reproaches would only make matters worse."

The departing sister had relatives and friends in high circles in the east, which complicated matters; everybody was anxious to help her but she became her own worst enemy. She left the convent on Solomon's Run. In a year or so she realized her mistake and presented herself once more at the door. But now it was not the Superior but Sister Stanislaus who with firm hand settled the sorrowful question once for all:

"She entreated to be readmitted," Sister Stanislaus wrote the Bishop, "to 'her still loved home.' I told her it was utterly impossible; that neither you, Monseigneur, nor Father Purcell, nor the community would consent to it. Besides, it would be only recommencing 'the old life.'

"I hope, dear Father, that I have acted rightly in so doing and also in giving her money to go to her brother in the east, as she had none. Notre Mère's health was not such as to bear the shock that her presence in Saint Martin would give her, and I declined to apprise her of it."

Thus the years brought many troubles — bereavement, too.

One day during the Civil War word came that Julia Chatfield's mother had died far away in London. Must every intimate chord be swept? Major Chatfield had succumbed to heart disease, suddenly, a year or two after his daughter came to America; her

only brother had followed with a similar death. Since then Monseigneur and Père Cheymol had each visited Ponder's End and brought her tidings of the dear ones, but not very many letters had passed between.

Now in her hand she held this black-edged note. She stood at the window looking down the Long Walk. The Ohio woods melted away like a mist and she seemed, after twenty years, to be on the gravelled path leading to her mother's door. She could not forget the day she drove past the threshold with such high resolve; the day she relinquished "father and mother, house and lands for love of Him"; she could never have done it but once. Her heart bled anew. The tears she shed were the tears of the little pinafored girl at Ponder's End; the mystery of blood and of race compelled her.

In the eternal silence all would be understood. She looked out the windows of this room strangely as one who notes the alien landscape but in the passing, yet these had long become the fields of home. What is home ?

Not one of kith and kin had followed her into the fold except the little sister in the dim grave at Boulogne; and Henrietta, yes, her second sister, faithful Henrietta, who remained always in France and died years after at the Ursulines' of Boulogne: a woman *"remarquée par sa parfaite distinction,"* as one of the nuns characterized her.

In such manner, apart from the horrors of the war and its uncertainties, those years brought harrassing care, private sorrow to Julia Chatfield.

Suddenly, one day, a new bolt struck her to the heart. In the midst of the War's confusion, there arrived a strange summons from France: the community of Beaulieu suddenly summoned Sister Stanislaus Laurier to come home. The Beaulieu convent, where she had made her vows, the convent from which she had stolen out in disguise some fifteen or twenty years ago, now passing through a series of temporal misfortunes, conceived the idea that, as Sister Stanislaus had never withdrawn from them her dower, she was really one of them, and they had a right to recall her.

Now she was Mother Julia's main stay; she was the ruling spirit in the classes; loved; admired; her grace, her accent, her every movement appealed to the young imagination. The Beaulieu nuns were right in that she was a born leader; and if anyone could save a situation she could.

One miry winter day Bishop Purcell had brought to Saint Martin a man who wrote of her, years after, in his book *Forty Years of American Life,* a vivid impression:

"She may have been forty years old, Mother of Novices. It is not easy to tell a lady's age, especially when you see only two-thirds of that calm, passionless face. But how beautiful she was! Of noble French birth, she was grace and elegance to the tips of her

fingers. She wore her coarse serge habit and woollen veil, the leather strap around her waist, and wooden crucifix, as if they had been the robes and ornaments of a princess."

This, then, is the woman Julia Chatfield was asked to give up.

"I inform you," wrote the superior of the Beaulieu Ursulines, "that our bishop here has decided that the return of this sister is necessary. He intends to send her an Obedience to return. I myself have just received a petition to ask for her that is signed by more than sixty signatures. She alone can lighten the weight pressing upon us and help us to do the good which the needs of the town demand.

"Our bishop is resolved to use all his authority for the recall of this sister, indispensable to the mother-community, to which she is vowed by profession, obedience, and submission. . ."

And so, poor Sister Stanislaus Laurier had unconsciously taken on the importance of an indispensability to the little French town ! Called back from the heroism of obscurity which she had chosen in her youth and which was only now half consummated; as Pauline Laurier, of noble lineage, her prestige might have helped the Community of her origin in its crisis, but here, as Sister Stanislaus, her personal influence was already stamped upon two generations of people scattered the breadth of this new country of her choice. No tradition has come down of the months

of anxiety which seem to have borne entirely upon the deep-hearted, self-contained woman at the helm. Certainly, Sister Stanislaus did not return to France. The situation was bridged over by the astuteness of Bishop Purcell. Nothing remains but the cruel letter; perhaps the cruellest fear which the dark years of the War brought to Julia Chatfield.

CHAPTER NINE

READING, WRITING, 'RITHMETIC

ONE NIGHT in the old days — the days of the little Seminary — Père Cheymol awoke, trembling, from a vivid dream.

It happened just as the first new building was going under roof, and it was on a moonlight night. The workmen had declared there must be something the matter with the north wall; it was somehow out of plumb. Père Cheymol had said he would take the Hillsboro stage to the city next day and notify the architect of this unexpected development. But the good priest woke in the night, trembling, and without more ado he was up, dressed, and ringing the convent door-bell, still full of that sense of reality and propriety which moves men in their dreams.

"I have had a remarkable dream," he stammered out to the astonished superior who opened the door and shrank back into shadow. They might have been beings from the spirit world, both of them. The moonlight flooded the porch. But voices were heard behind in the hall.

"I dreamed that high above the new building over

there to the north, in the sky, against the stars, stood a lovely lady, and she was all light, and she smiled down at me and she was holding up the walls, and I thought I'd better come — "

The poor man sank into the chair they placed for him, while the household gathered around. He was deeply excited. They quieted him. They marvelled at the dream. At last they made him go back home to bed.

Next day Père Cheymol took no trip to the city. The wall was found to be perfect.

The turn of the '50's increased the number of teachers; twenty new Americans they added to the band. Sister Pauline Furnell, Sister Michel Bradley, Sister Philomena Haughton, and the dignified Sister Ignatius, an English widow, who, in time, became patriarchal benefactress of the countryside, rearing generations of lads and lasses. Soon other aspirants came. Was Our Lady building the walls ? Stateliness and dignity stamped all; tenderness too, for after years, it was the delight of Mary Snowden to tell how she loved her convent home — recalling the early bleak morning when she jogged over the old roads, squeezed, weeping, into a crowded stage-coach:

"At last I arrived at the Gate Beautiful ! Here was my home, my home for six years. Folded in the warm embrace of Notre Mère I found another mother in place of the one I left behind. Who can measure the

extent of her influence? It has gone forth to the ends of the earth."

And yet in those times the nuns were poor, indeed. Poverty did not seem to affright these spirits. It was Notre Mère that kept everything together amid the financial straits of the uncertain years.

"No havie the meat for Pere Gacon's breakfast," complained Sister Neri, the cook, late one evening. "No havie *du tout.* No never so poor."

Notre Mère sighed. "Well, sister, see what you can do; a little cornmeal — You have no bacon?"

"No nothing," said Sister Neri with pale resignation. She was tired. She would say her prayers and go to bed. The day had seemed very long.

"Ah well," Notre Mère said, "he will understand. Père Gacon is very good." But that did not comfort Sister Neri. You could not eat goodness.

Next morning she was at her cornbread unconsoled.

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed suddenly as a great scrambling and noise sounded out in the hall. "Wha's that?"

A dog bounded into the kitchen, a large strange dog. Sister Neri was terrified. She threw her long spoon up in the air and turned to run out into the brick area. The dog stood still before her. In his mouth was a large plump rabbit. He laid it on the floor and looked up at Sister Neri, wagging his tail. Sister Neri was not much taller than he.

"Well, I no never!" exclaimed she, bursting out

laughing. As Notre Mère told the tale, Père Gacon breakfasted on cornbread, but that evening he banqueted on rabbit stew.

Despite all predictions and contrary to all expectations, however, the school enrollment went up rapidly; and Sister St. Pierre the treasurer had all she could do to keep up with the times; for people came to Brown County from all directions.

It is not an easy thing to set up a school, reflected Julia Chatfield. It is not an easy thing in any place, much less here in the wilderness. Books to be used, subjects to be taught, were the least of her problems. She knew the world's evaluation of the ideal teacher; she knew it from history. She felt in the midst of all her fatigues that she had here a work greater than that of statesman, philosopher, warrior. This was the very purple of power; her joy in serene moments. Could she have foreseen that in the Middle West a centenary would multiply schools by the thousand, her blood might have kindled, her eye taken on a deeper light, but her own share in it was all unconscious.

Meanwhile, everything expanded. The chaplains had to get into a brand-new house; somebody found Père Gacon on his knees in his new room, his breviary open before him and tears on his cheek; tears of quiet gratefulness. The new laundry went up too, and the bake house, and the conservatory, while the woods moved back and back in dismay before the busy plough of Père Cheymol's workmen.

In fact, bustling with progress was this "Literary Institute," as Cincinnati papers noticed: "A very noble building and one of the healthiest situations in the state; a promising nursery of science." So auspiciously did the new venture make its way into the '50's of the century, that Bishop Purcell, large-minded organizer, visioned there the nucleus of an extensive settlement out in Soldiers' Land, forty miles from his cathedral. A leader, perhaps from the pen of his brother, reveals his mind:

The Settlement in Fayetteville

Many persons are making arrangements to move from the city to that healthy situation. It is much to be desired that Catholics, native or foreign, who wish to devote their lives to agriculture would for spiritual comfort associate together, form congregations, and secure for themselves and children a church and resident clergyman. For those who prefer rural life the value of the land is yearly increasing.

However, even bishops' plans "gang aft agley," as we shall see in the life story of Julia Chatfield.

"Notre Mère is having an elegant engraving made of the convent," remarked Sister Pauline one day in class.

"Oh — oh — may we see it ?" was the cry.

"It is going to be very fine, my dea'," said Sister Pauline with that softening of the r's which her pupils loved to mimic.

"I saw the proofs. It is quite English. It is the front lawn as she intends it to be rather than as it is now — clumps of spruce and a rustic arbor and all that. Oh yes, and a lady and gentleman are strolling up to the front door with a dog leaping beside them. It is very English. Everybody says it reminds them of Ponder's End."

"Oh la ! Sister Pauline, I have sewed this all wrong. It won't do at all, will it ?"

"No, that is too bad. 'Good for rippy !' my dea'," she said. "You know Sœur Angèle says 'Good for rippy !'" She laughed.

Now, Notre Mère was sitting in a small room off the infirmary. A child, very wide-eyed, was seated opposite her in awed expectancy. It was Lily Rosecrans. Notre Mère had a quizzical look of amusement at the corners of her mouth.

"No doubt, dear child, you are wondering why I sent for you."

"Yes, Notre Mère," said the child respectfully, swallowing very hard.

Notre Mère threw back the folds of her large black serge sleeve and displayed, to the amazement of Mademoiselle Rosecrans, a bottle of dark-looking stuff.

"Well, now, my dear, I have here a bottle of good Porter. A tiny bird told me that our little girl had been sick and needed building up, so I want you to have

a glass of Porter every day for awhile until you are stronger; and I will see that Sister Claudine gives it to you with a little collation.

Miss Rosecrans breathed more freely.

"Oh, thank you, Notre Mère," she gulped. Notre Mère smiled down at her as she arose to call Sister Claudine. Not quite sure what Porter was, at least the young convalescent could guess at the collation. You might say the interview was a success.

You might say, as well, that Notre Mère kept her best smile always for the children; as she passed along the porch to chapel a glow and a glamour seemed to follow her. The children would say:

"Oh, there is Notre Mère !"

They would sit on the back porch steps to eat their afternoon bread and butter.

"How many slices, Florence ?"

"I've had only five," said Florence, brushing the crumb off her lip. When Notre Mère went by, Florence Lincoln always thought a great saint was passing.

But Notre Mère had other thoughts. She went on through the corridor out to the front door. A lady with a four-year-old child was approaching up the path. The superior went down the steps and stood waiting, and when they came up she stooped over, kissed the child, and whispered something in her ear. To the mother:

"What is her name ?"

"Mary," said Madame Gaumien, "Mary Gaumien."

What was it Julia Chatfield had whispered? It might have been one of those fleeting inspirations — prophecies — that rise to human lips, whence, who knows? The glance that passed from the grave woman to the bright-faced child might have signified "Feed my flock!" for that is what actually happened. Years after there was to come a time of great loss and sorrow at the convent and the wolf at the fold; and who would come to "feed the flock" but Mary Gaumien Freschard! The child with sudden prescience looked up at the pillared portico and the open door, and then at Notre Mère. An hour later, a little carryall drawn by a small dun horse bore the Gaumiens briskly down the lane.

Winter, summer, of a Sunday, Mary Gaumien rode to Mass in Saint Martin's church, from Owensville, on the crupper of her father's horse. In Mère St. Pierre's books, so neatly kept, it was often "fifty-five dollars borrowed from the Gaumiens," "forty," "sixty." Many a time did Gaumien and his neighbors pull Père Gacon's buggy out of the mire as the latter passed his place on a sick call. They were great neighbors, the Gaumiens.

All the girls looked forward to five o'clock in the evening, for at that hour Mother Julia gave religious instruction for a brief space. Wrote one reminiscently, "She chose that sweet twilight hour; how inspiring that lesson was! looked forward to as the most

delightful of the day. Never was occasion of reproof to anyone, for all were so thoughtful, and had so completely put from them every lighter feeling. Their young hearts seemed uplifted under the spell of her presence and her words — for these were of God."

And sometimes, coming out from the lesson, when Henrietta Prenatt took a walk up and down the long corridor with Mother Julia, turned the others green with envy.

Many of her ideas were worked out by proxy. Early every morning after prayers she had set aside a few brief moments when the sisters in class would read to the pupils — seated in quiet row, hands folded in the lap — some passage from a wise spiritual book. They could gaze through the windows at the rosy eastern sky, and the silence, the impressiveness — so calculated Julia Chatfield — would have telling effect. It would create a sub-conscious background for the day. Woman's function in life is to be a centre of repose, of power.

Sunday mornings she would choose for a lesson in Christian manners. She would have her girls given an intimate talk on how they had comported themselves during the week, constructive criticism with hints thrown out anticipative of future need, at table, at recreation, at class, in parlor. How often would a small hand go up: "My papa does that all the time !" The nuns would smile.

"Long strokes must tell," Notre Mère would say in

"They would run to help Sœur Marthe when she carried mattresses on her head . . . The children adored the old French sisters . . ."

the art class as she stooped over some struggling pupil.

"You know her father was Lord Mayor of London," Fanny would whisper behind her hand to the new pupil, and the new pupil, duly impressed, would ogle awesomely. It sounded like the story of Dick Whittington or somebody — so romantic.

"And they say Sister Louis was a French countess; only don't tell I told you."

"And then there was Sister Anne; she once crawled out of a window in France to go to a ball," chimes in a third, seeing the newcomer more and more amazed.

"Oh hush, that isn't true, is it, Kate ?"

"No, but they say on Christmas the nuns here wear rose-colored guimpes and cherry-colored veils — "

"Children, are you working ?" would come Notre Mère's mild voice, without her turning around. Just as well. It hid the mental reservation of white roses and black cherries.

Julia Chatfield had brought with her from Ponder's End an original drawing of Gainsborough; the artist had been a friend of Major Chatfield.

"Long strokes will tell !" she would always say. She was something of an artist herself.

During the '40's, the '50's, the '60's, the '70's, distances were too great and travel too protracted to admit of going home for holidays, so there were festivities improvised for the young people apart from the carols, the lovely midnight Mass, the Benediction in the solemn gorgeous chapel. Writes an alumna of

that period: "Christmas ! heralded by the express-man's arrival with boxes and bales, from east, west, north, south, packed by loving hands at home for the daughter so far away. For a whole week it is Christmastide and a lively one ! The school is divided into two families, one American, the other French. What trunks and closets are ransacked to furnish forth shawls and dresses, cocked hats, silver buckles, swords and paraphernalia that would have startled our ancestors.

"General Lafayette and his family with their servants call upon the Washingtons, discussing the wrongs and outrages of a mother-country upon a free people."

And all this in Julia Chatfield's school, whose father was once Lord Mayor of London !

The community itself was gradually becoming Americanized. However, spiritual reading was bilingual among them for nearly half a century. Of the French nuns, Mère Stanislaus Laurier was developing into a brilliant and accomplished English scholar; all her letters were written in a simple flowing English. Directress of the school, she was loved enthusiastically. Sister St. Pierre used both languages, but preferred to write in French. Sœur Augustine and Sœur Conception never mastered the language; they labored and sewed, prayed and supported the monastic observances, pillars of the community. The others fell into a quaint broken English, each one personally

characteristic: Sister Neri, the cook, would complain, "Bo' my legs are tire' !"

The children adored the old French sisters. They would run to help Sœur Marthe when she carried the mattresses on her head; they would accompany Sœur Madeleine hunting turkeys in the woods and listening to the wild birds; they would cajole Sister Anne in the conservatory for her choicest flowers. "No," she would shake her head, "no come backie — " her favorite expression for everything — a Rosetta-stone phrase: "no come backie, ni the rose, ni the blanche today. No fleur !" And Sister Cœur de Marie, the tiniest nun on the place, who rescued the dangerous stray matches from the waste-paper boxes, and lisped delightfully, and never could remember anything, pious, canny, kind, ubiquitous — she was the idol of the whole school.

To Julia Chatfield's mind the school was the thing. Many and many a letter would her tired hand turn out and at night she and Sisters John and Xavier would darn the children's stockings. But when the sisters came in from the laundry, late, late, perhaps ten o'clock at night, she must have for them a cup of hot tea and a biscuit.

"And remember, sisters," she paused in the kitchen door to say, "remember all your work has been for God." And she would smile. It was like the evening breeze on a tired brow.

Meanwhile, traditions were building up along these

leafy byways at Saint Martin as the pines each year struck higher. The lanes around the village and the convent lawns still echo with those old voices, old laughter of goodly people: families whose four, five, six daughters successively came here to school; as many as seven of one generation and nine of the next were graduated; and the grandmothers came, as the custom in Brown County always was, to lay the laurel wreath upon the proud head of their third generation. The Corrs, the Snowdens, the Ewings, Rogers, Worthingtons; the Piatts, Scammons, Springers, Henrys; the Molyneux, Lavours, Symmes; Rosecrans, Maginnises, Slevins, Lincolns, Magevneys and a score of other old family names from all over the country, were scribbled in pencil between the bricks on the old porch, or engraved in diamond on the bay-window panes. And not only had the radius of the school's influence thus spread, but from all directions new women were finding here in this spot "aloof from the iconoclasm of the age," an opportunity for a life of spiritual enrichment and devotedness. And Mother Julia, as she moved among them, felt vaguely even amidst her cares, the richness, the incalculable joy of existence at its prime spending itself in accord with its own choice.

Father Edward had persuaded the nuns to encourage a boarding-house at the head of the lane; the Bicketts came from Cincinnati to run it; there, for months at a time fond mamas, aunties, and even papas

"Hoopskirt to hoopskirt, like a circle of human ninepins with bewitching young faces . . ."

would abide with a perpetual hum of interest in the bee-hive across Solomon's Run.

And the old creek had a manner of swelling importance in spring freshets; making a double curve around the Ursuline estate, it would cut you off from the main road between Fayetteville and Westboro', so that Dan, the omnibus driver, would have to blow his horn vigorously of a rainy spring evening for the farm hands to come out and help the United States Mail. The Saint Martin Inn was built at last by Mr. Crone from New Orleans as a summer home for his invalid wife, his slaves in a brick edifice across the way; sleepy Saint Martin, that loved not the black man, joked about "Crone Street" until the slaves became restless, the wife died, and the house fell to the nuns.

There were other changes. Men tore down the log church of Martin Kundig; they hitched horses to tear the logs asunder, and Père Cheymol, who laid aside his high silk hat for the occasion — to the great merriment of Notre Mère and Sister John who looked on — beheld a rope give way under the straining horses and old Schuler's grandson precipitated upon the silk hat of the gentleman farmer ! Alack, what a fall was there !

Then there came from New York a landscape gardener — tradition says, the very same that laid out Central Park in that city — and he planned out fine effects for the convent grounds, the pride of Ma Mère

Stanislaus' heart. Even at that early date there was one to regret the removal of the dahlia mound around which the girls had so often walked of an afternoon reciting the rosary. Sister Hyacinth, gazing upon this latest improvement, sighed: "I do not like it; I love the old way best !" Innumerable little bubbling springs were made to feed a lake excavated by the eastern artist; a little idyll of a lake over which an ancient catalpa was to spread its white benevolence June after June and a weeping willow trail its poetry, when Jennie, the swan, or the African geese were there to listen. Lake Stanislaus, it was called.

Naturally, the next step was to have a photographer. He took pictures — the new buildings and the old; and at last tried his luck at the girls, all ringed around Ma Mère's lake, hoopskirt to hoopskirt, like a circle of human ninepins, with bewitching young faces. Notre Mère had even said they might go out in the boat, some of them, if anybody could row, and they would behave properly. This last was not so certain. Some one of the novices soon flew into the house with news that the boat had capsized, and that Amanda Burns had only been saved from drowning by her hoopskirt which would not sink ! The nuns were shocked. A limit must be set to boating.

The excitement spread to where Sister Ignatius, her spectacles on the end of her nose, was telling stories to the Day Class children in the rustic arbor. Sister Ignatius had expected as much; she went straight on.

Under Sister Ignatius, the Day Class was the joy of the superior's life. Little girls came to the lessons there, the third and fourth generation; boys from the countryside were prepared for First Communion and Confirmation; a circulating library was set up for the country people.

"Oh yes, the people love the nuns; they have always loved the nuns," you will hear. They loved the Bishop, too. They would come to the convent and relate with pride how he was in their little church on Sunday last and sat in the sanctuary; how he afterwards talked and laughed with the group outside.

"This parish is the little gem of the archdiocese," he would say fondly. No hearts were to grieve more than did these, in after years, to see him wheeled around the grounds in his chair; in those times the Day Class children would talk to him timidly, but he had not much to say. They heard their fathers tell that his life was not safe now in the city; the same fathers who were to watch by his tomb the summer nights, lest even in death he be molested. "Yes, the little gem," he would say laughingly.

In the tiny chapel of the Blessed Virgin — set, in gratitude, against the north wall, the wall of Père Cheymol's dream — Mother Julia stopped one evening to pay a visit. The western windows were flooded with sunset, the statue of Our Lady of Victory was gazing benignantly down, and the divine Child stretched out His hand.

"See now," He seemed to say, "My hands are full for you."

She had just been going over the annual accounts with the treasurer. "Thirty-seven thousand fifty-five dollars and ten cents receipts," said Sister St. Pierre. Notre Mère looked as though she could scarcely believe it.

"Yes, but see the expenses," groaned the treasurer, as she closed the book desperately. "Consider the labor on this place — all hand labor! The school supplies! The freight bills, so far from the city; it is enormous, enormous! We save very little."

"We are not here for profit," remarked Notre Mère. And she rose to go.

But busy winters came when box upon box was packed and dispatched under Mother Julia's supervision to Father Purcell in Cincinnati: chickens and turkeys, ducks and geese, sausages and puddings, produced under the teeming industry of Sister John. It was not for nothing that of a winter's evening the silence at supper in the nuns' refectory would occasionally be broken by a smothered "Peep! Peep!" and a novice would covertly take a glance towards old Sœur Madeline Labrousse at her place, her wrinkled face like a Rembrandt under the hanging lamp, going on with her supper, supremely oblivious of the baby turkey hid away in the bosom of her habit and just awakening from its frozen state; it had been picked up out in the woods. All the goodies used to be sent

Father Purcell for the needy: the orphans, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Hospital, the Asylum, the beggar at the Bishop's door.

At such times, on would go the gingham apron, and who should do the packing but Notre Mère. Carefully keeping up to the times, recipes she studied from *The Housewife,* of London, 1848. From drawing class or kitchen she would go, letting down her tucked-up habit and folding her black serge apron. It was easy to see whence arose that tradition of "the gentle manner, the modest grace and dignity, the perfect calm," so early stamped upon the pinafored products of the new school.

The studies which Notre Mère laid out in the prospectus for the school run somewhat surprisingly beyond the three R's:

Astronomy and the Use of the Globes;
Mythology, Biography, and Antiquities;
Philosophy (Physics) and Chemistry;
Botany, Geography, Rhetoric.

They charged for ink and quills; for lessons in tapestry, pearl and waxwork flower-making. Small fingers were trained to ply everything from a pen to a harpstring. Then, too, these Ursuline ladies of the '40's imparted the languages — German, French, Italian, Latin, Spanish, by way of electives; "and," says the prospectus, "those among the graduate class who have attained any proficiency in French, pursue their studies in that language"; a wise advantage in

that day when education rather than diplomas was sought and many finished their schooling in Europe. As a final touch the author of this prospectus wrote; for the benefit of her Non-Catholic patrons, who were numerous:

"No improper influence is ever to be used to bias the religious principles of the young ladies." This was set down by Julia Chatfield with a certain firmness of phrase. It was a spirit she had inherited from Boulogne-sur-Mer. She would intrude nothing of her beliefs upon others; but neither would she shut anyone out from the light and warmth of her spiritual Home. Her ideas of tolerance were akin to those of Monseigneur, yet she had not gathered them from him but from her own experience. She felt the mission of her school to be primarily for people of her own faith; she was convinced that only when secular learning is taught from a strong centre of religion is the mental and moral balance of the human being complete. But her vision was wider, more catholic still. She knew what it was to come from the cold street into the warm room; she would pass on the opportunity to those who cared for it. She hoped for one fold and one Shepherd. To this end she had devoted her life. It was a large outlook.

Upon the undercurrent of seriousness, however, the lighter qualities of her character engage us. For instance, she found time occasionally to write a letter to absent pupils or to those who had left school; such

writings, different in subject and tone from the stately specimens that reached Monseigneur, reveal the woman much more off-guard, quaint and old-fashioned:

To Mary Jane Henry,

My Dear Little Mary,

I hope you have not thought yourself neglected because neither Ma Mère nor myself has had time to answer your affectionate letters and acknowledge your kind presents; but, you little Miss, you wish to make us vain and extravagant in our old age, do you? Silver pens, and prunell shoes!!! Oh Mary, this won't do — anyway, we are very grateful to you.

"Ma Mère begs me to send her fondest love to her little Mary and thank her for the presents: too good, she says, for a nun. She is almost all day either at parlor or fixing the lessons for the new pupils; so that she was obliged to sit up a part of last night to make out the lists for the pianos and practice hours. Give our love to your dear Ma; tell her we are glad to hear that she and the little ones are well; and your Pa, too. Pray for us all, Mary. Excuse my hasty scribble. . ."

Sister Pauline's journal records a long-forgotten newspaper page in which the past stirs suddenly to life as upon a burning sheet in the fire:

"During the year 1867," writes she, "on September twenty-first appeared, in a paper called the *Universal News*, a sketch of our Archbishop with a brief but beautiful description of our academy. An extract from this unknown friend deserves here a place:

"'. . . The first years of the sisters at Saint Martin were days of privation of actual poverty, like those of

the Archbishop. But they were not discouraged. The vineyard was an empire, the laborers were few, the believers less. Upon each warm heart was stamped Bulwer's line "There is no such word as fail !" ' "

Patiently and courageously, unintimidated, they established their Order in the beautiful state of Ohio; they toiled; they conquered. They had the able assistance of the Archbishop and his energetic brother. Today they have the best academy in the state of Ohio. It has not a superior in the Republic, and very few to equal it. During the past ten years the average number of pupils was a hundred and fifty.

"It is a strange fact, but true, that half the pupils are Protestants. Young ladies' seminaries belonging to the divers creeds are sinking fast in the estimation of families; the cause is that the morality inculcated is tolerable, but the practice abominable. Among the alumnæ are daughters of some of the most respectable families in the states of Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, California.

"Their pupils go forth annually well trained, pure in morals and sound in body. Lessons taught in Saint Martin are not easily forgotten; and over the broad bosom of the West the fair young maidens carry the virtuous habits, efficiency, and greatness of the Ursulines of Brown County.

"The good which the venerable Archbishop has done

during almost half a century will never perish, will never die. His fame is inseparable from the progress of Ohio and while she has a son he shall not wholly die. *Non omnis moriat.*"

Sister Pauline was correct in recording this as a memorable historical passage. When the younger nuns read it they thought it rather grandiloquent. Sister Borgia laughed and said "It sounds like what the old Colonel would call 'a splendid 'splay !' "

But Julia Chatfield read it with real consolation, remembering twilights when her nuns dragged home firewood out of the frozen woods, remembering dawns when the wine froze in the chalice before the priest could complete the sacrifice of the Mass. At such a moment, too, she caught a glimpse of her own life objectively, dark as in a mirror, and the meaning of her girlhood sacrifice lay bare. She was almost startled to behold herself at the centre of such influence in a foreign land and a strange people; life had fulfilled itself as she dimly descried; she was not as one isolated, self-enwrapped, but in community fellowship she had found the basis of a healthy complete humanity, an influence in the world strong and rich and positive, in answer to her cry for life, for full, whole, personal life; she had foregone maternity in this splendid sublimation; she felt satisfied in what the creative forces of Catholicism had brought to her. An instant and the brief glimpse was gone. She had forgotten it.

CHAPTER TEN

"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF"

"TELL me your dream and I'll tell you what you are," promises the smug psychiatrist, and we yield easily. There is something fascinating about the subject. With some, dreams are the gold of life and like Milton's archangel they go stooping over the gilded pavements loath to leave. But for most, the by-product of their dreams outtowers the dream itself in importance; bewildered at the close, they look from the thing they have done to that they intended to do. Yet some go straight to achievement and there are those that die of dream-starvation.

Julia Chatfield was not what you would call a dreamer. She gave herself small time for dreams. You would read in that regular, calm, well-modelled countenance a sense of proportion, of poise. The equine type, it was, broad, spacious, high-bred and wise — a face that inspired confidence. The fire behind the large eyes was a slow fire though the firm lips trembled easily. An English woman of artistic inheritance and taste she yet lacked the temperament. The artistic temperament tried her patience.

"Never can we sufficiently thank you, Monseigneur," she wrote the Bishop, "for having placed us in this sweet retired spot."

(*After the painting "The Legend of St. Ursula," by John Rettig*)

Her father, Major Chatfield, as a London art dealer, was in touch with the English artists of the day; and Julia came to America with some valuable sketches in her trunk. Music, too, she brought, stirring old pieces, some of them, besides the classics. There was a tone-poem of the Battle of Trafalgar, published in London in 1806, the autograph of the redoubtable Major Charles Chatfield, bold, fine, and strong, on the title-page. These, with the volume of poems, relic of girlhood days at Ponder's End, betray the family culture of the Chatfields. So, of the cultured type, rather than the artistic, she left upon her school in equipment, procedure, and custom, the impress of her own refinement. However, she too had her dream.

When first she thought of going to America — at least three years before it was decreed that she should go — she had in mind a vague but large enterprise. She knew nothing of the immense wild territory that lay before her, nor could she imagine the way her own personal influence was to penetrate the wilds. She was thinking of helping others — many others; she would impinge upon many lives. She did not know who, if any, were to accompany her. Hardships she foresaw, enormous obstacles perhaps; the wild Indian tales were not forgotten; in her young imagination, her vivid blood, her proven strength which had already mounted from one heroism to another, she secretly scented — who knows? — even a possible martyrdom. Here was a cool-headed young

lady. Not having experienced country life either in England or France, she calculated in terms of large groups of people, cities. Her energy foresaw plenty of action and a need of her with a corresponding abandon and devotion on her part. Along these lines she had thought out her new experience.

That May morning on the quay at Havre, bidding adieux — the salt air blowing — her words were the briefest of the eleven. Entirely wedded to what lay before her, she alone could forget her own emotions. In this she showed her English race.

"Courage, Ma Mère," she said to her Boulogne superior. "Adieu, adieu !" apparently, she looked into the future undismayed.

Followed twenty-nine long days of reflection upon the water; but approaching New York, naturally she began to narrow her vision; where were they going ? The prospect became less vague. Each person's field in life, she reasoned, is limited; large work implies less intensiveness. Losing in scope, you gain intensity; the choice is, which ? It is like two incommensurables, forever parallel. She would have liked the whole United States as her field.

"We were determined not to let it be known," writes Sister St. Pierre, "the inclination we had; all bent upon abandoning ourselves to the will of God."

It is the spirit of a Columbus, the spirit of Ignatius, the spirit of Gethsemane itself. Are they all of identical mould, these leaders, these pioneers ? What

is this lure, this realm called the will of God, that men, and women too, go sailing out into the unknown with no other chart ?

To the superior in France, alone, Julia Chatfield will open her real mind. The letters show how her natural sagacity weighed and set value upon each of the projects discussed for her, while her lips were mute; the more is it astonishing that with such clear judgment she yet did not speak. Everything within her cried out for people, the city, the town. For them had she crossed the waste of waters. If dream she ever had, this was it. Nevertheless, the Archbishop set them down in the wilderness, miles away from the people who were really clamoring for them, the people she longed to help. She did not fancy the country, but to the country she came. She did not fancy Brown County, but to it she came.

So here they were settled. She measured up her prospect, grasped its possibilities, and set to work. Time and again, opportunity thrust itself upon her; she faced it and discarded it anew; and always on the same principle — confidence in a spiritual guidance. In Columbus' diary there is a certain entry: "This day we sailed westward: which was our course." The diary might have been Julia Chatfield's. "This whole matter," she wrote, "is the work of an invisible hand which we can only adore in silence." It became her philosophy of life.

How could she foresee a day when she would write,

"How can we thank you for placing us in this lovely secluded spot?" Julia Chatfield succeeded; her school succeeded. True, the district around Saint Martin never became the Catholic settlement upon which the Bishop had set his heart; neither did the Baltimore and Ohio railroad pass the convent. And yet, despite the fact that its nearest station was five miles away, Notre Mère's enrollment, during the next fifteen years, lengthened from six pupils to a hundred seventy-four. Always there were grimy roads; bad weather always made them impassable; and there was always uncertainty about accommodations at the inn. Yet people, and the best people, from all directions and distances, came and went and returned again.

It had not been longing for city life that had torn her soul, but the thought of expansion — its opportunity. Her letters show that to her it was inconceivable to fix herself in a narrow sphere, and letters and Chapter records prove that through years this repugnance must have persisted.

Yet not all trees dip to earth to spring up anew in endless series; king oak merely concentrates, ring upon ring in the main trunk, until at last an acorn carried by some inconsequent squirrel spreads the indeliberate influence, who knows where? Be that as it may, no sooner was the field all tilled, than like all healthy natures, she looked to a new development. Her enterprise was ripe — ripe for a new turn.

Whether the idea of expansion really originated

with the Bishop and through him kept alive the smouldering of her hope; or whether the curious vacillating of his plans for the community is but the impression left by incomplete records, the effect is still the same. As she wrote of him in the beginning, to France, "The prelate is confused in mind; he desires to keep us near him, and still he wishes to satisfy everybody." But there was no like confusion in the mind of Julia Chatfield nor of her nuns.

Twenty years before she had written, "What we had better do, it seems, is to establish ourselves in one of the towns so earnestly begging for us; it seems preferable to start in a city. The seminarists are still there at Saint Martin. I am very glad; otherwise, we should be already installed."

However, years of resignation, of hope, of perplexity, and repeated disappointment were to elapse. The records display a chronic hesitation in the history of Solomon's Run and its convent — a hesitation that undoubtedly colored the thread of Julia Chatfield's life, and made of it, in this respect, a tenuous waiting for something that never happened. To certain natures, positive, prompt, like hers, this is hard to bear. She might, perhaps, have forced the issue. Many another would have forced the Bishop's hand. Not she. She had put her foot on the ladder of God's will and was mounting, round by round. Whenever she could follow nature's promptings, she took joy of it; but when these clashed with her ideal,

she deliberately chose instead, her gossamer ladder: not one erected from the bottom, but the ladder that is dropped from the skies.

Perhaps the very bigness of the Bishop's dreams for Brown County was the reason of their final unsuccess. He dreams of making it the centre of a great web with radii stretching far out through expanding states, to the south, to the north, to indefinite places. He dreams of building here a centre of intellectual influence, and of carrying its mission into Cincinnati through similar schools, and to other dioceses, to indefinite regions. Yet he dreams too of placing these same nuns in the regular parish schools of his diocese:

"He has decided to turn the parochial system over to the Ursulines !"

The diocesan council has met; so is it ordained. Ah, at last, at last! tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new ! Then the dream wavers and vanishes. Once more in some mysterious way his hand was stayed. She had based her hopes on Monseigneur's own words, that he himself always intended it. They were to teach elsewhere, boys as well as girls. Nothing ever came of it.

Scarcely is the little community twenty years old when His Grace wishes the Chapter to consider taking a school in Lancaster.

"Certainly," replies the Chapter, gathering up bon-

nets and shawls. But they did not go. Then it was Columbus. Then Xenia. At Corpus Christi, in bustles he with a fresh project:

"Springfield or Alton; Bishop Junker's diocese. He greatly desires teachers for the little girls. Many influential gentlemen will co-operate." "Let us have it," cries the community, unanimously. They never went.

Year after year the thrice told tale; until now Julia Chatfield's health was seriously broken and it became clear that a hand other than hers was to fulfil the dream. The cloud-capped towers left not a wrack behind.

True, there was a something if ever so slight — a doubt — of which traces remain to throw light upon the mystery. It would seem that the status of the religious vow gave pause to Monseigneur. In France these nuns had belonged to a group who were "Nuns by Pontifical Right," whose vows had, on account of the French Revolution, been slightly modified of their solemn status. By special ruling for France they were no longer solemn; but now, in a different country, did they not recover their solemnity? Ah, that would make a difference. It would restrict their teaching to their own enclosure, within their own walls. But what of all the need awaiting in this missionary country? and what of the future? and how meet the urgency for free action?

For nearly twenty years is Bishop Purcell trying to elicit from Rome an answer to this question which involved Orders besides the Ursulines. Even once — curious passage, inasmuch as the nuns' records nowhere bear it out — the bishop declares to Cardinal Barnabo that it is the Ursulines' wish to have their solemn vows confirmed. Still, no answer.

The doubt seems to have troubled only His Grace, perhaps Mother Julia, for Chapter records betray the nuns' constant hope for another school, preferably in Cincinnati. The good man is hesitant conscientiously. First, he is buoyantly sure that he himself possesses authority to let them undertake any new work; in the next breath he hesitates; he draws back. "Whether these vows are solemn for all, Rome knows," he finally hints diplomatically in his diocesan report to Rome.

Not until after the Civil War are fears laid to rest. In that decision promulgated at the Council of Baltimore the scruple about the vow was settled forever.

Strange to say, the hesitation persisted. As late as '75, after Notre Mère's administration was over, hope was still chafing. The Chapter protests: "We assent to new proposals, only because the Cincinnati project is not yet ready for us." And the Bishop takes no step; the community takes no step.

Meantime, to be sure, there was the consolation of witnessing Mother Julia's enterprise resolve itself into a strong educational centre on Solmon's Run —

a centre affecting almost every state in the Union, and that during a period when the Middle West was a vortex of struggling teeming immigrant life.

She had indeed seen remarkable growth — the desert blooming as the rose. She had builded a living glowing thing; she had shaped it with her own hands, her own brain, into a valuable agency of young minds who would transmit indefinitely this conception of hers; freshened by new contacts with a new world of hope and vigor and courage in this new America. Here in the wilderness she saw with each half decade a thousand young people moving under her own personal touch; in a sense, exclusively — though she would deprecate the saying so — ; a thousand subtle impressions were being sent out to color and light future homes of America.

Around her were now gathered workers, busy women of frugal habits, gracious spirit, untramelled energy; these it was given her to lead in ways of Christian life. Each morning they gathered with her at well-springs of faith; each day they gave others to drink of their resources.

All this had come about. And yet at the moment of departure, both Monseigneur and Mother Julia must have realized — painful realization, the last, perhaps — that the time was indeed ripe for a tremendous step forward; but that once more, now, as in the beginning, "the whole affair was the work of an invisible hand which they could only adore in

silence." Their strength was all spent. The step was not taken. Meantime, other groups of nuns, other Orders, came to America, spread, multiplied into the hundreds, mounting to the thousands.

The history of a community, the story of any one group of human beings is a mysterious thing, and to the observer, the religious institutions of the Church often experience a development that baffles reason. The human element may seem to make them; it may mar them, human design leading them far from their original scope. And yet the course of time will often find them surviving all human agencies, and, occasionally swaying back to their original lines like an old river that turns from its man-bent way back to its first channel.

How then did the impulse for expansion resolve itself? Did her work become stunted, an abortive growth? Did "the dream fail the dreamer and the lute the lutanist?" Not at all.

The impulse, thwarted in its outward development, shot upward. It shot upward to the skies to blossom in spiritual radiance. This time-honored reproach, the aloofness thus forced upon Julia Chatfield's little family, this abnegation, this cloister of the will, expressed itself first of all in a towering of all fundamental human qualities: simplicity, sanity, homely kindliness, without fear and without reproach. They became at once more human and more divine; they caught from her and from one another a family relish

for the things of the interior world: detachment, asceticism, spiritual daring. And the cloistral spirit was passed along as a precious heirloom.

"These Ursulines are to the others as Carmelites to the Sisters of Charity !" exclaimed one who knew.

Laved in a purer air, these busy women grew with the sturdiness and singleness and aroma of the mountain pine. They lived and they died, that generation of nuns; they lie beside one another with folded hands, straight, quiet, under the elms. Woodpeckers flash vigorous traffic across the graves. And in the corridors they once walked, along the paths where once they strayed with children — not their own — about them, the stranger today perceives an atmosphere, an air indescribable, that makes of the convent on Solomon's Run a world apart. From face to face you look and question "What is it ? Is it here ? Is it there ?" at every corner you think to run across it, to solve the delicate mystery: but no. What is it then ?

"It is the spirit of those who first came here. They pervade the place," replied one who knows.

The fragrance of those lives: like the impression haunting a chamber where once some lovely holiness paused a moment and swept away with the vanishing mist from swinging censers; like the faint perfume clinging for centuries to a fragile lacrymal vase dug out of lava-locked ruins at Nola.

Howsoever you explain the mystery, and notwith-

standing, Mother Julia's retired place became haven for much flotsam and jetsam of those restless immigrant years, in which the society and institutions of the country were emerging in a new civilization. The entire community of Ursulines whom Bishop England of Charleston, South Carolina, had brought over in the '30's were drifted into the peace of Saint Martin where Notre Mère harbored them with large sympathy, until, their broken fortunes retrieved, they ventured forth.

It was a magnanimous thing. Quite contrary to their judgment and to hers, in a day of intense racial feeling, she consented to adopt permanently into her English-French family another group that was entirely Irish of the Irish — nearly every one sister or niece to some prominent bishop in Ireland. Mother Julia accepted Monseigneur's fiat, his will.

Neither group could foresee harmony; yet they came. Harmony reigned. Like a little scattered fleet of sail dispersed to the winds of heaven, with her aid they gathered themselves together, and when the call came she helped them organize and start again, half to one new field, half to another, even yielding up to them her own prior claim upon the latter. It was a long-drawn-out and difficult experience, prickling with infinitesimal self-restraints on both sides. Julia Chatfield bore herself with gallantry.

And further: the only single time during her thirty long years that she almost attained her heart's desire

— the community's expansion — the only time her community was allowed to try its wings the flight was blasted with failure and pain.

That one foundation they made in Opelousas was a sorrowful affair. The story brings to light the price she had to pay, and that more than once, for the protecting hand of Monseigneur whom they loved so well. It reveals the thoughts of many hearts, particularly that of Sister Hyacinth.

It happened that down in Louisiana the educational field had for years been crying aloud for laborers, the authorities trying in vain to find relief. Suddenly, on an October day, so close upon the Civil War that one marvels now at the temerity of bringing a band of northern strangers, nuns, into such a milieu at such a moment — one fine day came to far Saint Martin a call for teachers, at once, without delay.

"We were, as you may suppose, greatly astonished," writes Notre Mère to Monseigneur. "At first I regarded the thing as quite impossible. However, on reading your honored letter and that of Archbishop Odin, and after devoting as much time to prayer as the shortness of the notice would permit, I will submit to you the names of the sisters who are willing to devote themselves, if you approve."

Here comes to light the amazing fact that there had been question of another home for Sister Hyacinth ! The letter goes on to remind Monseigneur of "conversations when you deemed a change necessary, and

when I begged, if you really thought it necessary, not on any account to allow her to suppose she was being sent away from here !"

For to Julia Chatfield, Sister Hyacinth was always the merry novice who used to laugh at her under her poke bonnet on the good old packet *Zurich*. She loved her: "Our first professed, our dear child, Sister Hyacinth !"

The witty, gifted, lovable Sister Hyacinth, always half child, half woman, the delight of them all in the pinched poverty of their beginnings, had, in the course of years, become an element that was different — a worry, a yearning care, even, at times, a sharp fear. The talented buoyant nature was growing restless, losing poise. Her energies had worked themselves out with marked success, and she was a vital part of that corporate human achievement which the community presented to an admiring world. Sister Hyacinth helped to make the convent on Solomon's Run the great school it grew to be.

But this attained, she leaned a little on her sword pining for other worlds to conquer. It was one of those things that made Julia Chatfield anxious for expansion.

Sister Hyacinth was both spiritual-minded and virtuous; her vocation as a nun was unmistakable and nobody ever doubted it; she was beloved by nuns and the pupils through whom her influence had struck root in many homes. But she had a highly gifted

nature and temperament and she inherited its restlessness. Morover, to the gifted, expansion of vision usually follows achievement. And so, even on her beautiful estate of four hundred acres and with the varied society of two hundred persons around her, she still craved outlet. The majority of those with whom she had cast in her lot needed none. Sister Hyacinth seems to have mistaken her own need of temporary relief for a craving for permanent change; and nobody seems to have noticed the mistake. Frank, outspoken, she would scarcely fail to be misinterpreted. And restlessness is infectious; it disturbs the peace of others and worries those in responsibility. Thus it worried Julia Chatfield who felt the utmost compassion for this sister, fifteen years her junior:

"I begged our poor little Sister Hyacinth to write to you and explain why I thought of her. I do not feel I could venture to decide for her myself, and Father Gacon is as anxious as I am that you, who know her so well, would be kind enough to point out to us and to this poor child, the will of God."

Staid and steadfast herself to a heroic degree, English and not Irish, it was perhaps lack of imagination and a limited intuition that she brought to bear upon Sister Hyacinth's Celtic nature. They had, then, previously discussed a new home, in another community; perhaps with the Ursulines of New Orleans. The letters reveal that Notre Mère had even given permission for her to return to Boulogne, if desired;

although secretly, she always hoped that happiness might be found for this child of her heart at home in Brown County. All the love in the world could not hold the balance. Change is a simple thing but even had she sympathized with the necessity, it was not easily at hand.

The composure of Julia Chatfield could scarcely endure the intensity of the sudden emotional crisis: "I will not pretend to say to you, Monseigneur," she writes, with her Victorian reticence, "anything of all that poor nature has to sacrifice in this first breaking up of our community.

"Were I to consider it I could hardly go through it. We give not our sisters because we love them not; oh no !"

At the end of one week they are gone. Life moves on in right order but truth will out:

"I told the sisters yesterday," she writes pathetically, "I told them it would be quite an economy to make a foundation now and then. For the last few days no one eats anything, or very little !"

She had always warned the nuns that if they made foundations they would have to master homesickness and its attendant miseries. But now, in face of stern fact:

"What we have to give to God we will try to give cheerfully. I tell them to come back if they are not happy; that they belong to you, dear Father, all the same; and we belong to each other."

As soon as the little band of five departed, the Civil War shut them off from home like a screen of iron; no sealed letters could pass; their confidential mail had to reach Notre Mère by way of France. And months went by before even their first letter from Brown Country was received at Opelousas. The warm heart of Sister Hyacinth was full of tears. It had been her desire to go, but no sooner there than she wanted to return.

"Here in a strange land," she writes, "so new, and to me so very uncongenial. The time has seemed so long, dear Reverend Father, that notwithstanding your counsel to the contrary, I am only awaiting the expiration of the session to return to Saint Martin; and as to visiting France, I have neither desire nor necessity." Her need of change is already satisfied; she is desperate to get home.

The Bishop, who knew her well, wrote to the Bishop of New Orleans: "Sister Hyacinth is a treasure as a teacher and manager of young girls. But she needs a very kind but firm and enlightened director. Sister St. Pierre is a prudent and experienced superior. I hope they will be all useful and faithful and happy."

In Opelousas they found quarters entirely inadequate and unprepared — a rambling little shack for a convent, a bare uncultivated yard, with no money to put it in order, and in themselves a spirit of cloister that made them timid and irresolute at taking up new methods of procedure to meet the circumstances.

The old doubt about vows was still unsolved. Furthermore, the population were hostile to Northerners. There was a mixed impoverished class of pupils, new and strange to these strange teachers; there was a house overflowing with children for whom their hearts yearned, but who could not pay a cent; and the nuns had little money of their own and no resource.

Sister St. Pierre, not to be daunted, set out for Canada and France to get funds and recruits; with incredible pluck picking her way through camps of soldiers or jamming herself into suffocating quarters on the packet boats. All to little avail at such a time. The blasted district went from bad to worse. Notre Mère sent what help she could, but the sisters could not manage to support themselves nor the children who needed them so much.

The position became untenable. Sister St. Pierre, so successful as treasurer — proved rather too exacting as superior; she wished to go back home. She was discouraged; for her French novices had given up; Sister Hyacinth failed to adapt herself; a nun whom Notre Mère sent to their aid had to return home to die; and an American girl who had entered their novitiate left them and sued them for money. At length the drums of defeat rolled out an appeal to the public for help.

Now Notre Mère was ready to receive them back. But not so the Bishop. With him what was done was

"A little idyll of a lake over which an ancient catalpa spread white benevolence and a weeping willow trailed its poetry . . ."

done. He was of different mettle. He and his brother, harassed with a thousand cares, thought the situation should be battled out to the end; they were averse to Brown County receiving back the sisters, for fear discontent might come with them. "Advise them," wrote Archbishop Purcell to Archbishop Odin, "to remain faithful and fervent where they have the happiness to be at present."

Thirteen years they remained in the South. So great was their turmoil and trouble that even Notre Mère herself dreaded the effect their return might have upon those under her care in peaceful Saint Martin. "Sister St. Pierre must be most exact to avoid remarks calculated to disturb the sisters' minds," she says.

Finally, one evening, Sister Hyacinth presented herself all alone at Julia Chatfield's door. There she stood in the rainy October evening, defying all barriers, a pathetic, bedraggled little figure.

And then occurred a tragic thing. So set was the mind of the Bishop against their return, so peremptory had been his orders, that the nuns dared not allow her to pass beyond the parlor door. Hearts might bleed but authority did not flinch. Nor did obedience.

"We cannot take you in," said Notre Mère.

That was a bitter moment. Sister Hyacinth went back to Opelousas and Julia Chatfield endured as best she could the secret agony for this child of hers,

so gifted, so loving and so lovable, so admired, suffering from the excess of her own gifts, and homesick, witheringly homesick.

The collapse of the Opelousas venture was inevitable. The Bishop realized that he would have to relent and permit the nuns to return home to Saint Martin. They came back. Sister Hyacinth resumed the work for which she was so eminently fitted.

Neither Monseigneur nor Notre Mère seemed able to cope with the problem of the artistic temperament, at least, in that environment. But Mother Julia's womanly tenderness was more successful than the hard determination to which, manlike, he thought best to resort. Sister Hyacinth died in peace in the Boulogne community after some years. The God who endowed her gifted nature understood and cherished her. In all life it is a nature like hers that is the most easily shipwrecked; yet the remedy would seem simple: love, sympathy, companionship, outlet, interests, change. But the Bishop's word was inexorable law, let hearts break as they would. At such a price was the bond cemented, the bond that was his and theirs.

Still was Brown County a haven. The Ursulines of New Orleans sent some novices there to be trained before they undertook the expense of bringing them South. The Alton nuns sent more; some of these would even desire to remain. The Houston Ursu-

lines broke up in those troublous times, several taking refuge there; and from Havre came some hoping to be taken in, which however, Monseigneur himself denied them.

Near the convent graveyard where today Julia Chatfield lies at rest, stands a flourishing beech tree stretching opulent arms to the wide horizon. Once a bitter wind broke a young elm, snapped its young vigor — an elm close beside it; "Ah, come to me!" said the beech, in pity; and so the elm leaned over against the broad breast, and its shaft sprang up, up, until today it has gathered strength to fling its slender members high in air, lofty and pure in its native dignity. Those two trees mirror the work of Julia Chatfield, all unforeseen, gathering to her bosom many a weakling till her mother-strength passed into the feebler, and life and initiative flowered anew.

This was her conception of charity. Once a forlorn sister presented herself at the door; one who had left her first convent, and now was sent adrift from a second.

"She seems slightly demented," said Mother Julia. "It is the more difficult as she is a lady and has a most attractive personality. She may possibly prove an adverse influence among our young people. But let us take her in; take her right in to our Chapter, freely, as one of us; tell her we offer her a part with us for six months. Then, if she prove satisfactory, if

she gains her equilibrium, for a year; after that, we will tell her she may remain for two years, and so on."

The unfortunate remained. She recovered. A few years later she was able to return to her original home. And years after, she was writing the happy letters of a cultured lady full of gratitude to Notre Mère:

"The Mother Superior of Brown County," she wrote, "calls me the spoiled child of Providence."

It was the Bishop's secretary, Dr. Callaghan, who said: "It seemed to be Mother Julia's special gift to find out the natural inclinations, and by her fostering care develop these into virtues. She could gently lay hold of every principle of goodness in the souls of the young, and give it, by her words and example, the strength of endurance."

Meantime, the world keeps on asking why she did not branch out with her community and spread its good work. Sometimes the wise old world nods.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

INTIMACIES

ONCE THERE was a wedding at the convent. Ah, that was a romance of Julia Chatfield's experience and a complicated one. It came about in this way. On the old packet *Zurich* coming over from France, a strong friendship had sprung up between Mother Julia and a lady who died shortly after, leaving to her the guardianship of two little girls — Rose and Henrietta Woodworth. They came to the convent at once and grew up at Brown County.

Rose was a talented girl, much beloved of the whole household. She played the harp and composed music and had the beauty and feminine grace so much admired in that day. Her younger sister, Henrietta, though attractive was of a different type. Henrietta thought the world existed for her sweet sake; you could not help liking her; you admired her aplomb; and when she visited you at home in the vacations, you even permitted her, with slightly less grudge than otherwise you might, to wear the pick and choice of your wardrobe, and even to forestall you. She swept

you away; when, as in *your* silks Henrietta went, the glitter took you despite yourself.

Rose was more serious. Upon finishing school which she did several years in advance of her sister, she felt persuaded that she wanted to be a nun. The nuns discussed the pros and cons, and it ended in their deciding to permit the girl a trial. They would frankly have been glad if she showed a real aptitude, a real vocation. So Rose puts on the postulant's cap, a probation of six months or so, previous to receiving the religious garb and the white veil.

Ma Mère Stanislaus was Mistress of Novices; but from time to time the young girl naturally turned to her guardian of former days for advice. First she thought she would stay and then she thought she would not. She found a difficult decision lay before her and a serious one. It was not that she had had no taste of the gay world; for she had visited homes in several cities where social life had its charms. Now she must decide for herself. The idea of the postulantship was to give her a survey of the career before her; she would learn that the life of a nun is not an external round of nondescript duties, carried out to the *n*th degree of monotony, nobody knows why, nobody can guess how long; but that she was to conceive that life here was a spiritual fabric under the spiritual guidance of obedience; and that relieved of the distractions of outside social demands, far from the exigencies of marriage, howsoever natural and

congenial, she was to study the things of the interior life, and grow, grow upward towards her Maker as she devoted herself to the good of her neighbor. She was to weed the garden of her own nature and yield in the sunshine of prayer and good work the product of a constantly more perfect ethical fruit.

She was to understand that the life of prayer and union with God is no more in accord with human nature than is the life of chastity; and she must herself make the decision as to whether or not she would enter upon it. She could hope to attain it only by the grace of God.

The young girl wavered and hesitated, as young natures will. A letter still exists written in Julia Chatfield's firm handwriting addressed to her ward during the time when Rose was trying to decide. The note was dispatched from the superior's room across the hall to the novitiate which was reserved for the novices.

"You, my child, are very young. Pray God simply, quietly, though earnestly, to let you know His holy will, and to inspire those who have charge of your soul to guide you aright. If it be found that you have not this greatest of all graces, you will have to steer your bark on the stormy ocean of the world. For never would we allow you to become a nun uncalled by God.

"Though I do not hide from you all the fears I would have for you out in the world; you would suf-

fer, but that would not be all. The only thing is to fulfil God's will."

The motherly script ends with a note of playful tenderness:

"Good-bye, my little one ! Be as happy as you can in your nursery of pious sisters. Love Our Lord. Be in no hurry.

"You are a little too curious, my little one. You want to peep in all the time and ask Almighty God what He is about. He will come some day and say — 'My Rosebud, you must do just so !' — In the meantime you can at least learn to be a good Christian. Laugh and be merry. And mind you pray for your devoted Mother."

Miss Rose, the postulant, never assumed the habit of the Ursulines and their white veil. She found after awhile that her path was to lead elsewhere. The decision lay with herself.

Under care of Notre Mère's friends she found her way south, succeeded in obtaining a position where her musical talents came into play, and one fine day the nuns heard the exciting news that their Rose had met her fate. Mr. James MacPhillips of Mobile was the suitor. She is interested. She thinks of marrying him. She is engaged ! It is all settled. "Rose Woodworth is to be married; *Rose* is to be married," the romance circulates through the cloister.

So home to Brown County comes Miss Rose, back to Notre Mère she comes for instructions on her

wedded life. She is to be married in the convent chapel, to its immense perturbation. Delicious tale to tell, delicious in its old-worldliness, in its other-worldliness. The trousseau is ordered and attended to; each dear nun must be asked to pray — oh, so hard — for this great adventure; each of the former fellow-novices must have some of the precious girlish confidences whispered to her at the turn of the stair or in the old bay window on whose panes the name "Rose Woodworth," long inscribed, long ago paid for in penances, now confronts her with a romantic significance; "James must see *that !*"

Now, before the bridegroom arrived for the wedding, Notre Mère gave the bride-elect a lecture upon the proprieties. Julia Chatfield was of the old school. She was almost a militant Victorian. No, she insisted, it would be most improper for a young girl to kiss a man before they were married —

"But, oh, Notre Mère — " expostulated the blushing Rose.

No, indeed, went on the guardian conscientiously. Such an indiscretion must not be thought of.

But who shall restrain the blooming of a rose ?

The impulse to taste forbidden sweets proved too strong. So writes the youngest daughter of this unique marriage. "On the arrival of the old 'bus, that evening, in the dusk before the great day, Mama ran out from her hiding place under the big front porch, greeted her lover warmly and within its shadow

received the deprecated kiss. Then, while she stole around to the back entrance, the fiancé, Mr. James MacPhillips, rang the doorbell and asked for Mother Julia, who, sending for her blushing ward, had the pleasure of witnessing a very proper meeting between the sweethearts." Notre Mère put out her light that night and went to bed well satisfied.

In the early morning the wedding took place in the convent chapel. The nuns knelt in their oaken stalls, excitement suppressed, while Father Purcell read the nuptial Mass and gave the solemn nuptial blessing — a tear in the godmother's eye — smiles everywhere, laughter and thrills among the school girls. Then came music and overwhelming felicitations and congratulations from the bride's old teachers and one-time fellow-novices followed by the wedding breakfast in the parlor, in due form, with the best man, Mr. MacSorley, the bride's sister, Henrietta, and the chaplains as the wedding party, the nuns all looking very happy, the school in ecstasy, and a case or two of fine old champagne to top off with, thoughtfully provided by the groom. . . It was fun for weeks, laughter for months and a good jest forever !

And it was in those years that Sister Borgia's father came from Memphis, bringing another fine deer to add to the two he had already sent; and Father Purcell remarked that if he had his way, he would have a park of two hundred acres constructed for them ! As it was, there were two acres. Now the

school took a vital interest in everything — vital in the literal sense; this was the Brown County idea. And it happened that when the deer arrived, the school was wrapped in silence — if not sleep ! — at study-hour in the evening.

An excited voice suddenly spoke outside in the corridor. "There's a big crate on a wagon coming behind the omnibus," it said. Some woke up.

Footsteps hurried by and bobbing of heads ensued within the room.

"They say it is an envelope !" said a hushed voice in passing.

"Mercy !" came in disgust," you mean it is an elephant."

"What ? an elephant ?" in loud inquiry. Titters in the study hall.

"Oh, it is an antelope ! Be quiet, my dea' !" said the voice of Sister Pauline to whom posterity owes the tale. "You will break up the study-hour." And she did.

Though Sister Pauline writes later that "Antelope dies, cause unknown"; and another time: "Katie the deer," (named for Sister Borgia who was Kate Magevney) "is frightened to death," still the very next year the children are feeding a young fawn, and the deer-park persists, the marvel of that generation.

"Your father is well named," Notre Mère would say caressingly to Sister Borgia. "Everybody calls him 'Father Magevney' !" He was a benefactor, indeed.

The children partook of the family life, and if they did not, it was not their fault; still, there were quaint occasions managed *en famille,* when the nuns, who had their living rooms apart from the school, held joy and minstrelsy after their own fashion.

That memorable entertainment, for instance, which the novices gave the next year after the wedding, on August fifteenth, feast of the Assumption, Notre Mère's patronal day. It was vacation time; there were no children to mar the occasion with their young curiosity. A great day ! Bishop Rappe, the beloved godfather, and Bishop De Goesbriand arrive on the thirteenth in time for two Pontifical Masses, the one in the convent chapel, the other for the parish friends in Saint Martin church, Father Dutton assisting. Great excitement and flutter. Then must the household assemble to hear the godfather tell of his voyage to Europe. And all day long a subtle spiritual aroma pervades the corridors for in the chapel the Blessed Sacrament is exposed to view, the nuns taking hour about in turn in adoration there. Next day arrives that third old friend, Bishop Machebœuf, just consecrated Bishop of Denver; and he has still more interesting tales to tell in his inimitable way. Ten delightful days of high tension close on St. Augustine's feast with the entertainment given by the novices in honor of Notre Mère.

Of all the long program, "The Bell Chorus is the gem of the evening" records Sister Pauline elegantly,

"Here in this leafy retreat should they study Christ; here they should live Him; here impart Him . . ."

in her journal. "Sister Dolores with her glorious voice sang *Lonely Harp;* and Sister Borgia" — gifted poet and writer, who played seven instruments and knew three languages — "Sister Borgia delivered the formal address of welcome." And wad some power the giftie gie us to paint that "Concert in the Cloister" ! But who can paint young laughter ?

One day the journalist turned a new page and gravely inscribed the following: "The Chapter are undecided whether to build a convent or an Odeon." Quaint and momentous decision !

The fact was the community had to build a fitting auditorium, for the day of the mammoth tent was passed. And build they did. Spacious and elegant for that period the new building proved to be and for many a year to come — a room a hundred feet long, amply wide, with high Roman arched windows and an arched ceiling, a platform ascended by low-tread steps to serve as rostrum in June and as Chapel Sanctuary the year round. Into the east wall they built an organ loft. The nuns were well satisfied, for, marvel of happy combination, a perfect winding staircase at each corner of the sanctuary and at the rear of the hall led down to the floor beneath, which housed the long-desired convent.

There, an extended corridor separated two rows of actual monastic cells, small bedrooms, each with one large window, where a French nun might at leisure moments finger her beads, dreaming of far-off monas-

tic days in Europe, while the young American novice might rise in the morning to the song of a meadow-lark, or at twilight feel the thrill of finding her lately received white veil lying on her bed, clean and folded, waiting for the Sunday morning's wear. How she loved that white veil !

Notre Mère was so pleased. Down this hallway now could her sisters find some little domestic comfort at last, some taste of real monastic retirement, and above, in the high-arched chapel, the beginnings, as well, of liturgical chapel service. Outside, the elms grew tall until they waved over the building's roof. The rich convent bell, once Father Butler's, was moved with its cupola directly over the sanctuary; and now when the Angelus pealed out, morning, noon, and night, the surrounding woodland was aware of the ceaseless round of prayer perpetuated in mystic circles, for ever and for ever breaking the silence of skies that overhung this high table-land of the Middle West.

At daybreak the low solemn tones of the Divine Office fulfilled the Ursuline ceremonial, succeeded by the silence of meditation and the tinkling of bells at Mass. At noon there was examen of conscience for the nuns just before the Angelus. As shadows fell longer, there rose the Vesper bell with its answering chant of voices; at sunset, litanies, prayers, meditation. All attended who were not busy fulfilling their vow of teaching or the indispensable household work.

At night Matins and Lauds were chanted; at length the superior gave formal blessing to the community. So, when the moon rose and the hush came, the birds knew all was well. The world and heaven rested; it was sabbath.

Behind the stress of life's external ambitions there were always enough to carry on the observances, and thus, unobtrusive, Notre Mère's real aspiration unfolded itself. For teaching, toil, prayer; this was the heart of her enterprise — prayer, toil, teaching.

Here, in this leafy retreat should they study Christ; here they should live Him; here impart Him. This spot was to be a nucleus of Christian living. She had reared up a school of multiple departments ranging from fine to domestic arts, but at the core it was to be a school for character. Here, the Catholic child who is taught from earliest years to kneel in the confessional and say, "Thus have I sinned," far from resenting the pruning knife of chastisement, was trained to be grateful for each enlightenment; and the non-Catholic fell into the same mental attitude. Beginning with the nuns, beginning with Notre Mère herself, life was a pilgrim's progress towards the far-off goal of human perfectness — Christ the ideal. They moved on stepping-stones of failures.

With tact and patience Notre Mère was trying to form the status of her daughters; and partly through love, partly fear, entirely through duty, they followed her as sheep the shepherd. She was only thirty-six

when she began, with a handful of nuns not much her junior. Life here was a different thing from their former novitiate in Europe; they would all, herself included, have to be remoulded. For guidance, she could fall back upon Monseigneur and the two chaplains; still, it was her own impress, unmistakable, which she left upon them. "Thirty years," remarked Dr. Callaghan who knew her well, "in the full maturity of her wisdom, and of her spiritual strength, was the offering that was laid at the feet of Christ in the silence of that wilderness. There she exercised that strange power, so marked, so clearly defined in the convent of Saint Martin, of assimilating to herself every fresh accession, and of winning, through the religious family she trained, the hearts of the thousand pupils who bless her memory." He speaks of her struggle with poverty and of her self-denial, in rigid persevering adherence to the rule of conventual life; the effect of her example upon the community.

"This," he adds, "has given them a mighty and beneficent power of attracting to their convent the hearts of their pupils."

It was her custom to take occasion of the Chapter business meetings to give the nuns a few words of instruction in Christian virtue.

"On Sunday at 5:00 P. M.," writes the painstaking annalist, "Notre Mère gave us the first instruction of this vacation. She spoke in a very earnest manner of the necessity of humility. She recommended econ-

omy, also, and touched upon some of the nuns' faults against these two virtues." Another time she admonished to punctuality, or patience in regard to food, and order in the refectory, or again it might be prayer, or mildness of intercourse. On the eve of school it would be mutual good feeling she urged for the scholastic year; though their number was small, much could be done for their pupils, she thought, through union and concord.

Another day she would be thinking of the sick — too much clacking of tongues! Each young wiseacre had an individual remedy to prescribe, each a neighbor's to denounce: "You should be cautious in your remarks as to what may be good or prejudicial to any of the invalid sisters," she told them. "That is the business of the infirmarian alone. Evil often ensues from sisters fancying that this or that is hurtful to them."

In times of tribulation she would remind them of the cloud's bright side. "Be grateful that God has not rendered the cross too heavy." It was when poor Sister Christine Veyssière had to be sent to the asylum at Mount Hope where the nuns could ill afford to keep her. Happily, Sister Christine took things in her own hands, escaped, and the demure little Frenchwoman, with the one word — "Brown County" — on her lips, was piloted home again from Baltimore by kindly railroad conductors. In she walked, clad in a little old-fashioned bonnet and a

shawl which she wore quaintly up to her dying day.

Simplicity marked the family in other ways as well. During the nerve-racking war the Mother Superior requests the nuns,

"Do not be so susceptible if sometimes apparently neglected in being informed of matters which you think you ought to know, for," said she, "the duty of a superior is rendered very laborious when the nuns easily take offence !"

She tried to teach a sense of responsibility in community elections. She asked the nuns to pray that the will of God be manifest in their choice, and that all feeling of like or dislike be avoided in voting; they should be very charitable, she said, and avoid any unbecoming remarks after the elections !

The Chapter had to vote upon the admission of anyone as a member of the community. Julia Chatfield held this a very serious duty. Solemnly she reminds them of the account to be given on the Last Day. Let them consult, she said, not their feelings but their conscience.

"Some, imagining they are on the safe side by always voting in favor of the candidate, think to deprive no one of the advantages of religious life. Others think themselves secure by never voting favorably." Both extremes she pronounced blamable. "Each should vote as she thinks best for the glory of God, the good of religion, and the welfare of the one who seeks admission."

Twice had the vote for a novice to be taken; when, after her postulant probation, she asked formally for the Ursuline habit and again, two years later, after her novitiate training, when she asked formally for the privilege of making her vows. By this time the novice should know whether or not she wished to establish herself in the life of voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity, and entire obedience. If she had not the aptitude for it, any part of the three years of noviceship would make it very distasteful. There would of course be exceptions, failures, later on — not many. The first vow relieved of the material cares of life that usually fall to the individual. As a corporate entity, the community provided for its members. The second relieved the person of the cares of family life in order to devote herself as a vocation to that life of charity which is a larger motherhood, to the psychological principle of sublimation with religion as its inspiration. The third subjected the novice to the spiritual direction of a superior in accordance with the Ursuline rule; and the three vows were understood as binding the individual, in order to secure a spiritual freedom greater than the freedom which was relinquished.

All this was well understood by the nuns; it was understood that the object in view was the attainment of perfection in Christian virtues, "the greatest of which is charity." Julia Chatfield, not without a certain sense of humor, reminds her Chapter that

they must report the faults of the young people so the Mistress of Novices may correct them. "But too much is not to be expected as, unfortunately, the novices do not always meet with meekness and forbearance in religious of long-standing !"

Many a sister in the Chapter looked down demurely at that speech, but all present understood the spirit that prompted it.

Whether it was for the personal development of her nuns, or perhaps on account of the scarcity of books, Notre Mère had them write enormous quantities of manuscripts. Whole spiritual treatises have come down, copied in the fine neat French writing; spiritual books, plays, notes, reams of script. Silence and order certainly reigned in the house where this remarkable work was done. Outside woods spread leafy workmanship and the farmer drove his furrow; silence prevailed within until somewhere a bell rang and young voices suddenly broke forth.

Notre Mère was writing a letter to a young nun; — the novices might not visit her without permission, but she has promised to write a few lines to take the place of a visit.

"It will doubtless be well to fulfil a long-neglected promise, you say. I will give you the best of all wishes for a nun; may you become a saint, yes, a saint, and nothing less. And I do not wish you to find any happiness save in being good."

You can feel the laughing shrug in the gay young

Sister Ursula, who teasingly declares that goodness is impossible; humility a high-sounding mystery.

"I do not like to hear you say so often that it is impossible; of yourself, it is, of course. But with God all things become easy. Be open to conviction when your faults are pointed out; this is the only way to correct them. Humility is not so far out of your reach, my child; humility is truth; and what is the use of deceiving oneself? When I tell you that you do wrong, it gives you pain. Do you think my sole aim is to give you pain? No, it is your good, I seek."

With sympathetic insight she probes the shrinkings of the young, sensitive novice. Notre Mère was sensitive, too.

"Never forget a kindness; always forget an injury. You do the contrary sometimes; this makes you spiteful. When reproved, strive to regret having offended so good a God, but do not regret so terribly every little pain or contradiction it may cause you."

New Year's Day was always kept by Père Gacon and Père Cheymol in fine French style; open house in the convent parlors for a few of the time-honored neighbors, the nuns coming in to exchange greetings. Père Gacon was Notre Mère's spiritual director. He lived but a stone's throw away, but in the quaint formality of the time, she wrote him, in '62, her greeting "We shall, I hope, see you and Father Cheymol this afternoon to offer our sincere wishes; never-

theless, allow me in a few words to express a little of the gratitude of one and all." She takes occasion rather timidly to confide to him certain intimate personal misgivings: "Pray for me that I may not be an obstacle to God's work. I have very much to fear from the too great charity and kindness of many. To fear that the fruits of a lifetime of hard spiritual work will quickly escape me. . . So many comforts are now surrounding me; I dread them for myself, for I have ever loved them too well."

She was not given often to express her inner life so plainly; many thought her reserved; some, indeed, cold. The childlikeness here expressed in writing usually betrayed itself more often in bearing than in word.

"Very naturally all that is beautiful and nice and comfortable will find grace in my eyes, but I must partake of all this sparingly or lose my soul. I want your prayers for I do not wish to go down hill."

The Englishwoman suffered from the climate of the Mississippi valley; and like Miranda, she suffered with those she saw suffer. Its oppressive heat and rapid changes proved irksome to her. Suddenly mercury would drop and a rheumatic pang flash relief in her elbow; or just in mid-May, windows all wide, and tender lindens breathing odors, the fickle skies would cloud and day upon day pour rain.

"Such a dreary winter; at least, it seems so to me," she would write. "Our incessant rains rendered it impossible several times to send to the post across

the creeks. Oh what a succession of rainy dismal weather !" Or she would add a playful edge to her discontent: "The rains have converted Solomon's Run into quite a stream !"

She was watchful of all the small things, keeping peace in the household. "Labor is prayer; labor must be prayer." From time to time the spirit mutinied; labor seemed less important. "Do all for God; thus labor is made prayer." Reflecting these things she would pass across the porch to her own room. In the main corridor before the tall clock she found Sister Cœur de Marie waiting.

"Is it time to ring the Vesper bell ?" would ask in a scared voice the tiny specimen.

"Now, Sister Cœur de Marie, you are ten minutes too soon; can't you see by the clock ?" But, no, the little sentinel was too panic-stricken to see.

"What have you that paper pinned on your sleeve for ?" asked Notre Mère.

"It ith to remember to give the shoemaker Mother Jothephine'th thoe," she answered with her habitual lisp.

"And the other ? You have another, sister; see here."

"Oh yeth," said the round-eyed one. That'th to remember what the other one ith for !" Then she would laugh and Notre Mère would laugh too, patting her shoulder as she moved on.

This thing of bells, thought Julia Chatfield, might

seem trivial but it was most important. Perhaps someone less absent-minded ought to be trusted with it. The Ursuline Rule required so many strokes for the Angelus; so many for the Quarter-bell; so many for classes. So with everything. It was her business, her responsibility to regulate all, not, indeed, in harmony with her own ideas, but with that precious book, the Constitutions of the Ursuline Order. Notre Mère had the English respect for law, and her attempts to establish or keep it are planted along the story of her life like stepping-stones on a grassy English down.

"Glory be to God, it's the heavy load this mornin'," Sister Dominic would exclaim, as two paused on the stair landing beneath the load of wet clothes they were carrying up to be dried and pressed of a winter day. "Sure but we're kilt with it, day in and day out! But up there, now, none o' that, Sister Mary Ann; it'd be a shame ye had nothin' to offer to God, an' you a-sittin' down at it!"

For Sister Mary Ann had plumped down on the step to get her breath. "Ah, is it yourself, Notre Mère?" for Notre Mère appeared around the curve of the bannister above. "Sure we was only just stoppin' a bit. Some o' them flimsy novices was goin' past. What's the house a-comin' to, with these young bloods that take up all the room on the stairs!"

Notre Mère smiled.

"Get to bed early tonight," she would whisper in

Sister Mary Ann's ear that evening, when they left the community after the meditation points had been read. The health of the sisters was her constant worry. At night she would sometimes surprise the sisters by standing suddenly at a sister's bedside and running her hand in among the bed-clothes to make sure they were warm and snug. A moment and she was gone.

It was a winter's day in 1870 that Ma Mère Stanislaus died; snow on that first grave, snow on this; but this, more idyllic, better remembered. March winds blew, the sudden chill laying icy finger upon her strong warm life. The hurried pen that sketches the scene betrays how momentous it was.

Sunday, about noon. Notre Mère anxiously awaits the doctor. The nuns are at the customary recreation in the community opposite where the loved one lies. Hushed word is breathed about. Four, with lighted tapers precede the priest who brings the Sacrament; the little bell tinkles; kneeling figures crowd the doorway, the corridor. There are tears. Father Dutton, pronouncing the *Domine non sum dignus,* stoops over the dying nun who murmurs something inaudibly.

"Ma Mère," he says, turning to the kneeling nuns, "Ma Mère is too weak to make herself heard, but she wishes to ask pardon of any of the sisters whom she may have offended." Sobs are the response. They loved her. She receives Extreme Unction from the

shaking hands of little Père Cheymol. All retire and the dying woman sleeps, but in the evening they are once more called.

"She has not one solitary hope," says the doctor, turning away. So, they all pray aloud; the final prayer of the Church Militant: *Go Forth, Christian Soul!* The patient's sight dims; her breath labors.

"Have they prayed to St. Benedict ?" she manages to whisper; she is, then, following their words. At ten she is gone.

There was sorrow, literally, the length and breadth of the land when Ma Mère Stanislaus died; she was beloved in many and many a home; poems were written in her memory. But the chronicle goes on: how the old convent bell tolled her knell while the March wild morning laid finger on lip and the winds died down.

March 22, says the journal: "First Mass at six; second at six-thirty; general Communion for Ma Mère. At a quarter past nine, all the nuns assemble in the corridor to form a procession from the community room where the remains had been conveyed, and where nuns and children paid a last farewell. To me she looked stern yet sweet in death.

"All the children behaved remarkably well. The solemn Mass began at a quarter to ten. Nuns and children then passed in procession to the grave-yard. There was no sermon; but oh, how instructive such a death !

"Sister Bernard made a cute remark to Sister Conception: she said that in the Old Law God was pleased to have the best sacrificed to Him; has He not now taken one that seemed, if not the best, at least, very nearly the most prized and necessary ?

"This death says more to me than any I have ever witnessed that it is folly to be attached to life. The doctor wept when he saw her in her coffin."

On Notre Mère the loss fell heaviest, for Sister Stanislaus, Sister St. Pierre, and Sister Augustine had been the Peter, James, and John of her life's transfiguration. Now, one was gone far south, another to eternity, and she must lean upon props entirely of the new soil, the New America. Sister Michel assumed the direction of the school, Sister Ursula of the novices. It was Sister Ursula that was now to sleep in Notre Mère's big room whence the dear one had departed.

So, life in microcosm moved through Julia Chatfield's convent: weddings, funerals, concerts — even balls figured in the glowing life on Solomon's Run.

On a Thanksgiving night there was a great Fancy Dress Ball in the school, all the pupils dressed in character. With arch reversal of worldly programmes the ball began with a splendid supper — an early supper at that. The whole house is decorated; there are goodly odors floating up from the kitchen; music, lights. At seven fifteen the costumed crowd march to the play-hall where the nuns and a few

guests await this brilliant spectacle of blooming youth and joy; curtsies and smiles and much hand-clapping; whereupon the procession trips up through the Nuns' Corridor — cloister rules yielding to this patriotic occasion — along the main corridor, and up the stairs, a group of admiring friends at every corner. On, up, to Notre Mère's door. There she sits, awaiting the children of her heart; she leans forward in her big chair outside the door of her room, for she is an invalid in these days. They salute; she bows graciously to each passing couple; beauty flushes their girlish faces; hearts beat high. "It is Notre Mère !"

The long double file moves gaily back to the play-hall, to the good old quadrilles and reels and merriment, "round dances," in those days being eschewed within convent walls. Sometimes a giddy pair swing outside the folding doors just to snatch a wild whirl in a moment of forbidden waltzing. "Hush ! someone's coming !" They rush in again, triumphant.

As the laughter dies down the corridors, Julia Chatfield goes back into her room. The burst of young life and promise has come upon her like a blossom to the snows. A thousand thoughts, a thousand memories stir in her heart as she pensively snuffs the candle, lifts the little black kettle from the open fireplace, pours out her hot water, and goes quietly to bed. Notre Mère seems getting old.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"AND THE REST IS SILENCE"

IN SUCH wise was the last year begun. During the month of August 1874 Mother Julia laid down her charge, and the records of her career close; a few traditions complete the tale.

The nuns, as might be surmised, had elected and re-elected her as long as they had been permitted to do so. Indeed, only for a few years in the beginning had she ruled alone: to the usual foundress' *lèse majesté* she preferred the majesty of the law: regular canonical election. Bishop and Chapter had opposed this, but the little Britisher had her way, "feeling," as she expressed it, "her inability."

"Your humble servant has her old cross for the present," she writes after the first re-election.

"I beg you to pray for us all; and especially that I may never be even the involuntary cause of sin or fault in others, or an impediment to their growth in virtue . . . This is what I most dread !"

"The superior," writes Gacon to the Bishop, "is like you, Monseigneur, in sparing her sisters trouble. She does too much."

It was nearly thirty years before they listened to the protest to which they could but too well bear witness, and consented to replace her at the head of the community.

The year of her retirement from office she planned to inaugurate in a very special manner with a certain gracefulness and an unmistakable religious feeling. The pages of the diary give the usual vivid touch. It seems that Notre Mère had once made an oil painting of the Christ displaying His Heart glowing with love; and the picture had always hung in the novitiate. Now she had it carried to the chapel for New Year's Day, where on the altar amid gilt columns and draperies she surrounded it with roses and lilies in regal style.

"So lovely !" exclaimed the novices.

"Beautiful !" agreed everybody else.

Early morning Mass brought all the nuns to the Communion rail; one by one they knelt at the *priedieu* to receive, and then swept down the quiet chapel in silent procession with long trailing mantles, their heads bowed. Followed the quarter-hour adoration, measured by Notre Mère's little hour-glass — the one she had brought from Boulogne. At eight there was High Mass with music — "The choir delightful !" goes on the diary, as why not ? with Sister Dolores' dramatic soprano and the lyric tones of the younger nuns, Sister Dionysia and the others, to make it so.

During the morning, Julia Chatfield, for the last time as superior, received formally the professed sisters in the community room; she talked to them about fidelity to the loving service of their Lord. That evening, after Benediction in the chapel, Père Cheymol read aloud a solemn consecration, completing the day's ceremonial.

Now that was the winter of intense cold. The Archbishop came for a nine days' rest; he needed it. After the disaster in '73, the panic precipitated by the failure of the important banks in New York, the deposits with Father Purcell were leaping up into millions. How were they to manage so important a trust? Most ominous was the growing financial depression sweeping all classes of the American people. It was a period of turmoil and distress.

Notre Mère took occasion of Monseigneur's visit to gather the children of the Day Class together for her last presentation to them of medals and honors. They assembled in the vestibule and the corridor entrance: Monseigneur seated in the big carved chair; Père Cheymol greatly excited; Father Dutton, pastor of Saint Martin, beaming and benignant over his children; medals were bestowed.

And then each child must come, red and scared, to receive from the hands of His Grace or his secretary, Dr. Callaghan, an apple — redder than any nose — and from Sister Ignatius, cakes—grander than the

Queen's own make, — while Notre Mère looks on happily, and at the turn of the stair above the dear "Sister Josie," the faithful Sister Veronica at her elbow, pauses to enjoy the little proceeding.

"Ceremony, after all, is the cream of occasion !" So thought Notre Mère.

Perhaps nowhere is Notre Mère speaking to the Bishop with more abandon of her habitual reserve than in the letter written on occasion of her resigning her post as superior in '74. This is the last letter in a long correspondence. The original copy received by Monseigneur is creased and recreased like a letter that has often been read, often unfolded, yet unsoiled. It was written — in a firm hand — late on that August day when, on account of her declining health, the Chapter, at last persuaded, elected Sister Teresa Sherlock to succeed her.

It appears Monseigneur had written her about her resignation and she thanks him.

"Would I were all that in your great charity Your Grace supposes me to be !

"When resigning the superiorship one experiences sentiments very similar to those of a soul at the hour of death. The past life appears in all its imperfection. Actions that were judged at least good no longer seem so; on the contrary, in contemplating them at that moment every circumstance, whether of negligence or ill-will, stares one in the face; the most trivial deficiency looms up to alarm and terrify. Not-

withstanding the leniency of the judgment passed on us by kind and indulgent friends, with fear we ask our selves, 'Will God's verdict be as favorable ?' "

Here, after thirty years, is Julia Chatfield, with that same stern conscientiousness — albeit ripened and mature — that led her as a girl to cross swords with her father on the question of duty and drove her in furious flight past her mother's door lest her heart's longing impeach her will's purpose. Now, it is question of the lives of others that lay in her care all these years; the tender and sublime trust of human beings who had knelt at her feet as superior and said, "Guide me. Speak to me the will of God."

She had had laid out for her the limit and extent of her jurisdiction, the plan and pattern of how she was to direct their lives; but, as she says to the Bishop "every circumstance whether of negligence or ill-will stares one in the face"; how was she to answer to God for her stewardship in human lives and happiness ? The conscience of this woman spares her in nothing.

Apparently His Grace had thanked her for her assistance in the enormous work of his diocese. Well was he aware of the incalculable contribution which her institute had yielded, not only to him but to the whole Middle West.

"The thanks should be from me," she went on, "for had it not been for your paternal kindness and assistance, my poor efforts in the cause would have been of little avail."

And here you catch glimpses of the upward striving which she realized was going on under her eyes.

"For how much have I not to be grateful; for our dear sisters have been good and affectionate, notwithstanding all the trials and struggles of poor human nature in religious life."

It is not an insignificant experience thus to watch a group of characters: people who impress you in a thousand subtle unspoken ways that their deepest interest is a progressive spiritual life.

"How very much worse," she concludes, "it might have been when at times, I, too, must have proved a trial to them. God's grace helped us to bear and forbear; which, after all, is probably one of the great means of preserving unity, peace, and charity."

She speaks as one who has come through long years to a justice, a wisdom, a serene kindliness: you think of Prospero.

"You, dear revered Father, and your dear brother have aided us, not only by kind advice but by sustaining authority, so that the government of the house was comparatively easy."

Then suddenly she turns to the Bishop with an affectionate outburst and a touching reminder of his spiritual authority:

"Before closing, allow me, kneeling, to ask once more your paternal blessing and sincerely to crave

"In the wilderness she saw with each half decade a thousand young people moving under her own personal touch . . ."

your forgiveness for any pain that, though unwilling, I may have caused you."

Singularly enough, this letter, written four years previous to her death, is the last that remains from the pen of Julia Chatfield. She has built her fabric on Solomon's Run: a thing, not of brick and stone, but of glistening spiritual realities whose strength baffles the corrosion of time and the skepticism of philosophy. Her day is done; evening finds her, with a certain noble simplicity, kneeling like a child for the paternal blessing.

Then at last the dusk fell.

It came like one of those city evenings after a busy complex day; murk and gloom gathering themselves up from out corners and archways to meet and conspire with the lowering twilight; the last wreaths dissolving in the distance against an unseen western sun in piles of splendor; and before you are aware, night is upon you. Streets grow bleak as one by one the tired familiar faces glance at you in passing and vaguely vanish homeward. So it was to Julia Chatfield.

The Chatfield family in the old home at Ponder's End had dropped away; only two sisters left now, remote, tender, but almost of the dream-world. Père Gacon, here, had died. Ma Mère Stanislaus was gone — faded and passed like the yellow jonquil she used to tend with lovely hands on the novitiate window sill. Rappe, the beloved Bishop, godfather of far-off, old, unhappy days, was likewise gone — gone down in

sorrow; she had seen him impeached from his diocese of Cleveland, victimized by slander, cut to the heart where his life-blood was reddest, vindicated at length by the majesty of Rome's truth, but self-exiled, after all, dying alone in one of the cabins of the New England poor to whose souls he never ceased to minister, and laid to rest by that one old friend, De Goesbriand, with whom he had ridden in joy through the Maumee forests during their missionary prime shouting French canticles to a happy sky.

There had been much to weigh upon the spirit during those last years of Julia Chatfield, and she was worn out.

She did not really grow old; it was her body that gave way: that body nurtured through an easeful youth, exposed suddenly at bare maturity to a life of retrenchment, and then to a climate which tried it at every angle and to privation of fare at which it could not but rebel. Her physique in consequence took on early those disorders that ripen into a tissue of long-drawn, complicated illnesses. Her bodily powers failed but her mind went on. She complained little; she was submerged, dismayed by her own helpless miseries; and thus she gradually lost her grasp upon life. She stopped living because she had to stop. There was nothing else to do. "God gave to her," wrote her friend, Dr. Callaghan, "four years of suffering before merciful death came, that the patience of a

martyr might complete the work; no murmur ever escaped her lips during that slow, often agonizing approach."

There were times, moments, when the mists cleared, and she saw the whole thing; she saw her life as a unit. One day they were giving the habit to a novice. They went up the aisle, all of them, in procession, lighted candles in their hands, Mother Teresa and her assistant in the rear, leading between them the eager young girl, who stepped with the brightness of youth, looking out from a glory of tulle veil and bridal satin and flowers, a radiance of lighted candle in her white-gloved hand, as she moved to the altar — the picture of hope. Notre Mére sat in her stall and watched it. The chapel was thronged with guests and the pupils of the school, craning necks to see. The sanctuary was full of vested clerics. Suddenly to memory arose the spacious octagonal sanctuary of the Boulogne Ursulines, where the Cardinal of Arras had once received her similarly; the years unrolled themselves from that day to this; she saw, largely, as one sometimes will, her life-work — a Camelot of shining towers coming upon her suddenly, as if out of forests; — she looked from this thing she had done to the thing she had intended to do; it presented itself in a swift panorama. But now the ceremony of the novice's clothing had moved on. The bride had turned back; the chapel doors had closed upon her; the Gregorian

strains *"In exitu Israel de Egypto !"* suddenly shifted into the *"Quæ est Ista ?"* as all eyes were turned to the door where the young girl now re-entered clad in the sombre black and the white veil of the Ursuline novice. The dramatic change swept over the being of Julia Chatfield; the note of triumph was lost once more; no, life seemed incoherent; life had been nothing but renunciation; whatever else there was, the achievement most certainly had not been hers; it had been the work of that same "invisible hand" whose touch she had recognized in the early years.

Had she then failed ? To measure a life by the accepted standards of success, that is the human mistake — the inevitable human mistake. Who shall define success ? The rungs on the ladder by which we mount cannot be seen of men; the top is lost in clouds.

The decade leading up to her death was a long train of successive troubles which, in that day, must have looked black indeed. The illness of many of the nuns and the death of several of their original band; the distress of friends and relatives abroad where France was torn by the Franco-Prussian war; the taking of Rome and the denuding of the Papacy in 1870 which the American Catholic world felt to the heart; at home, the wide-spread scourge and fear of the cholera in the midst of growing unrest; the failure of Sister St. Pierre's foundation at Opelousas; the confusion of mind regarding the expansion of the community;

and finally, most ominous of all, the increase of public financial uneasiness; all this could not fail to accelerate the crisis of her physical condition.

For panic after panic had struck the country, followed by bank failures, which, in Cincinnati, drove the people to the Bishop's door in desperation to deposit their money. Father Edward was sunk deep now, whether he wot, whether he willed. The man failed to account for it all. It had swept to the proportions of a whirlwind. Loaning out the people's money, he had unfortunately demanded no securities other than a note to pay. Sometimes he even gave out the money without asking a cent of interest; there had been no book of bills payable nor book of disbursements. The business had become unmanageable because of its enormous extent and because it was too much for any one manager. Times, too, were so uncertain, that he, like many another, made bad loans of money to business enterprises, while property depreciation added to the complications. In such hornets' nest of trouble he did the best he could but matters went from bad to worse.

Both he and his brother often came to Brown County in those days to seek in the calm and peace across Solomon's Run a breath of relief.

Monseigneur was no longer young. His fifty years of priesthood were past. Strain was the very thing he was now least able to bear. Always temperamentally optimistic, he was not rising as heretofore he had

done against impending trouble. There was a subtle something in the air. It is true, sorrow, obloquy, personal to himself alone, could not disturb a soul like his; but he felt the people depending upon him and his brother; his people. That the widow, the orphan, the poor, should suffer through him and his was the poisoned cup he was to be called upon to drink. This was a man who received an offering in the morning and bestowed it in charity before night. He may have hobnobbed with queens and popes, but he and his brother lived all their lives in the poverty with which they had begun.

Again and again had he implored help of Rome. He had been denied as many times. After years they gave him an auxiliary bishop, but Dr. Rosecrans was soon withdrawn for the new See of Columbus.

No, a profound and hopeless calamity was gathering in around this man, and Julia Chatfield with her nuns who had thrived in his days of sunlight, now fell gradually under the shadow of his sorrowful eclipse, where the convent on Solomon's Run was to lie for many and many a year. Within this shadow she was to die. They were to go down together. Never so splendid a sunset as that hanging low on the horizon in a gorgeous refraction. Thus would it be with their two lives, his and hers. Thus would each of them be remembered.

Faithfully the diarist marks the stages of Mother Julia's decline. There was "our first general vaca-

tion picnic in the woods; but Notre Mère did not come." And again: "Notre Mère came to the community recreation; she can scarcely walk; looks tired. We all admired the nice altar which was put in the community room a few days ago, a gift from Father Dutton to Sister Ignatius, in appreciation of her care of the village children. He will say Mass here, if Notre Mère can come to hear it."

Some time later: "Occasionally Father Purcell comes out from the city to replace Father Dutton, and he says Mass in the community room." It is opposite Notre Mère's bedroom.

Memorable visits those. As he glances from the Mass-book on the altar to the tall elms outside the window, Father Edward can feel the peace of the place; he can say his Mass in tranquillity.

Another time it is the Archbishop who comes; Sister Pauline's diary continues: "Monseigneur arrived in the evening; he said Mass in the Blessed Lady's chapel Tuesday, the big chapel on Wednesday, and Notre Mère's Mass on the little altar in the community Thursday. I was there, kneeling at the door."

An April day, Thursday: "Winter returns with a snow storm and sleet. At noon recreation Notre Mère brought a nice book by 'Una,' Mary McMullen; and Sister Michel read aloud a poem from it, written about Saint Martin."

Then, in opulent October: "Notre Mère sits in an elegant chair today at recreation: a present sent by

the Misses Gross." For there had been five of them at school all at one time.

There are days when the patient seems to recuperate.

"June 15: Thursday: Distribution of premiums in the Day Class. Notre Mère entered the classroom a little after eleven, and all was over before twelve. Sisters Ignatius, Raphael, Chantal, remained during the children's dinner in the summer-house. Then Sister Ignatius took them all to the woods. They returned towards four and took their supper in the summer-house with Sisters Chantal, Raphael, Adele and me. The day is delightful; the children are delighted with it and with themselves."

It is May now; it is the fourth of May: "Sister Borgia's second band of singers gave a very nice serenade, *Ma Normandie,* at the evening recreation, to the community nuns in honor of the day they embarked from France in '45."

May 30, Corpus Christ: "Mrs. Moore (Fannie Van Trump) went to Holy Communion here today. Notre Mère related to us an incident that once occurred at Mrs. Moore's home, when President Grant had called to see her father, Mr. Van Trump. Out of mischief, Fannie, invited the President 'to take a swing — ' as she was turning rope for the children. It was a Sunday. And the President was so very strict ! He smiled, and of course declined !"

Once in a letter to His Grace did the invalid refer

to her condition. The Bishop had written and she had not answered; he wrote again; and apologizing, she had to admit the reason:

"I never felt more mortified than on perusing your honored letter last evening. I had another reason which I did not wish to give you, as you might have been uneasy. The fact is, I felt for several days so really sick, together with a feeling of prostration, that I had courage to do nothing scarcely!

"Do not say a word of this to Father Cheymol. They get so alarmed here at the slightest ailing I may have, and I am so much better today, that no one would suppose I had had anything the matter. Nor would I mention it at all were it not to remove from your mind the idea that I would wilfully commit an act of negligence in your regard . . . I am well. Only pray that I may be more courageous. I feel quite ashamed of my want of courage."

It was true they were watching her with anxiety. Mother Teresa Sherlock — an American, from Rochester — had succeeded her in office; but to the end the foundress moved among them in the old traditional respect.

The journal goes on: "August 24: After supper Notre Mère and the nuns went to the novitiate where, in honor of her feast day, a display of industry work for the poor had been prepared. The reservoir of gold-fish attracted attention. Notre Mère has not been so well since Saturday night. She gave us a

nice instruction at five, and a sort of souvenir in the shape of a pencil, a pair of stockings, and a handkerchief, each. Weather very cool. Sudden change."

But shortly after: "Notre Mère not at Mass: pain in her chest, and now, fever."

Her efforts to keep up reveal to posterity the charming simplicity of family life in the community.

"Our Father Superior, Father Edward Purcell, arrived during the evening recreation.

"Notre Mère was, as usual, entertaining her pet bird. A nice cage has lately been given by some of the children. The wedding of the birds is to take place February fourteenth !" In the old journal this statement is underscored. Then follows the sequel: "This has been a lovely day only dampened by the unfortunate death of Dickey, Hennie Woodworth's present to her guardian, Notre Mère. Sister Josie stepped on the sweet warbler, and it is now silent forever. Notre Mère goes to bed during evening recreation. She is not well."

At noon, when she was able, the invalid would walk up and down the corridor outside her room, often leaning upon the arm of a white-veiled novice in whom she seemed to discern an unusual quality. It was Sister Margaret Mary; and Notre Mère was not mistaken. They would talk of serious things, or the older woman would draw the younger on to speak of herself. It was but a few moments, but as Dr. Cal-

laghan said, she had the gift of stamping her impress upon the young.

"Notre Mère is smiling at you," Sister Margaret Mary used to say in after years, referring to the large portrait of her in the community room, "She is watching you; look at her eyes; she wishes you to write her life !" Alas ! must they both read it from the skies ?

At length Father Cheymol began to say Mass at midnight so she need not have to fast through the long wakeful suffering hours. Silence, a lighted candle or two, a kneeling figure in attendance beside the big chair, a faint tinkle of the bell, a few solemn tones. Two hundred souls, nuns and pupils, were fast asleep around them.

On a morning, "Sister Josie" took a little five-year-old girl up the nuns' stairs — privileged, that one ! — for Notre Mère to see Rhettie Bickett's child. They sat her on the bed beside the sick woman.

"Come here," beckoned Mother Julia to Sister Josephine, and she whispered something. It was a hurried errand from which back came the beaming Sister Josie, pat, pat, in her soft alpaca slippers; and into the little girl's arms — for that was Mary Bickett Owens — she slipped a marvel of a doll; and the doll was dressed in white with blue ribbons, and so was Mary ! and she remembered it perfectly all her life: the pattering feet, the doll, and the dignified sick woman propped up against the pillows.

On May fourteenth during a Profession ceremony at Brown County, Monseigneur suffered a sudden attack of weakness; he was obliged to retire and leave the ceremony to be finished by his assistants. The Bishop was worried; his brother was worried. The Heman bank collapsed in Cincinnati, and the Adlae bank: hubbub in the city; the diocese. False rumor spread that Father Purcell was heavily involved.

Panic seized upon the people; they thronged the Purcells' door clamoring under pinch of hard times: "Money ! Money ! Give us back our money." It was a hard summer and the Bishop's footsteps were heard but little on the stair at Brown County. Storm and stress had set in for him and his brother.

The dying Mother Julia, to whom John Baptist Purcell all the years had told his hopes and troubles, learned with alarm of the creditors crowding the doors at Eighth Street. With the sensitiveness of the sick she felt and struggled with the growing depression, her woman intuition sharpened by that strange wisdom that belongs to approaching death. The nuns apprised friends near and far of her dying condition.

During October, on the eve of his consecration of his new cathedral in Columbus, Bishop Rosecrans hurried down to see his old friend. He laughed off the fears of the nuns around the bed.

"Yes, Notre Mère, it is true you are very ill, but," he added light-heartedly, "I shall be there to open the

door to you when you go !" She thought it was his usual banter; his mind was so full of details of the great consecration ceremony awaiting him at home in Columbus. But he left the room laughingly: "Well, at least, I will take a morning train. You will follow in the evening !"

The Bishop's carriage bore him down the avenue and across the little bridge over Solomon's Run. In a few days he, too, was dead; he died the day after the consecration; one more of the old faces was gone.

And then the night of November first — All Souls eve — a night of many stars and no moon, Julia Chatfield finished her course, and at dawn her soul fled along its orbit into infinity. The morning bell pealed out to the woodland. It was her passing bell.

Almost within the Month's Mind the crash came in Cincinnati. John Baptist Purcell bowed his head on the pulpit edge in the cathedral and told his anguished people that it was all true: there was no more money in his coffers, no more money to pay his trusting flock. The excitement in the city, the grief, the alternating fury, pity, despair, was indescribable, following upon the long financial strain of the country and falling upon so complete a trust.

Even then it was not dreamed that final payment could not be made. Even the Archbishop himself was confident, and justly. His real estate estimated at a million was calculated to pay off all liabilities. But in the whirl of dismay when the lack of properly

kept accounts was discovered, creditors — three thousand four hundred eighty-five individuals — thrust in claims against him that brought the total up to $3,800,000.

Everybody knew that no cent of the money ever clung to the Archbishop's hands, or his brother's; everybody knew that they were poor and lived abstemiously. But the pity of it was that while some among the rich suffered in the catastrophe, the majority were folk that had labored to provide for "the rainy day": modest folk, to whom the money loss with its compound interest, meant almost all, and who under the crash began to sink from one misfortune to another.

Like a growth of dank fungus springing up in darkness there grew out of the night of the failure a world of strange complications, intolerable to all concerned and seemingly endless in its train of painful consequences, false creditors, and false prophets; a people bitterly divided; the residue of the Bishop's estate on which all hope was based lost by the speculation of the assignee; priest, Bishop, and congregation arrayed against him; and finally the assignee in litigation against all the churches. The trustees crossed swords with the courts as from court to court the case leaped up. The Supreme Court played its part. The people, deprived of the little the Bishop had to fall back upon for liquidation, infuriated, appealed to Rome. But Rome, although in sympathy

with the Archbishop's supporters, yet had its hands tied, because the law pronounced the case one of mere private debt.

Several times were the entire Catholic population and the entire hierarchy of the United States ready to assume the burden; a splendid sympathy and a splendid enthusiasm came to the aid of the broken cause, but the magnitude of the sum involved and the confusion of interests rendered the problem unsolvable. Five years John Baptist and Edward Purcell were in their graves before the courts finally decided that the Archbishop's property was held "in trust for others," and could not be sold for debt; only wherever the money could be shown to have been used for church purposes it had to be returned to the Purcell estate. After twenty years nearly two thousand creditors were still being paid by order of the Court of Insolvency; and many years elapsed before any satisfaction was reached in the tireless efforts to disentangle the situation.

Rome, upon John Baptist Purcell's petition, did not relieve him of his bishopric, but appointed for him a coadjutor with right of succession.

In the convent on Solomon's Run he sought sanctuary, a tottering old man of fourscore. Kneeling on the altar step of Notre Mère's chapel, his venerable form bowed almost prostrate, "supported by one hand against the altar, the broken-hearted prelate repeated slowly, half-audibly, his lengthened prayers," with,

lingering near, the faithful Dr. Callaghan and Father Dutton, and little Guillaume Cheymol, profoundly moved.

"When the storm broke upon me," wrote the old man to the pages of the *Telegraph,* "I would have sunk into the grave, had I not been sustained by the generous sympathy which thousands, Catholics and Protestants alike, have shown me in my distress. For this universal sympathy, unexpected and unmerited, I give all that I have: the last prayers of my old age, the last Masses of my long priestly life !"

Soon he was stricken with paralysis; and for two long years they nursed him there, the daughters of Julia Chatfield; they wheeled him in his great chair down the walks and along the avenue to the quiet of his mother's grave — hers and Notre Mère's — it was then he would say fondly:

"May no harm ever come to this place !"

They sat with him all the long icy winter nights — Sister Louise and Sister Margaret Mary, tender, untiring.

And they appreciated what the nuns were doing, those two Purcells; in the city there were those who would have laid violent hands upon either of them; but here they felt the spirit of the place; it was one with their own. At intervals, all that summer Father Edward used to pace the gravelled walks in silent grief, sitting alone for hours on the banks of the little lake, unaware that the novices were charged to watch

carefully from afar, lest straying along Solomon's Run, some vindictive intruder bring the assassin knife against this man so broken-hearted at launching sorrow upon those poor he had but striven to assist.

"Your note arrived on New Year's Day," wrote Father Purcell to a friend in the city during his last January. "And it was very grateful to the archbishop. He appreciates such a kindness very much.

"He has recovered from the paralysis so far as to be able to walk — with assistance — and speak so as to be understood. But I do not think he will be able ever to say Mass. I offer the Holy Sacrifice every morning in his bedroom.

"The monotony of his life is dispelled by the nuns, who read for him. They also, of an evening, bring over their guitars to his parlor and sing, as they only know how, I fondly imagine."

But the poignant thing about the letter was that, being dated wrong, it was never sent. In two weeks Edward Purcell succumbed to pneumonia, had a stroke, and died. It was afterwards that the paralysed old man found among his brother's papers the sad little epistle, read it — copied it ! with his trembling handwriting on the opposite page, and then added beneath the words:

"Poor Father Edward died within two weeks after writing this !"

Upon a freezing January day — the immense pine trees shrouded in voluminous ermine and waving

Benedicite ! — they buried Father Purcell. At the funeral bungling men let the Bishop's wheeled chair slip down the steps.

"Give me that Bishop," said Sister Louise, his nurse, gently. And she lifted his helpless body out of the chair, herself slender and frail, and — heaven only knows how — gathered up his dead weight and carried him down the long, winding chapel stair. She was a woman of courage, one after Notre Mère's own heart.

"Ned Purcell," said a workman, mattock in hand, digging the Cincinnati streets, "Ned Purcell is dead. Many a dollar he stole !"

"There he is," exclaimed a creditor on Vine Street, as the Bishop was driven past, paralysed, strapped into the buggy to keep his helpless body from falling, "there is himself ! Let's throw him into the canal !"

Pressed upon him friend and foe: in anger, in pity, in compassion, in scorn, in despair. Two long years the turmoil and confusion dragged itself out. But then came silence.

They lie there under peaceful skies today: John Baptist Purcell — in the grave the nuns gave him — Father Edward, and Sister Julia Chatfield of the Assumption. And over her grave trails the purple of their glory and their gloom.

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